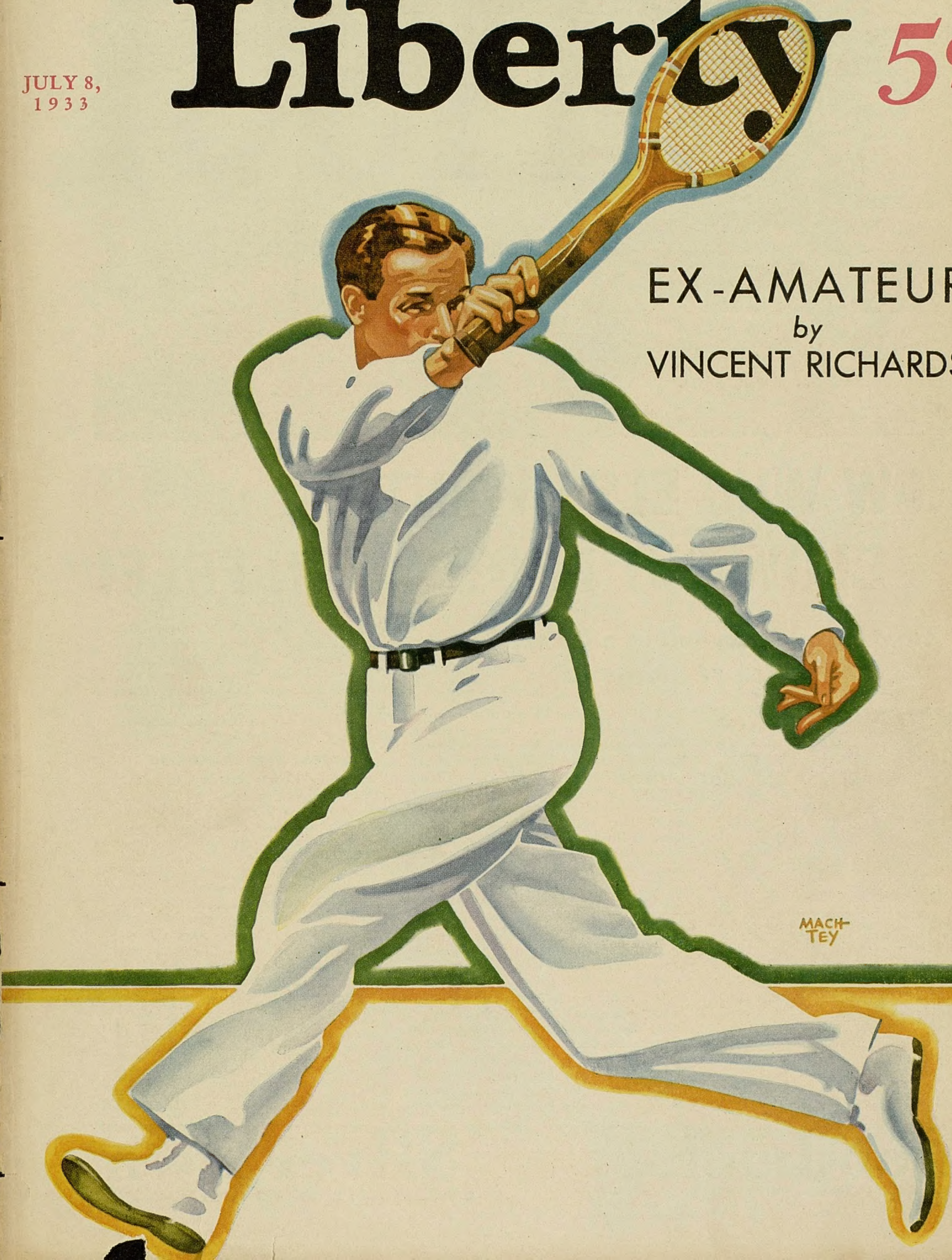
STILL ALIVE—

A TRUE EPIC OF DESPERATE MEN AND DANGEROUS WOMEN

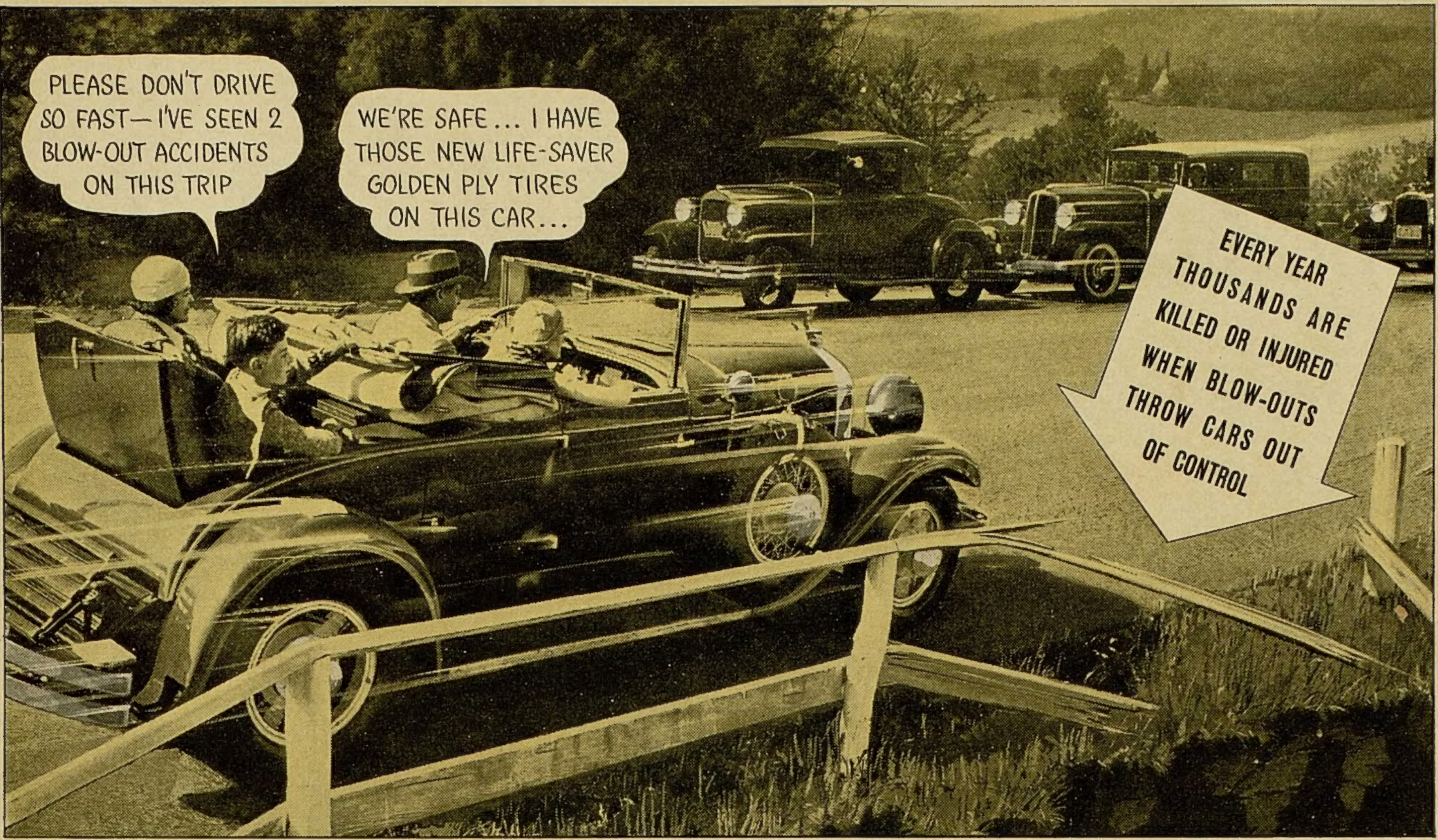
Liberty

JULY 8,
1933

5¢



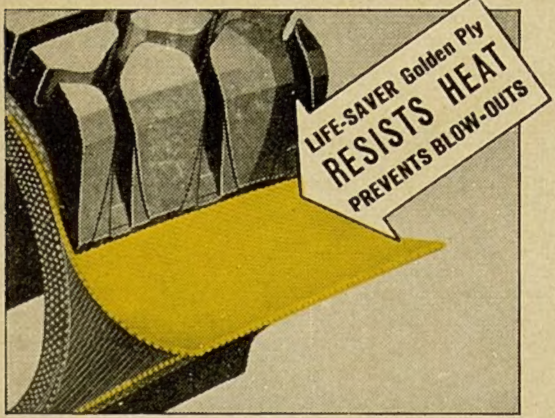
EX-AMATEUR
by
VINCENT RICHARDS


PLEASE DON'T DRIVE SO FAST—I'VE SEEN 2 BLOW-OUT ACCIDENTS ON THIS TRIP
WE'RE SAFE... I HAVE THOSE NEW LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY TIRES ON THIS CAR...
EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED WHEN BLOW-OUTS THROW CARS OUT OF CONTROL

NOW WHO ELSE WANTS BLOW-OUT PROTECTION FREE!

Amazing new invention eliminates the cause of blow-outs

HEAT INSIDE A TIRE CAUSES THIS
BANG!


LIFE-SAVER Golden Ply RESISTS HEAT PREVENTS BLOW-OUTS

IF YOU were offered a tire that is saving thousands of lives . . . and preventing thousands of those blow-out accidents that maim and cripple people . . . wouldn't you be interested? And if that tire didn't cost you a penny more than standard tires . . . wouldn't you want it on *your* car right now? Then read these facts about this amazing invention . . . this invention that makes the "safest tire ever built" 3 times safer from blow-outs at high speeds.

What causes blow-outs

Today's high speeds—40, 50, 60 and 70—generate terrific heat inside your tires. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister forms . . . and GROWS . . . Like an insidious tumor, it gets bigger . . . until BANG! A blow-out. And a terrible drag starts pulling your car off the highway.

But now Goodrich has perfected the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This invention resists the most intense heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus blisters don't form inside the tire. Blow-outs are prevented *before they even start!*

At gruelling speeds on the world's fastest track the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire, with the Life-Saver Golden Ply, *lasted 3 times as long* as first quality tires that did not have this feature. These Silvertowns *never* blew. They wore right down to the fabric. But the Life-Saver Golden Ply refused to give.

Safest non-skid tread

That's not all! Scientific tests with leading makes of tires *prove* that the Goodrich Silvertown has the most skid-resisting tread. Its squeegee drying action gives your car *extra* road-grip, reduces danger of skidding to a minimum.

Remember, this "3 times safer tire" costs not a penny more than standard tires. So why take chances? That blister—that blow-out in the making—may be in *your* tire right now. Look up your Goodrich dealer in the Classified Telephone Directory. Have him put a set of Silvertowns on your car. BE SAFE!

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 129, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, O.

Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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THE WORLD'S HIGHEST QUALITY MOTOR FUEL

We've found how to make the old car act young again —follow our lead!

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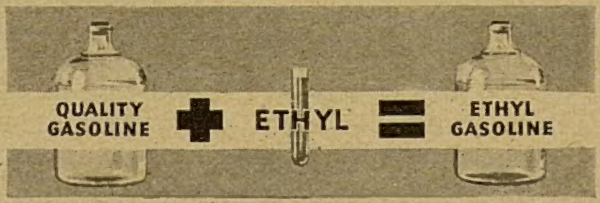
Fill up today at the pump that bears the Ethyl emblem. It means *new life* for your car! Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



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FOR SUMMER DRIVING

Warm weather aggravates the knocking evil. Knocking in turn causes overheating, runs up repair bills and spoils summer trips. Ethyl Gasoline prevents harmful knock and thereby keeps the motor cooler. The hotter the day, the more you need Ethyl!

NEXT TIME STOP AT THE ETHYL PUMP

JULY 8, 1933 **Liberty** VOL. 10, NO. 27

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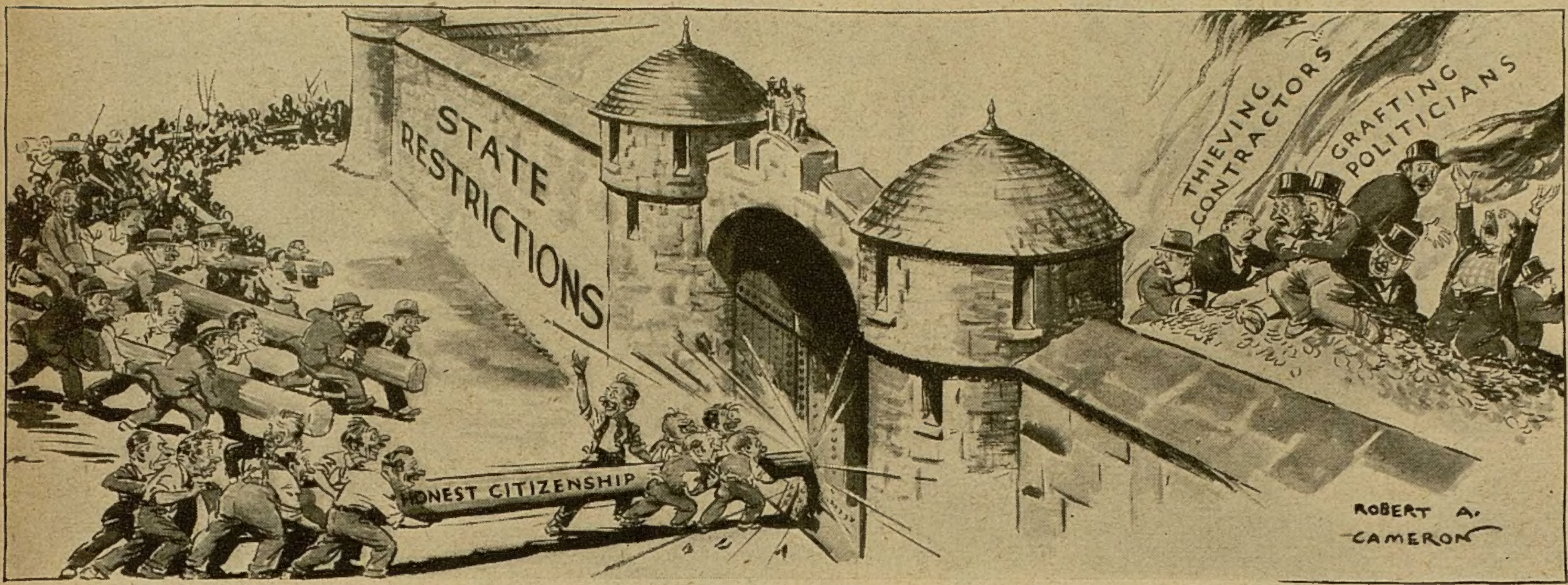

ENTIRE NATION INFESTED WITH THIEVING CONTRACTORS

EVERYBODY is complaining bitterly about taxes. Governmental expenses jumped to unknown levels during the boom period and reductions are difficult to make.

But all over this country, in every little hamlet and especially in the suburban sections that have grown up like mushrooms, there are millions and billions of taxes that are the direct product of robbing contractors.

Every time you pay a tax bill you are probably paying toll to a contractor in your district who has robbed your town and every citizen in town with the help of grafting politicians. And these thieving racketeers circulate among the citizens of their communities without restraint.

Citizens in these various localities know they have been robbed. They often know the names of the men who have robbed them. They pass by their beautiful residences that were built and luxuriously furnished with the proceeds of their dishonesty.

But the law cannot touch them!

In the legislature of nearly every state certain restrictions have been created which will not allow the evidence to be presented which would put these men in prison. And the huge sums of money that they have extracted from the general public, from every citizen of every community, have made rich men of these political highwaymen.

What is the matter with the American spirit, anyway?

When we know that every tax bill carries a certain amount of money that has been extracted from our local government by these thieving contractors, must we just sit quietly, take this bitter medicine, and say nothing?

There is a movie play at the present time with the title Never Give a Sucker a Break, and the taxpayers of this country are a class of suckers who have been able to "take it" to the limit.

They may have to give up their property. If they are unable to pay the levy on their holdings a tax sale finishes their ownership. But usually they never think of the robbing contractors who have been taking money from them year after year, and if such a thought should come to them the natural remark is, "What's the use? I am helpless. These robbers who have deprived me of my share in this property are powerful men. They own the politicians; they can give orders to the local government. And what am I but a poor suffering citizen?"

But it is about time these poor suffering citizens were getting together. "In union there is strength," and if a few mobs would congregate at the doors of the robbing officials or at the homes of the thieving contractors, it might have a salutary influence.

When laws are made to challenge and defy justice, to take from people their just rights, the honest citizenship of a community should rise in their might and demand the inalienable rights to which they are entitled.

Suffering citizens who are unable to pay their taxes in this financial emergency ought to find some way of making these wealthy contractors disgorge. There should be some means of compelling them to pay back to the local governments the money they have robbed from the citizens of their communities.

Racketeers of all kinds have been having a glorious time in the last few years, but if there is any spirit left in American manhood it is about time for them to get a few lessons, and the thieving political contractors ought to be among the first to receive their just dues.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 57

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BEGINNING

STILL ALIVE

A True Epic of Desperate Men and Dangerous Women—The Amazing but Fully Authenticated Story of a Pilgrimage of Terror through Asia

By

GEORGEI BELOFF

as told to

H. BEDFORD-JONES

Illustrations by HENRY ALAN

(Reading time: 28 min. 15 sec.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: This seemingly incredible story is true. It has been corroborated point by point to Liberty's satisfaction, and much of the corroborative material will be published with it. The man who tells it is a White Russian refugee, the scion of a noble and distinguished family. In Soviet Russia he is believed to be dead; for precautionary reasons, which will appear, he remains so officially, and therefore has assumed the name of Georgei Beloff. His real name is known to Liberty, which has abundant proof of his identity.

PART ONE—LEFT FOR DEAD

I STAND before the firing squad of Chinese mercenaries, looking into their oblique eyes, into their rifles. I am twenty years old today. It is my birthday, February 22, 1920. The words of command reach me sharply. I see the fingers tighten on the triggers. "*Ogon!* Fire!" Spurts of flame—hot lead wrenching stabs of pain through my body—that is all. The end!

Fool that I was to think so! It was not the end. It was the beginning of far wanderings, of blood shed in torrents, of horrors so fearful that they became everyday matters. I was dead, yes! For the sake of my sisters, still in Petrograd, I remained dead. Even now I remain dead. But—the dead can speak!

To the editor who prints this story I have revealed my true name, with verification. The name I now use is that which I assumed after my "execution," which I bore in Mongolia, in the Gobi Desert, in Manchuria under Chang Tsolin. Yes, my "execution" was the beginning—though at the moment I thought it the end—of everything.

At sixteen I left military school for the German front. I was in the Preobajenski Regiment. On my birthday I received my first wound. A year later, on the same date, I was given my Cross of St. George by the Czar. Now I was in his bodyguard.

The revolution broke and Russia was smashed. My mother was shot; my father was tortured, then shot. My young wife killed herself as the Red soldiers broke in to seize her. My sisters, then mere children, had been sent away with a nurse. I, with other army officers, escaped into Siberia. Here, in the Far Eastern Amur Province, I joined the army of Semenoff and was appointed on his staff.

Semenoff was *ataman*, or general, of the Cossacks. When the revolution broke he was organizing regiments in Siberia to serve against Germany. He promptly set up a government of his own, established himself with Chita for his capital, and gathered about him "White" or Czarist officers and men, refugees.

Farther west, near the border between Siberia and Russia, refugee troops and others established a Siberian government, of which Admiral Kolchak, formerly of the Black Sea Fleet, was appointed dictator. Ataman Semenoff acknowledged this Siberian government, whose capital was at Omsk, but he did not pull well with Kolchak.

Around Kolchak rallied remnants of armies, all White Russians. His chief support was the great army of Czech troops, Bohemians who had deserted from the Austrian armies or had been captured and served with the Russians against the Austrians. They were quite cut off from home. The Germans and the Bolsheviks had joined forces, and the Germans showed these Czechs no mercy. So the Czechs, under General Gaida, joined Kolchak.

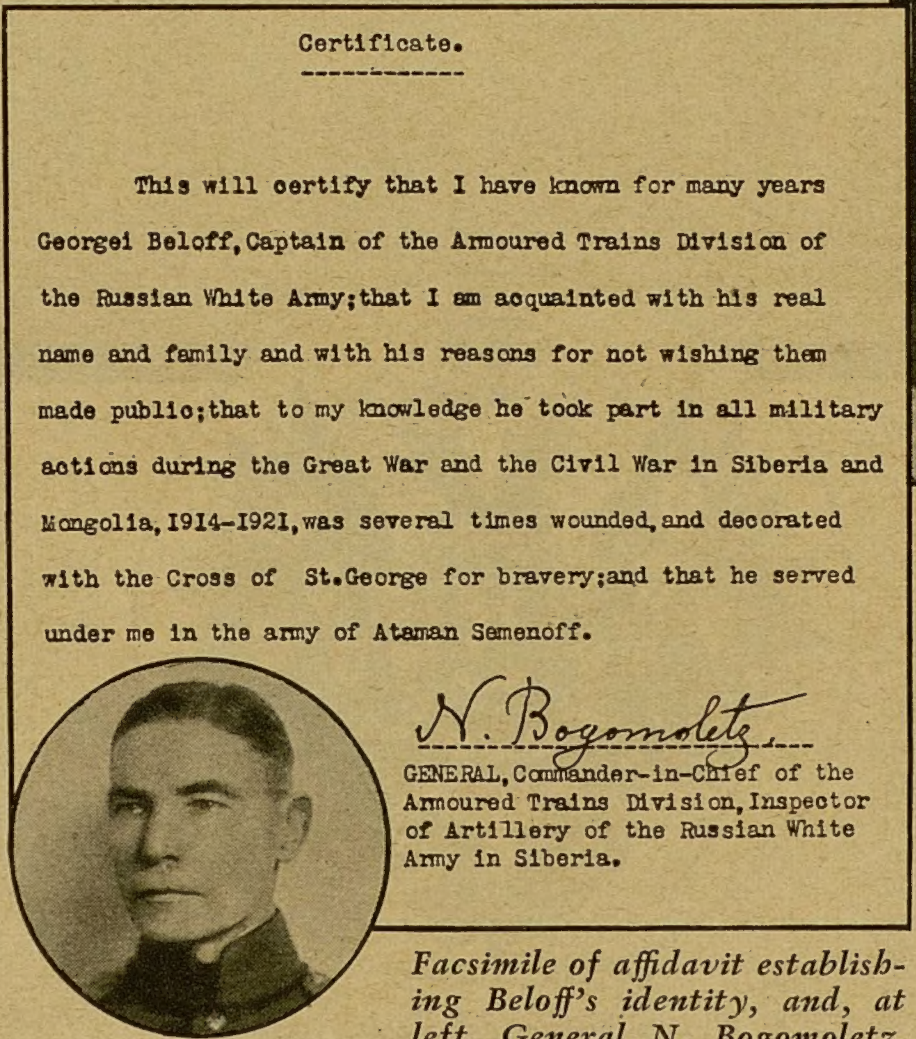
Also supporting Kolchak's government were various Allied commissions under the French General Janen. I was sent by

Georgei Beloff, the author of this series of articles—a photograph taken early in his career. His experiences in Asia changed his appearance so much he does not feel that publication of this picture will reveal his present name or whereabouts.

Semenoff on a mission to Kolchak. Finding that Kolchak was an old friend of my family, I stayed with him as intelligence officer. Thus I was caught when Kolchak and his gold train were handed over to the Reds by the Allied commissioners and the Czechs.

Betrayed? Yes. It is the simple truth, hidden behind war propaganda. Here I am sworn to the truth. The inside story of history—and in these pages of mine all the inside story of the crash of Asia will stand revealed—always destroys idols and knocks down the lies of newspapers.

What happened? The Red armies moved against us. Blücher, a German general sent to help the Red revolt, commanded them. The Czechs deserted us. Their General Gaida started a march for Vladivostok and the ocean. In our rear Bolshevik agents raised rebellion. The railroad was cut. The Reds delivered an ultimatum. If Kolchak, his officers, his train loaded with gold and supplies, were handed over, the Allied commissions and the Czech army would be given safe-conduct to Vladivostok.



Certificate.

This will certify that I have known for many years Georgei Beloff, Captain of the Armoured Trains Division of the Russian White Army; that I am acquainted with his real name and family and with his reasons for not wishing them made public; that to my knowledge he took part in all military actions during the Great War and the Civil War in Siberia and Mongolia, 1914-1921, was several times wounded, and decorated with the Cross of St.George for bravery; and that he served under me in the army of Ataman Semenoff.

N. Bogomoletz

GENERAL, Commander-in-Chief of the Armoured Trains Division, Inspector of Artillery of the Russian White Army in Siberia.

Facsimile of affidavit establishing Beloff's identity, and, at left, General N. Bogomoletz.

So Kolchak was betrayed by a foreign officer who was in command of the Allied commissions. This is the truth. We were seized in the night, as we slept, and were turned over to the Reds. This happened on the night of January 15, 1920. A friend of mine named Essen, correspondent for a Swedish newspaper, was on the station platform and saw it. Whether he reported it to his newspaper I do not know. If he is still alive, he knows!

We were put in the Alexandrofsky Jail at Irkutsk. Admiral Kolchak was shot very swiftly, without warning, lest he be rescued. The rest of us were sent to the Red headquarters at Krasnoyarsk. One mock trial and then another condemned us to death. Those Reds knew who I was. How they howled my name at the trial! They questioned me, tortured me, sent me out with the last batch to die, hoping I would buy my life with the secret of our hidden family treasures. My father had died without telling. So I would die!

FIVE in the morning and bitter cold. We were stripped and given birch-bark sandals. We were marched out of town toward a village some versts distant, and halted. They lined us up in parties of ten and began to shoot us. About my neck remained a cross of copper and enamel, an heirloom, intrinsically worthless. They left it to me, with jeers. I still have it.

We waited, watching our comrades shot down by the Latvian and Chinese executioners whom the Reds employed. The man beside me broke down, screamed for mercy. We angrily bade him remember his dignity. I seized his right arm, another officer seized his left; we held him upright by force. It was this action that saved my life.

Our turn came. We dragged him forward, held him firmly. Often I have been asked as to my thoughts as I faced those rifles and the impassive yellow faces. Well, I shall tell you! My thoughts were of an "excursion" of Colonel Stepanoff, chief executioner for Ataman Semenoff. I thought of this as I looked into the oblique eyes.

At this period, because the Reds used Chinese executioners, we White Russians exterminated those Chinese like vermin if we caught them.

We Whites, who had seen our families and comrades shot down wholesale, hated these yellow devils. Stepanoff had with him two former Red soldiers from the Ural, Avdeev and Perfenoff by name. They killed the Chinese after ways he told them. I was with him on one "excursion," as his trips were called.

An armored train was filled with Chinese prisoners and run out a hundred versts into the forest. There the Chinese were led a verst from the railroad tracks and made to dig a trench. Then they were led back to the train.

Here Perfenoff started down the aisle. He was a powerful man. He would catch up a Chinese. Avdeev swung a sledge hammer—just one blow. Then another man. When fifty were so crushed, the others carried them out to the trench and then came back to meet a similar fate. The memory had always inspired me with horror, for the blow seldom killed and most of these creatures were buried alive.

It was of this I thought as I stood looking into the rifles. I saw Avdeev swinging his sledge. The Chinese, impassive, asking no mercy, looked stolidly on. Stepanoff chuckled as each one was crushed, and joked with his adjutant. This adjutant was a short man. He wore corsets and painted his face like a woman, and had a notebook. On every "excursion" he would pick up a "souvenir" and press it into his book with the date and details of the occasion. Later, when he and Stepanoff fell into Chinese hands, that notebook brought them both to frightful torments and prison.

"Fire!" came the word. I straightened up. It was the end!

The rifles flashed. Sharp pain stabbed through my body. The man I held had slumped over in his babbling panic. One bullet went through his head and struck me just over the heart, though its force was gone. Four others went through my body. I knew no more.

When they examined the bodies they thought this one bullet had gone through my heart, so they left me for dead, killed the others who had not died instantly, and marched off.

The blood froze, stopping my wounds. We lay piled there in the open field, twisted corpses, heaped, naked. Once in full daylight I half wakened. Two or three wolves were prowling half fearfully near the heaped-up bodies. I thought it was terrible and fainted. Later I learned what horror really was, but at this time I was not hardened. On campaign my friends jeered at me because I disliked torture and suffering and had some pity in my heart.

Let us face the truth, comrades! No matter who began the killing—the extermination that went on everywhere—we White Russians did our full share of it. "Into the earth with them!" That was our cry, and theirs as well.

I shall tell the truth. If you believe that such things could not happen in the world without drawing down the vengeance of God—well, I am still alive. Think of that for a moment. Still alive! You shall hear what was foretold of me by Buren, son of Genghis Khan; of what Baron Ungern said to me after he had been a year dead; of what Symes, the American, said to me when he was coughing out his life on the bodies of the flower women. God, they said, watched over me.

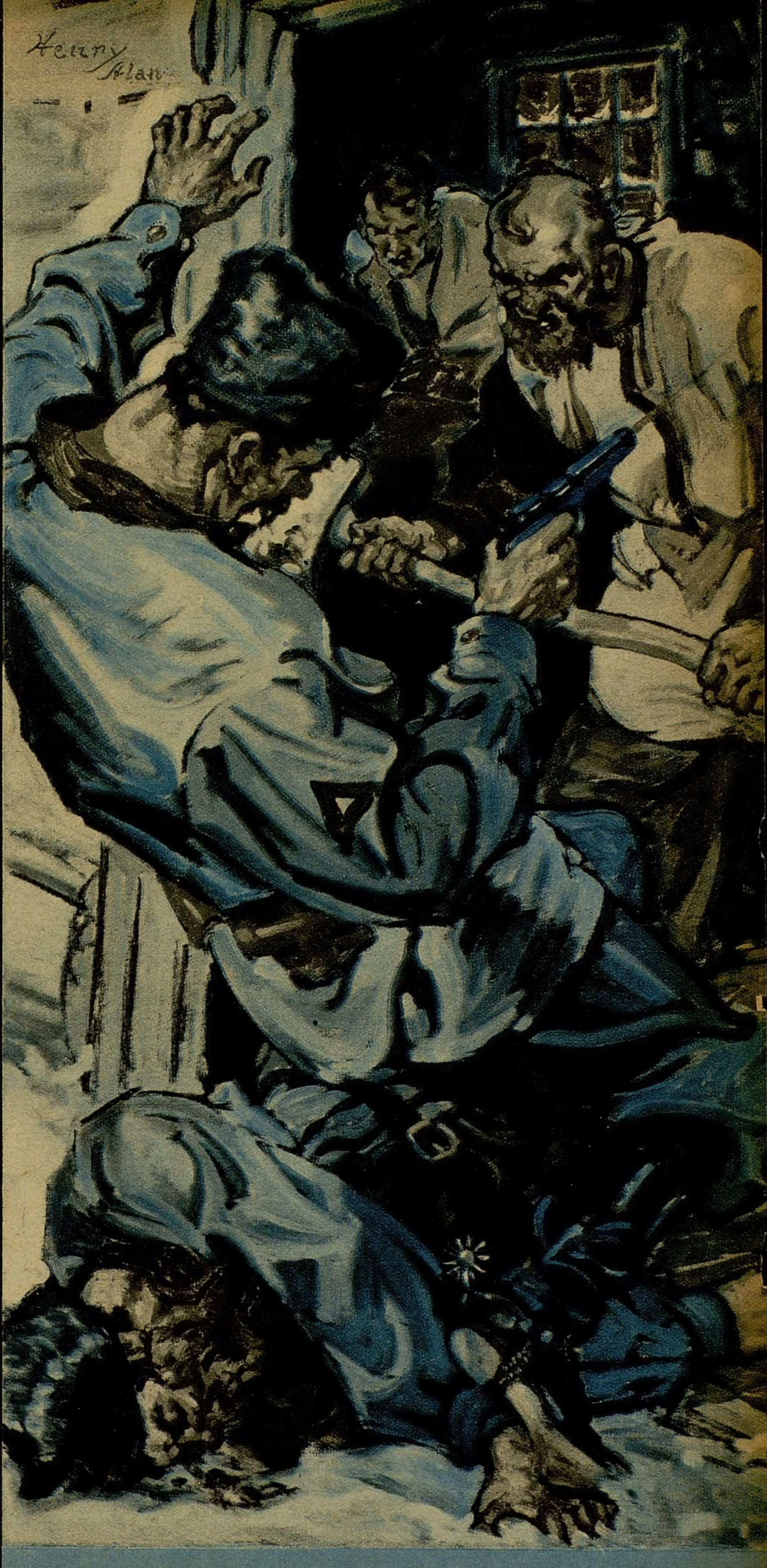
WHILE I lay unconscious among the corpses, a peasant from the village came with his sledge, bound for market in Krasnoyarsk. He stopped to seek loot from the dead, caught sight of me, found me breathing. His son had died in a German prison camp. He took pity on me because I was young and because I wore that cross about my neck. He put me on his sledge, covered me over with straw, and took me back to his hut at the edge of the village.

There I lay unconscious for two weeks. He extracted the bullets and cared for me. His name was Michael Baranoff.

When I did regain consciousness I fully realized that, having been officially executed, I must remain dead. Naturally, Baranoff asked my name. I told him, "White Wings," and he laughed in his beard.

"Suit yourself, Beloff! Still, I think you are no Cossack, as the name indicates."

Why did I take this name? When my father was viceroy of Mongolia he gained that nickname at a review of his Cossack and Mongol regiments. On his white Mongolian *terlik*, or cape, he wore enormous wild-swan wings, which trailed out as he galloped. The Buriats, like the American Indians, loved such feather decorations. So they gave him the name of White Wings among themselves. And now I, his son, took the name.



Baranoff turned, his ax swinging. I fired twice at the second man, who fell backward.

Baranoff loved me like his own lost son, and I loved him. He was quiet, stolid, deep-thinking, and hated all Reds very bitterly. I asked him to send out a message to Colonel Macdonald, head of the English mission with Kolchak, or to Denver Jones, the English secret service agent whom I had known intimately for the past two years. This, however, was impossible. Kolchak's army had dispersed all over Siberia, some remnants of it joining Ataman Semenoff. All through the vast forests, the mountains, the steppes, the southern deserts, White officers and men were scattered, hunted down, slaughtered without mercy by the flood of Bolsheviks.

It was two months before I could even walk.

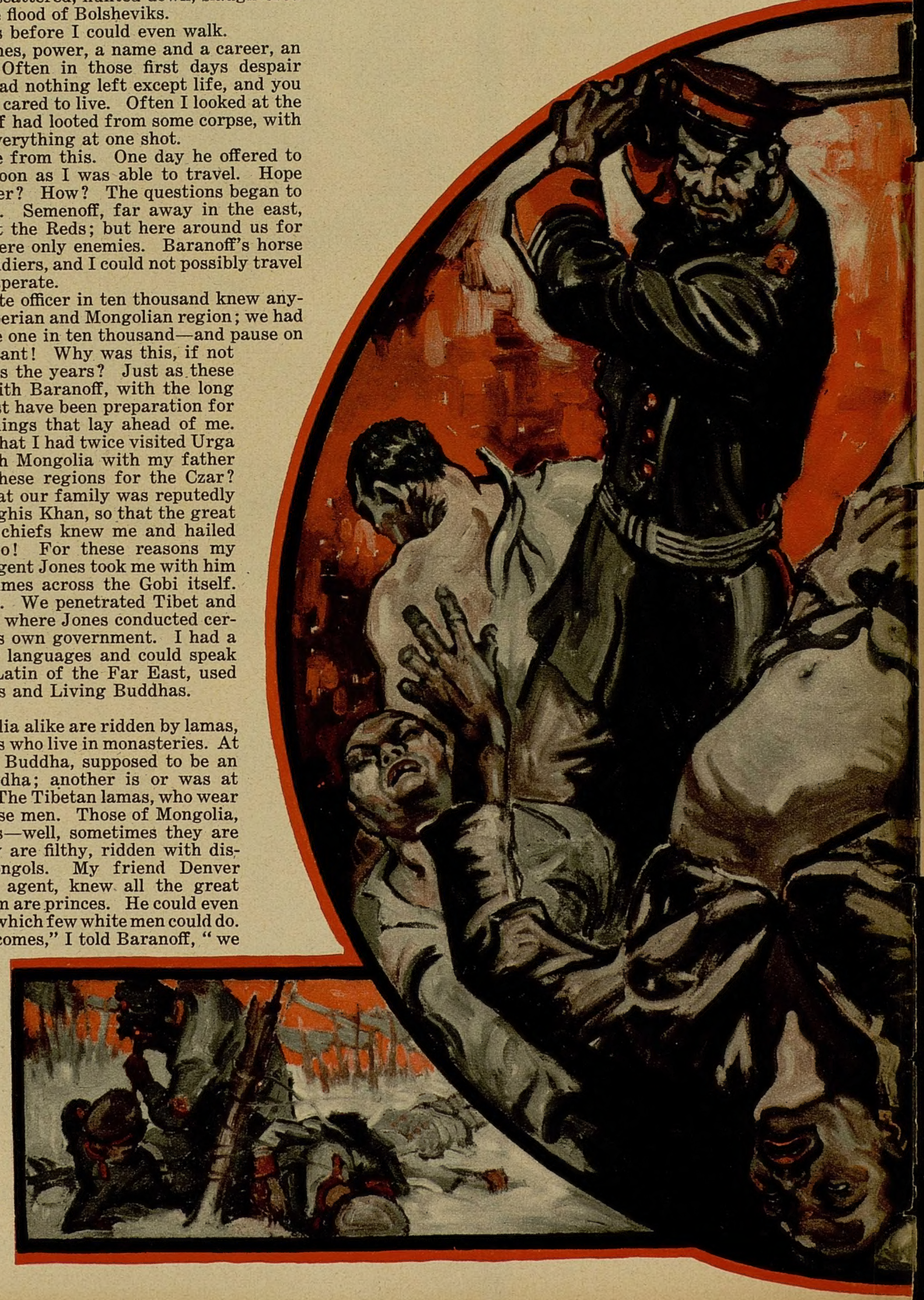
Behind me lay riches, power, a name and a career, an entire civilization. Often in those first days despair seized upon me. I had nothing left except life, and you may judge whether I cared to live. Often I looked at the Luger pistol Baranoff had looted from some corpse, with the idea of ending everything at one shot.

Baranoff saved me from this. One day he offered to depart with me as soon as I was able to travel. Hope arose in me. Whither? How? The questions began to beat furiously at us. Semenoff, far away in the east, still held out against the Reds; but here around us for hundreds of miles were only enemies. Baranoff's horse had been taken by soldiers, and I could not possibly travel afoot. It looked desperate.

Now, not one White officer in ten thousand knew anything of this vast Siberian and Mongolian region; we had few maps. I was the one in ten thousand—and pause on this thought an instant! Why was this, if not in preparation across the years? Just as these months in hiding with Baranoff, with the long months to come, must have been preparation for the more terrible things that lay ahead of me.

Was it by chance that I had twice visited Urga and traveled through Mongolia with my father when he ruled all these regions for the Czar? Was it by chance that our family was reputedly descended from Genghis Khan, so that the great Mongol and Buriat chiefs knew me and hailed me as brother? No! For these reasons my friend the English agent Jones took me with him into China. Two times across the Gobi itself. This was in 1918-19. We penetrated Tibet and even reached Lhasa, where Jones conducted certain business for his own government. I had a smattering of many languages and could speak some Tibetan, the Latin of the Far East, used by the various lamas and Living Buddhas.

TIBET and Mongolia alike are ridden by lamas, or priests, monks who live in monasteries. At Tibet is one Living Buddha, supposed to be an incarnation of Buddha; another is or was at Urga in Mongolia. The Tibetan lamas, who wear yellow robes, are wise men. Those of Mongolia, who wear red robes—well, sometimes they are wise, but often they are filthy, ridden with disease like most Mongols. My friend Denver Jones, the English agent, knew all the great lamas, many of whom are princes. He could even pass as one himself, which few white men could do.



"When the time comes," I told Baranoff, "we can reach the Mongolian border, then go to China or to Tibet."

"Very well," he said indifferently. "I suppose it will take us some days."

Some days! I broke into laughter. The simple fellow had no conception of the thousands of miles confronting us. Before us lay unknown mountains and forests, then the enormous Mongolian plains and rocky desert.

We knew nothing of conditions there. The last I had heard, the Chinese ruled Mongolia; they were Communists, and slaughtered all the White Russians they could find.

I little dreamed that while I lay here one of my old comrades, a man I knew well, was carving out a kingdom of blood and fire for himself in Mongolia! Perhaps in preparation for me—who knows? I am still alive!

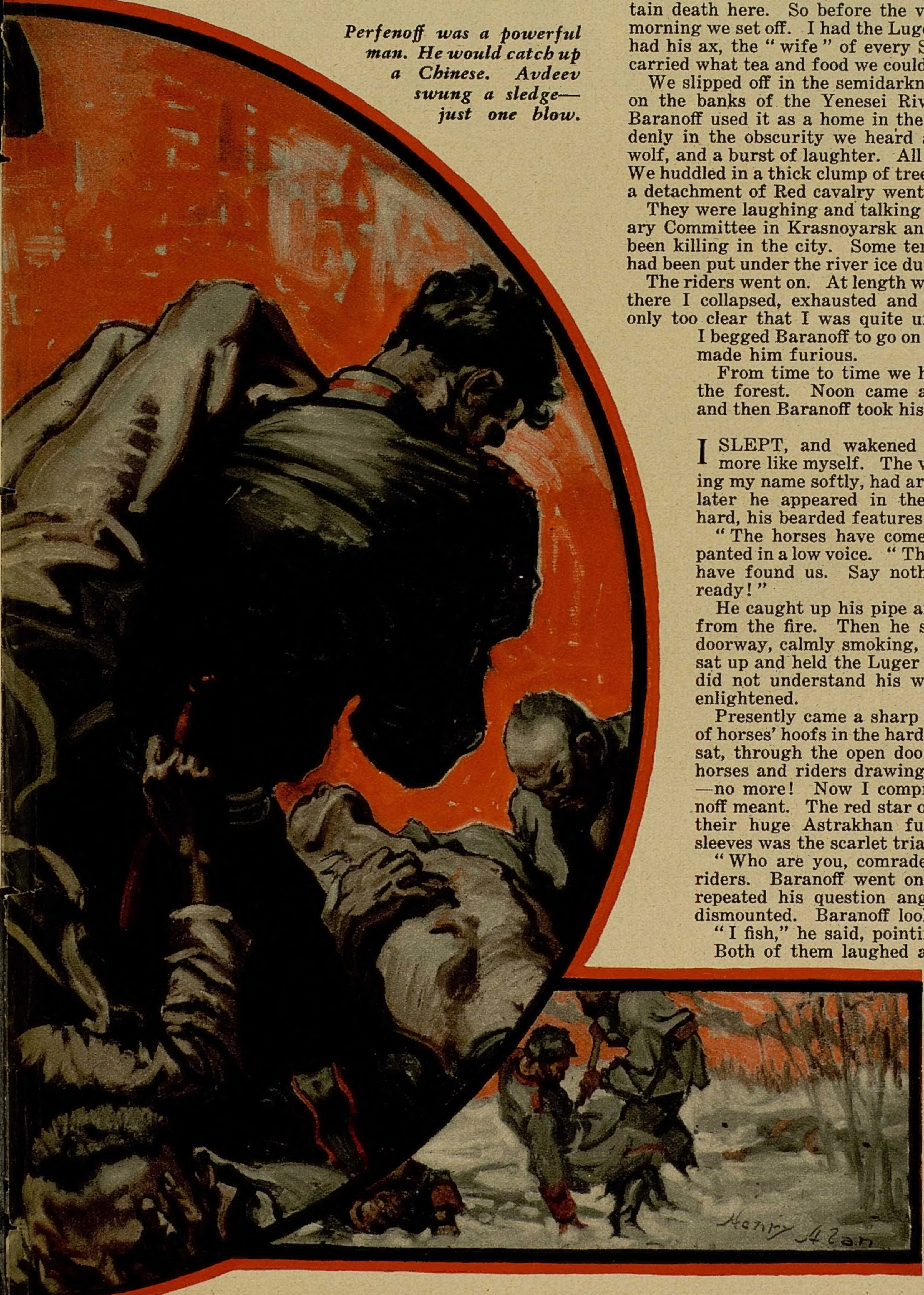
One day Baranoff came home, late in the afternoon, from market in Krasnoyarsk. He was silent and gloomy. I knew he had some bad tidings. When we finished our meal he lit his pipe and fastened his somber eyes on me.

"White Wings, at dawn we must leave this place. We shall go down to the river and stay in my fishing hut."

"The river is half frozen. Why fish?"

"Because they are searching all villages for White officers. Tomorrow they will be here. More troops have come, more commissars, as these accursed Reds call the officials sent out by their government. Extermination to all Whites! Everyone is to be hunted down."

Perfenoff was a powerful man. He would catch up a Chinese. Avdeev swung a sledge—just one blow.



"Then we must go," I said. "Have you learned anything new? It is only a hundred miles to the Mongolian border."

He shook his head. "I talked with a Buriat trader. Nothing is known except death. He says the forests are filled with mad people and corpses. Death is everywhere; only the armies live. And how shall we live? I have only my ax and that pistol with three cartridges in it."

It were better to die in the attempt than to await certain death here. So before the village wakened in the morning we set off. I had the Luger pistol, and Baranoff had his ax, the "wife" of every Siberian peasant. We carried what tea and food we could.

We slipped off in the semidarkness, making for a hut on the banks of the Yenesei River some miles away. Baranoff used it as a home in the fishing season. Suddenly in the obscurity we heard a shot, the howl of a wolf, and a burst of laughter. All were very close to us. We huddled in a thick clump of trees, and as we hid there a detachment of Red cavalry went straight past us.

They were laughing and talking about the Revolutionary Committee in Krasnoyarsk and the people they had been killing in the city. Some tens of "white-collars" had been put under the river ice during the previous day.

The riders went on. At length we reached the hut, and there I collapsed, exhausted and half frozen. It was only too clear that I was quite unable to travel afoot. I begged Baranoff to go on and leave me, but this made him furious.

From time to time we heard distant shots in the forest. Noon came and passed. We ate, and then Baranoff took his ax and slipped off.

I SLEPT, and wakened again, feeling much more like myself. The voice of Baranoff, calling my name softly, had aroused me. A moment later he appeared in the doorway, breathing hard, his bearded features distorted.

"The horses have come for us, Beloff!" he panted in a low voice. "They are coming! They have found us. Say nothing—have the pistol ready!"

He caught up his pipe and lit it with a brand from the fire. Then he seated himself in the doorway, calmly smoking, the ax at his side. I sat up and held the Luger ready in my hand. I did not understand his words but I was soon enlightened.

Presently came a sharp hail, then the crunch of horses' hoofs in the hard snow. From where I sat, through the open doorway I glimpsed two horses and riders drawing up to the hut. Two—no more! Now I comprehended what Baranoff meant. The red star of Moscow gleamed on their huge Astrakhan fur caps. Upon their sleeves was the scarlet triangle of Soviet troops.

"Who are you, comrade?" asked one of the riders. Baranoff went on smoking. The man repeated his question angrily. Both of them dismounted. Baranoff looked half-witted.

"I fish," he said, pointing to the river.

Both of them laughed at him.

"Fat fish in the spring, then! If you had been downstream last week you would have seen the Yenesei choked with the bodies of those accursed Whites! Are you alone here?"

"No," said Baranoff. "A sick man lies in the hut. I do not know who he is."

"Ah! I thought we'd have luck in

Ataman Semenoff, in whose army in Siberia Beloff served after the Red revolution.

this direction!" came the reply. "Inside with you, rascal! Hiding a White officer, are you? Lucky if we don't tie you to the sick man and fire the roof over you both! Inside!"

Baranoff rose, stooped, and entered the hut, grasping his ax. After him came the two men, peering and blinking about, for the darkness after the snow glare blinded them. This was what Baranoff desired. He made me a signal and then turned, his ax swinging. I fired twice at the second man, who fell backward out of the doorway.

Unluckily, Baranoff forgot about the heavy fur cap of the first man. His ax slid from it and merely cut the wearer above the eyes. The Red staggered back, clutching a pistol and screaming something. I could not shoot him, for Baranoff was between us. A second stroke: the man stopped screaming.

"Poorly done," said Baranoff, when he had freed the ax. "Now I have spoiled his clothes. Still, his boots are good. The other man belongs to you. And the horses have full saddlebags. The saints be praised! These two fish have brought us luck!"

My "fish" proved to be a lucky catch indeed. His name was Kurzina Ortov, as his papers proved. He was a commissar from Novgorod and his pockets contained a good deal of loot and several thousands of rubles. Thus we had two horses, Red uniforms, plenty of cartridges, a rifle and pistol each, and enough food to do us for weeks.

Within half an hour we were crossing the half-frozen river at the first ford. As we climbed the far bank I had a serious mishap. My horse slipped on the ice, fell heavily, and flung me with terrific force against a tree stump. I lay senseless for some time and wakened to find Baranoff rubbing blood from my face with snow. One cheek was slashed to the bone, two teeth were broken. Worst of all, my left hand, pierced by a bullet at the time of my "execution," was terribly hurt. The wound had been opened; the whole hand was swelling enormously and was quite useless.

AFTER getting into the forest we made a fire, melted some snow, and Baranoff took care of my hurts. My hand had become black and like a piece of wood, while I was in great pain with the injuries to my face. However, I insisted on no further delay here.

"We need distance, not sleep," I said. "On the German front I have gone three days without sleep. Let us do the same now."

We could, of course, always doze in the saddle, and so we went on.

I remember little of the three nights and two days that followed. By the next evening I was in agony from my hand and fever enveloped me like a blanket. The following day it was much worse.

We came upon no sign of man, except four Cossacks from one of Kolchak's regiments. These were standing, it seemed, in the branches of a great pine tree, dancing there in a most grotesque fashion. When we came close we found they had simply been tied by the wrists to branches that had been sprung apart, thus jerking them into the air. They had been dead only a few days.

It was not surprising that we met no one. Life in all this region had become like a struggle of wild beasts. The peasants hid in the recesses of mountain and forest; all men alive were either hidden or seeking prey. There was no such thing as mercy or pity left in any heart.

The third night was sheer torment. My whole arm was so swollen to the shoulder that Baranoff cut off the sleeve and bound it about with cloths, then tied it to my side. I was certain that gangrene had set in. We stopped to make tea and rest for an hour, and I told Baranoff to cut off the arm at the elbow with his ax. This he refused to do at the moment.

"We need daylight for that job," he said. "I must get pitch and melt it, or resin, to daub on the stump and stop the blood. Wait until morning."

A bright moon gave light as we rode on. Fever engulfed me. I slept fitfully in the sadde until Baranoff's voice wakened me:

"Look around, White Wings. By the saints, there is someone in these parts who does not love the Reds! And here is one rascal hardly yet dead."

I came somewhat to myself, though it seemed that I was in a wild dream. We were riding along a valley. There were many tracks in the snow. On either side of us were what I took to be burned trees.

They were not trees. They were tree limbs with the bark on, thrust so deep that they stood upright six or eight feet above the snow. Upon each was a ghastly burden, though some had been pulled down by wolves. Fragments of clothes showed Red uniforms. Baranoff directed the horses close to the one that seemed lately dead.

Then as we looked those eyes opened for one instant—opened wide and stared at us. They closed again. With a queer mournful sigh the life fled from that body.

Fever and a dizzy horror seized upon me and I sank into a coma.

WHEN I next wakened, Baranoff had his arm around me and was pouring vodka between my lips. The fiery stuff cleared my head. I looked around at the thick trees. The sun was just rising.

"Cut off my arm," I muttered. "There is no feeling in it. It is daylight now."

"Hush, little one!" said Baranoff, as though to a child. He wrinkled up his bearded face, sniffing the air. "I smell smoke. We are near some dwelling. Pull yourself together and keep your pistol ready, because God knows what sort of people we shall find here!"

"It does not matter," I responded dully.

We mounted and rode on.

Momentarily revived by the liquor, I stared about. Baranoff was right. We came from the cover of the trees into a clearing, and I heard an oath of astonishment from him. There ahead to our right was a house built of logs, and a house of some size, probably originally the farm of some settler or colonist. Now it looked deserted and empty; but Baranoff sniffed and I knew he smelled smoke again.

In the drifted snow before the house lay the carcasses of two horses. Close by them was a man's hand and arm protruding stiffly from the snow. We drew rein in the center of the clearing and looked around.

"This place is deserted," I said to Baranoff. "There is no one here."

He crossed himself three times. This gesture certainly saved us, for to all appearance we were two Red officers. The next instant a voice rose from the trees on our left.

"Praised be Jesus Christ!" it said loudly and distinctly in Latin.

"*Per saecula saeculorum!*" I made response mechanically. "We are friends."

"That is to be proven," came the reply in a threatening tone. "Dismount. Throw down your arms and take ten steps forward. Quickly or we fire!"

We obeyed. To my dismay, I could not stand on my feet. Baranoff caught me and emitted an angry bellow.

"Look at us! Devil take you, come and help me with him! We are Whites. Quickly, fools! He is dying."

A tall wide figure enveloped in furs came from the trees. I looked into a remarkable face—smooth, hard, set with wild and staring eyes, yet instinct with peculiar energy and intelligence.

Baranoff pointed to my arm and explained.

" He will not die," said the stranger. " I will cure him. Take him into the house yonder. I will see to your horses. You will find tea ready and food prepared."

" Who are you? " I asked, impressed by the fearful intensity of those gray eyes.

" I am called Andrei."

I barely reached the house before collapsing.

It was a full day later when I wakened. Baranoff had also slept the clock around. Now he was in another room whose door opened into mine. He was talking with Andrei. Their words and the pleasant odor of tobacco came distinctly to me. My hurt arm was enveloped in a warm compress of herbs and the pain had quite ceased.

" So you are alone here! " sounded the voice of Baranoff.

" Yes." That of Andrei was harsh. " And afraid by day and night. Afraid! "

The cross of copper and enamel Beloff wore on his neck when "executed."

Baranoff laughed. " Likely! You, out catching Reds, impaling them, killing them—"

" Do not speak of that. Yes; lonely, and afraid of loneliness lest I go mad. I have prayed the saints by the hour to send me comrades, help, companionship! "

" It is true that the saints give help, but it were better to ask God. But I see you have no icon here. This house has not been blessed," observed Baranoff.

Andrei paid no heed but went on talking as though to himself. By his words as well as by his Latin greeting to us I concluded that he must be a Pole.

" Asking, asking, day after day! Here was food in plenty; why should I be alone? My whole family were killed by the Reds, destroyed like vermin! They tortured me, those two commissars. They had me at their mercy and they knew no mercy. That was last fall. I fled and found this place. I had rifles, ammunition, loneliness. I slew them, took their horses."

" Where are you from, friend Andrei? " asked Baranoff.

At this Andrei laughed, and the sound of his laugh chilled my blood. It was a gruesome laugh; the man must be more or less insane. Like many another, he lived only for vengeance upon the Reds.

" Where from? Go and ask the two men out there in the horse corral. You will find them chained to the logs. This is the second week they have been there! Commissars from Moscow, the same two who killed my family and tortured me! They were led into my hands. Every day I beat them with rods. Tomorrow or next day they will be dead, so go and ask them quickly! "

The heavy steps of Baranoff departed.

PRESENTLY this Andrei came in, bent over me, and gave me food. He was skilled in the use of herbs, he said; in a week my arm would be well enough, if not entirely cured.

He was tall, heavily built, crop-headed, with harshly lined features, wide straight mouth, and those curiously blazing gray eyes. I liked him. Almost from the start some flame seemed to leap between us. Not only were we friends but we became intimates.

The week passed, and then a second week. The two commissars chained to the logs outside perished. Andrei had beaten them with sticks in a methodical sort of way, as though deriving no pleasure from their torture. He was not a drug fiend, like so many of my fellow officers who had seen their whole families destroyed and who took cocaine to make them forget. Nor was he a sadist, like so many others. He was just Andrei—grim, capable, inscrutable!

Also he was fey, as the Scotch would say. About him there was something mystical. He seemed to have glimpses of the future. Nor was this all. One day, after the bandages were off my arm, we were talking together and he mentioned the name of General Petkoff,* who had commanded a division under Ataman Semenoff. That name went through me like a knife. I put my head in my hands and forgot where I was.

" O my God! Let that man but stand before me for one moment upon earth! "

When I looked up, Andrei was staring at me with wide dilated eyes.

" You will have your wish, White Wings," he said in a low voice. " Though I do not think it will give you joy. What is that man to you? "

" Another time, brother, another time," I said. " If I think of it now I will go out of my head and the ghost of Scriabin will dance before my eyes. Another time."

" Scriabin! " I saw his gaunt face go white as death. " Scriabin! Dear God, this is impossible! "

He got up and went out of the room. Scriabin, as you shall hear, had been my dearest friend, murdered by General Petkoff. And had Andrei known him also?

MY hand grew well. The three of us made plans, determining to leave this place and head for the south. Andrei knew of one pass, but it contained a village where numbers of Reds were stationed.

" The people there," he told us, " are all diabolists."

" What is that? " asked Baranoff. He rolled his eyes and crossed himself when we told him. He, poor soul, knew nothing of the craze for devil worship that had come into Siberia.

Whole colonies of peasants had turned from God to the devil, usually with madmen leading them. Emissaries of the Soviets, determined to destroy religion, had also come from Russia. The metropolitan Makar had started an Antichrist movement, while the actual worship of Satan, and the Black Mass, were inculcated by the epileptic Elias and others.

Admiral Kolchak, Beloff's commander when both were captured by revolutionists.

Well, we hoped to pass by this place of devils during the night. We had eight horses in all, so that we could pack plenty of provisions.

On the previous night we made final preparations and strapped up the last pack. All was ready for the start. Above the central part of the house was a loft in which supplies were stored. Andrei ascended the ladder to the loft, seeking some vodka he had mislaid.

I heard a startled gasp, then a crash. Andrei had slipped on the ladder and now lay at its foot, senseless.

Dragging him out into the light, I loosened his shirt and felt for his heart. It was beating; he had no great hurt. But I knelt there, stupefied in every sense, my hand against his heart. Andrei opened his eyes, looked up at me, and then calmly caught my arm and sat up.

" Well, don't be a fool about it," he said harshly.

Andrei was a woman!

The tragic reasons for Andrei's masquerade and her vengefulness will appear in next week's installment of Still Alive—which will tell also of the hideous nightmare-come-true that the three refugees experienced in the village of devil worshipers, of their escape, and their subsequent encounter with an extraordinary American.

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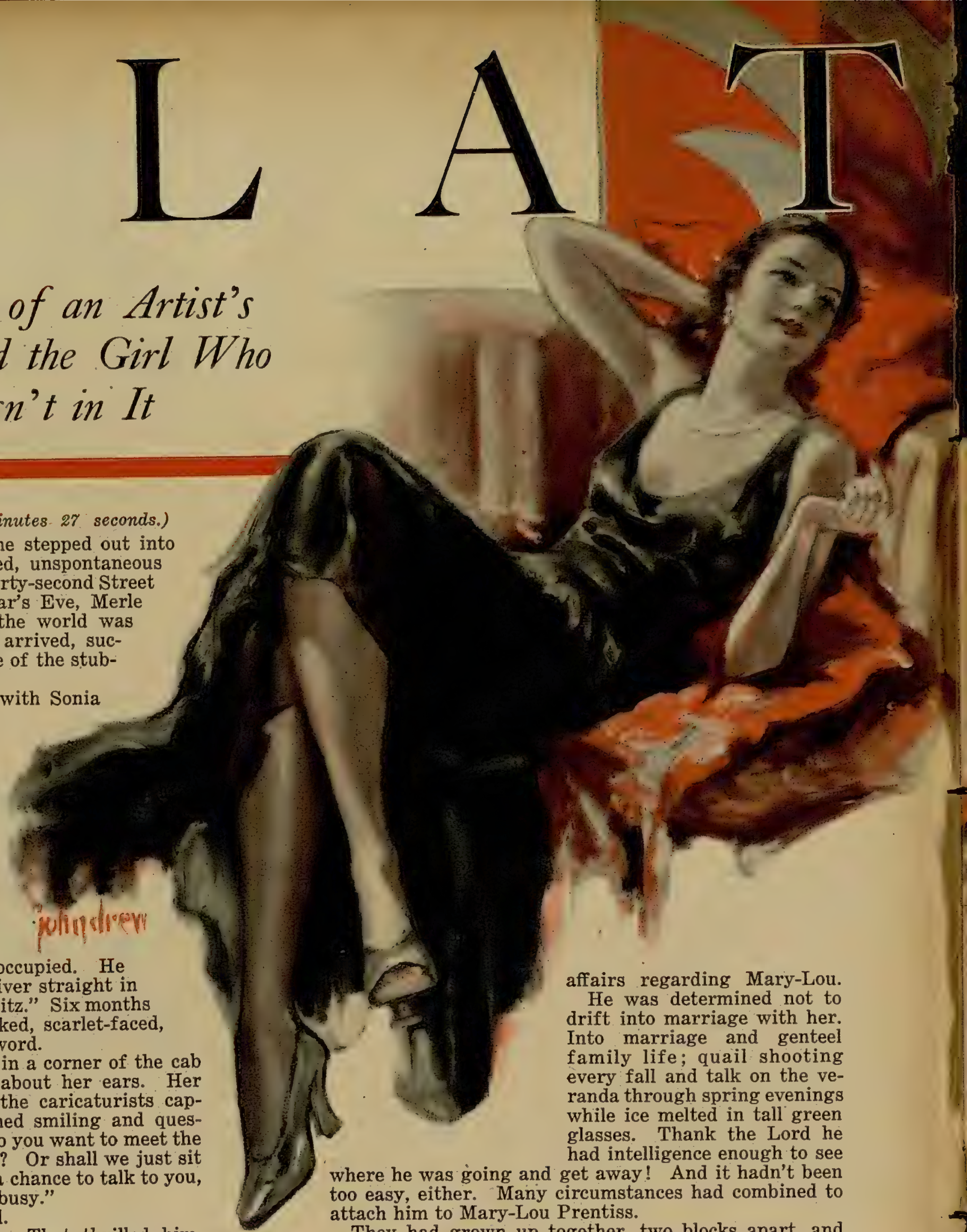
* General Petkoff is a fictitious name.

PLAT



The Story of an Artist's Dream and the Girl Who Wasn't in It

(Reading time: 34 minutes 27 seconds.)

AT the moment he stepped out into the determined, unspontaneous carnival of Forty-second Street that New Year's Eve, Merle Bigbee felt the world was his. He knew he had arrived, succeeded, crashed the gate of the stubborn town.

Leaving the theater with Sonia Farman on his arm, all the joy of his new horizons and his new self converged and flowed through him like a torrent through a ring.

"The Ritz!" he commanded the driver of a taxi which stood miraculously vacant waiting for them at the curb when all others were occupied. He was able to look the driver straight in the eye and say, "The Ritz." Six months ago he would have choked, scarlet-faced, upon that swaggering word.

Sonia settled herself in a corner of the cab and pulled ermine up about her ears. Her small jet eyes, which the caricaturists captured in ink dots, turned smiling and questioning upon him. "Do you want to meet the others later—at twelve? Or shall we just sit and talk? I *never* get a chance to talk to you, Merle. We're both so busy."

"Let's talk!," he said.

We're both so busy. That thrilled him. Sonia, the great Sonia Farman, was including him subtly on her pinnacle. Well, why not? Wasn't the thin scrawl, "Merle Bigbee," emerging more and more upon the consciousness of American magazine readers? Didn't editors write to him now, instead of waiting for him to appear in anterooms with a sample folder under his arm? Perhaps in a year or two he would be as important an illustrator as Sonia Farman herself.

When they met, less than a year ago, Merle was fresh from Richmond, Virginia, from a rambling frame house across whose spacious shaded lawn the Confederate forces had fallen back cursing in the rain. In a gable room with its iron bed and hunting prints and catcher's mask hung on a nail—in the room with the drawing board in one bespattered corner and the files of The American Boy moldering in another—Merle had first dreamed of New York. Two considerations tugged him: one was ambition, sharp, restless, fed by the knowledge of abilities that all talent gives; and another was the state of affairs regarding Mary-Lou.

He was determined not to drift into marriage with her. Into marriage and genteel family life; quail shooting every fall and talk on the veranda through spring evenings while ice melted in tall green glasses. Thank the Lord he had intelligence enough to see where he was going and get away! And it hadn't been too easy, either. Many circumstances had combined to attach him to Mary-Lou Prentiss.

They had grown up together, two blocks apart, and there had been dances and, before that, children's parties on her lawn and his. She was very intense and slow-voiced and blue-eyed; she abounded in that quality which now he was able to diagnose simply and neatly: sex appeal. And sex appeal, he could look back now and see, would have been a frail timber from which to construct the bark of his career. From the very first they had possessed the faculty of making each other bitterly unhappy. Their kisses would fade into quarrels which left them choked and trembly, only to be wiped out by other kisses.

The whole thing had been violent, strenuous, *young*. Tonight he had realized, stepping out into the New Year with Sonia, that he had come upon maturity. It was a magnificent sensation.

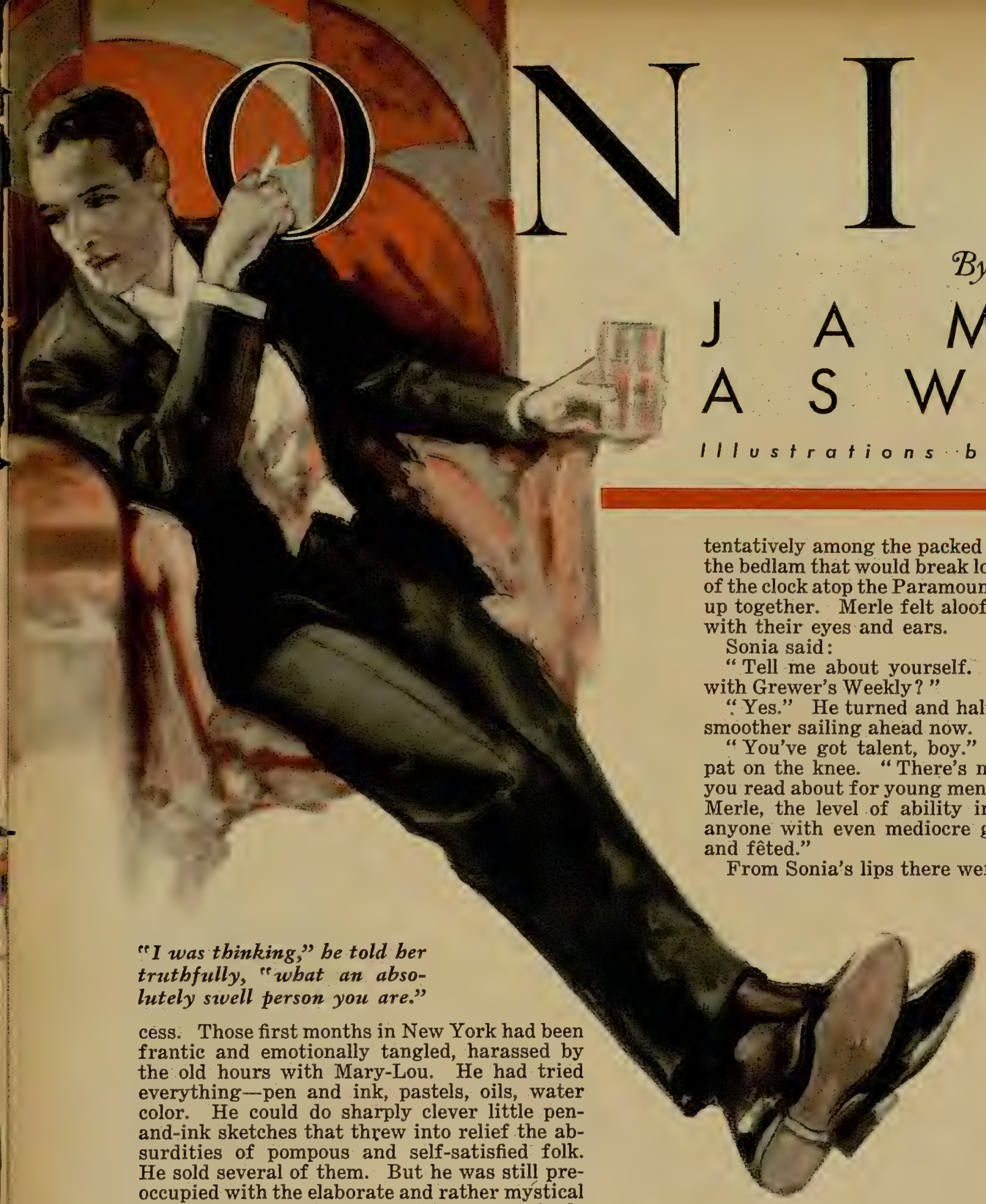
Sonia, sitting beside him, let him have his own thoughts. She could do that. She didn't ever "make talk." Indeed, she was the symbol—and, more practically, the sculptress—of his recent emancipation, of his suc-

ONIC

By

JAMES ASWELL

Illustrations by JOHN DREW



"I was thinking," he told her truthfully, "what an absolutely swell person you are."

cess. Those first months in New York had been frantic and emotionally tangled, harassed by the old hours with Mary-Lou. He had tried everything—pen and ink, pastels, oils, water color. He could do sharply clever little pen-and-ink sketches that threw into relief the absurdities of pompous and self-satisfied folk. He sold several of them. But he was still preoccupied with the elaborate and rather mystical things in color which Mary-Lou had praised: battered old houses peering from cloaks of honeysuckle, decrepit flagmen standing forlornly while monstrous locomotives of rich black thundered past.

Then he had shown his work to Sonia and she had given him suggestions about the pen-and-ink technique, showed him how to exaggerate in the right places, suggested markets. In no time at all he saw himself in five different magazines within the space of a single month. He was invited to join a society of illustrators—rather commercial illustrators, it was true, but all rich and well known. He acquired an agent. He moved uptown from the Village. And he abandoned everything except the pen-and-ink technique.

"There's plenty of time later on for the arty efforts," Sonia had said. "Some day I'm going to take up oils too. But get your name first, Merle. Then you'll find some consideration for your mature work. Remember, we're both terribly young."

Sonia was five years older than Merle, who was twenty-three. It flattered him to have her look upon him as a contemporary.

They moved very slowly, nosing into the press of traffic around Times Square. Whistles and horns sounded tentatively among the packed thousands warming up for the bedlam that would break loose when the lighted hands of the clock atop the Paramount Building pointed straight up together. Merle felt aloof from the gayety colliding with their eyes and ears.

Sonia said:

"Tell me about yourself. Did you get the contract with Grewer's Weekly?"

"Yes." He turned and half faced her. "It looks like smoother sailing ahead now. Thanks to you."

"You've got talent, boy." She gave him a friendly pat on the knee. "There's none of the grueling battle you read about for young men with the goods. I tell you, Merle, the level of ability in this city is so low that anyone with even mediocre gifts is likely to be hailed and fêted."

From Sonia's lips there were answers, sure, adequate, for all the heavy-hearted problems of the world.

"Don't," she added softly, "go spoil it all now by falling in love. Not yet, anyway."

Merle thought swiftly back over his contacts with Sonia. He had never tried to kiss her. He had never even held her hand.

"Sonia," he told her with the thrill of discovery, "that's all bunk about a Platonic friendship being impossible between a man and a woman. Look at us."

The long oval of her face glowed in the shadow, and he could feel upon him the focus of those small black intelligent eyes.

"Of course. You know, you and I are really a lot alike, Merle. People have told me I have a man's mind. And that is why we are able to be real friends. We react to the same things in the same way. Sophisticated people never need to take advantage of every dark spot to grab each other."

He had a guilty twinge at that, remembering the way he had felt about Mary-Lou. But he had been terribly young. He recalled, too, that once returning with Sonia from the Belmont track he had thought the moonlight made it obligatory to put his arm around her. She had kept right on talking, as if she hadn't noticed. There was a shell, an immense reserve, around her.

"After all," Merle said, a little giddy with the new slant he was getting on life and love, "my work is the most important thing in the world to me. As yours is to you. Mutual respect and companionship—a spirit of pulling together—are pretty fine things. You haven't any idea what you've meant to me, Sonia, just in making me realize that."

"Exactly." She worked her splendid supple fingers together, as if to give emphasis to what she was saying. "I had my inning with the sort of crazy young love you read about. It almost wrecked me. But I believe intelligent people everywhere, in this day and age, are coming to see that real love goes deeper. It has to be managed, nurtured, preserved."

She leaned back, looking up at the ceiling of the cab. "You knew, didn't you, Merle, that I'd been married once?"

"No." He had, as a matter of fact, heard rumors about an early marriage to a no-good husband, from which Sonia had escaped via Reno.

"I think if I ever marry again I'll be sensible about it. We'll have separate establishments. I'm going to avoid the day-by-day familiarity that takes the edge off things. *He's* going to have his friends and *I'm* going to have mine. And I like to see a man always at his best, too, just as I want him to see me. No lathered chins or curl papers! Not next time."

They were approaching the huge square of masonry which enjoyed its breathless swank in anonymity. Those who needed a sign to tell them this was the Ritz-Carlton Hotel didn't belong inside.

Merle paid the fare and walked past the doorman in a glow. He was thinking what an altogether admirable person Sonia was. Wise, too; how very much wiser than he!

IT was not yet two o'clock when Sonia's stony-faced butler took Merle's things. He glanced twice at the servant because he thought he detected animosity in the tilt of the blond faultlessly groomed young head behind the pale-blue Teutonic eyes. Inwardly he smiled. It was like Sonia to have a butler just a little haughtier than even stage butlers came. With Sonia he always got the sense of circumventing the humdrum, of avoiding the mean and usual thing. She had that sort of flair.

Her great high studio room was rich with yellow light. She stopped before a console mirror to apply a dab of lipstick and straighten her hair. Then she went in and sank upon a deep divan, drawing one leg up under her.

"Merle," she said, pouring from a decanter that was arranged with ice and ginger ale on a tea table ready for them, "I don't usually ask gentlemen in at this time of night. But, after all, New Year's! Did you get the look from Wilmer? There's something very funny about that." She motioned confidentially with her head for him to move closer. He did.

"When I tell you this you'll die. I'm going to have to fire my butler. I'm afraid he's in love with me!"

Merle blinked in appropriate astonishment.

"Actually. I didn't realize it until a couple of days ago. My maid, even, has caught on. Wilmer follows me around with his eyes like a devoted spaniel—and she thinks it's scandalous. It *is* an impossible situation."

Grinning, Merle said, "I don't blame Wilmer. How could you expect him to do otherwise, with you such a radiant person?"

"You're sweet," Sonia said. She ladled ice cubes into the amber tumblers. "Wilmer's not an ordinary butler. During the war he was a German aviator—an ace. He speaks three or four languages perfectly and he says he was a flight commander or something."

"I noticed the military bearing," Merle said. "It'll be a pity to fire him, but I guess you'll have to, as you say. Still, I think it's perfectly natural he should fall for you."

Sonia leaned her head back and half closed her eyes. "I don't know what I'd do without you to buck up my faith in myself."

"I shouldn't think you'd need any bucking. I'm the one that needs that."

"You silly boy. You have more talent than I have, and besides that you have a good business head. I don't know *anything* about managing my affairs. Nothing *a*-tall."

He crossed his legs and let his body relax against the feathery velvet, sipping from the amber tumbler she had given him. His eyes roamed over the tall windows which commanded an eighteenth-floor view of Central Park, then up to the balcony, approached by a little stair. Beyond that balcony were the mysterious rooms where Sonia Farman slept and bathed and had her intimate existence.

He looked at Sonia. She was smart and pat—*chic*—sitting there beside him. Suddenly it occurred to him that her face rather resembled the faces of wax mannequins in windows along Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. Of course it had vitality and it was not frozen into an expression of slightly dumb hauteur the way the mannequins' were; but it set off her gowns and it was unapproachable. Sonia was unapproachable.

"What're you thinking about so solemnly?" She peered at him over the top of her glass, her eyes bright.

"I was thinking," he told her truthfully, "what an absolutely swell person you are. Don't think that's flattery. I really haven't known a woman whom I could respect and be friends with at the same time."

She didn't say anything, didn't move her glass, didn't alter her gaze. Finally: "I'm glad." That was all.

There was something in the way she said it that made him know he was closer to her spiritually than to anyone else in the world. They were proud of each other; and they experienced the deep, exhilarating snobbery that men have felt upon being made privy to a certain system for beating the bank at Monte Carlo.

"SONIA," he said, "let's you and I get married. We could do it. I'm convinced we could do it."

It was so obvious that there was no way to proclaim their secret understanding about things other than by marriage. The overwhelming suitability of the match was too plain.

She put down her glass and began to swing her golden-slippered foot backward and forward slowly, and then he knew that she was not pondering acceptance. That, in some curious fashion, had already been made. She was thinking over the words to be used in answering.

She found them after a while. "I have rather definite ideas about marriage, Merle darling. I couldn't stand another failure. I couldn't, that's all. I think a marriage ought to be built,

Decoration by
LEONARD WHITNEY

like a drawing, like a play or a book, very carefully, very tenderly, very cagily. We've got to be shrewd. I think we are. For instance, you know how to handle money, and I make a lot and you are going to make a lot. That's important. Again, you're fastidious about dress, as I am. I hate a mussed person; I can't stand a mussed person. And we look well together, which would bring us contentment of a very real sort. Again, I think the French have the right idea about marriage; all the Latin peoples have. The men are constantly chivalrous. I adore chivalry and aren't you from Richmond, Virginia?"

She leaned over and patted his knee.

Merle stretched out his hand. "Let's shake hands because I think that's the way to seal it. Never was a troth plighted so sure to succeed."

Her strong lovely fingers grasped his hand, squeezing slightly, slightly cool.

Then he rose, without breaking the grasp, and leaned over and kissed her. It was a brief, honest kiss, that held much in meaning and no desire. Kissing her like that, he felt he had drawn through his lips her fame and her bright, dazzling sureness; that he had made her armor his own. Vaguely, too, it occurred to him how far away Richmond was, and the nights in cars, troubled and passionate, with bugs hurtling straight like bullets through the lowered windshield on the sharp, green, aromatic air—and the night, above all, when Mary-Lou had leaned her cheek against the upholstery, letting her hair blow over her eyes, and when they stopped and she sat up again he glimpsed on the leather a sleek streak of tears, shed for loving so much and being afraid. What a long way he had come to Sonia and a knowledge of himself and the end of heartbreak! It almost made him ashamed for being able, with the aid of intelligence, to steal so great a march on the muddled masses of the world.

"We'll have separate apartments, and whenever you want to see me you'll call up and ask for a date. We'll keep it fresh and real. We'll use our heads, Merle boy!"

He rose, laughing exultantly, and turned briskly toward the door. "I won't even look. Then I can wrench myself away."

To his amazement, Wilmer was standing in the foyer with his hat and coat, holding the latter suggestively spread while Merle was still ten feet away. The man held his rigid posture with a hauteur that was not so much the snobbery of a royal lackey as the constrained dignity of a man at arms.

"MERLE."

He wheeled to see Sonia standing straight, intent, in the middle of the room. "Merle," she said again in a low, weary voice, "come here a minute."

He strode back and stood close, his eyes on the tiny strand of a platinum lavaliere against her neck. She inclined her forehead and let it rest against his shirt front. "Sometimes I feel limp and panicky inside."

"You mean on account of--" He gestured with his head toward the foyer.

She nodded. He felt her nails bite into the palm of his hand. "It isn't that I'm afraid of *him*. I'm scared to death of—*myself*."

His dismay prevented speech.

Sonia shuddered a little and drew a deep breath. "It's all right now, dear. Run along. I'm sorry I was such a nut. But why shouldn't I tell you the truth? We all get these feelings of weakness sometimes, don't we? I do *so* want my life to be run intelligently from now on—" She gave him a brief hug. "Now get! You'll just have to put up with a little temperament in your talented wife, darling."

Merle stood back reluctantly. "Good night, Sonia. Get some sleep. That's what you need."

His things were spread on a chair. Wilmer was gone.

Descending in the elevator, Merle straightened his tie and came to the conclusion that the recent incident was trivial. Hadn't he had moments almost exactly parallel? Sonia was much the same sort of person. Wilmer *was* rather handsome, with a romantic history. And Sonia was so scrupulously honest with herself that she must pause and wrestle with each fleeting emotional turmoil; nip everything in the bud. Perhaps he should have told her that he, too, had had similar flurries of instability—with memories of Mary-Lou.

Perhaps it was an evidence of his new sophistication that the situation ceased promptly to alarm him at all. Sonia was perfectly capable of taking care of herself. She was, in a hard, bright, clean way, a woman of the world. His wife to be. Mrs. Merle Bigbee. Sonia Farman, of course, professionally. And she might insist on keeping her name as a symbol of individuality. He wouldn't mind. The world would know she was really Mrs. Merle Bigbee—*his*.

All the way to his twelfth-floor apartment overlooking the river on East Sixtieth Street, Merle's emotions were pleasantly awhirl. He and Sonia would sweep forward, two intelligent beings who knew themselves and what they were doing, to rarer and rarer heights. Platonic. And yet, of course, with love there—real, sensible love, respect for each other, companionship, mutual tastes—

"Dignity," he intoned soundlessly to himself, pressing his hands deep in his overcoat pockets.

BUT as his apartment door swung open to the key and he stood momentarily in the dark, an unreasonable nostalgia laid hold of his heart. He wanted, suddenly, his Richmond boyhood back again. He wanted the gable room and afternoons shooting sparrows in the dead pine, afternoons so hot and still you could hear the sound of hammering away off and after the *clack* of the BB rifle a tragic little thud as the pellet struck the sparrow's breast. He wanted to see Mary-Lou lying in a hammock with sunburn on her arms like long red-brown gloves up to the white of her short sleeves. Mary-Lou quarreling with him lazily about something or other. He recalled with a wince Sonia's "I can't stand a mussed person," realizing he had never been a particularly tidy one. He always got a fresh shave for her and saw that he was immaculate because, well, because she was Sonia Farman, but in the intervals between seeing her he didn't take much care of his person. He still hated to wash his ears.

There was that, too, about managing money. Where did she get such an idea? And chivalry. He approved of being chivalrous to women, of course, in principle, but he recalled having taken Mary-Lou up one night on her threat to get out of the car and walk home, after a long silly argument over whether Jack Dempsey was a slacker during the war. It's true he'd gone back and picked her up, sobbing, but not before she'd walked nearly a mile.

With the lights on it was better. He was annoyed with himself for having weakened, even a little. Of course there would be responsibilities. There always were when you got away from childhood and puerile concerns. But the gain would be so enormous it would be worth the care he must lavish on the little details of his marriage to Sonia Farman.

Nevertheless he lay on his back another hour in bed before he closed his eyes, deciding over and over to get up early in the morning and destroy all his letters from Mary-Lou. "The end of puppy love," he told himself finally, and turned over on his side.

The next day he did not see Sonia. He telephoned around ten in the morning, to be informed by her maid that she was out. She'd gone early and wasn't expected until afternoon—art editors or something. At four he sent orchids, and at five he rang again. This time, too, he got the maid, who said Sonia was taking a bath. However, a message was relayed to him, with love, to the effect that she had a rush order for a series of six color pages from the Empire Features Syndicate, the first of which had to be ready the following afternoon. She was going to work half the night. She said she'd call him up first thing in the morning.

It was a muggy day. The sky was full of rain which did not fall. The boats crawling up and down the river looked pinched and small and cold, while traffic across the Queensboro Bridge, strong and massive against the dun horizon, moved slowly and, Merle decided, standing at the window, furtively. He shuddered and sat down at his board.

But he couldn't work much. After a couple of figures for Grewer's Weekly, which didn't pan out as well as they should, he got out a thick mounted square of canvas and his pastel set. He began, without thinking much about it, to do the bridge. It was not what he wanted. He took it off the easel and slipped it in among a number of other discarded sketches on the floor.

He read a while after dinner downstairs, then sat at his board and worked furiously and productively until eleven o'clock. He rose, stretched himself, gave vent to a self-satisfied yawn, and went to bed—but not before he had washed, scrubbed his ears, and brushed his teeth thoroughly in preparation for the new life. . . .

It was one of those aimless brittle dreams from which awakening is dazed and heavy-lidded. Merle heard the persistent summons of the door buzzer through thinning layers of gauze. Suddenly he sat up straight in bed to convince himself it was not the telephone or a riveting machine or his dream that woke him. It was the door.

"Just a minute!" he shouted irritably, and dived for his dressing gown.

He pulled the door knob cautiously, a certainty behind his sleepy eyes that this must have something to do with Sonia.

"Morning, kiddo!"

"*You!*" The old melodramatic word sprang out.

He retreated two steps, while wave after wave of hot and cold current, sharp and bright like laboratory lighting, played along his spine. He looked at her as inquisitively as a puppy for a moment and smiled. "Come in, Mary-Lou," he said.

"I'll go right away if that's all the glad you are to see me!" She seemed to be withdrawn into her furs, her round small face flushed with warmth after cold.

"Of course I'm glad. But you can't expect to barge in here after so long, and not give me a jolt. How'd you know where I live and where'd you come from and when?"

"There's such a thing as a telephone book, Mr. Bigbee."

"Sit down, Mary-Lou. I'll jump into some clothes and be with you in a minute."

She turned around, her coat half off her shoulders, and stuck her fists into her hips.

"Since when," she demanded, "did you put on all those airs? I guess, though, it's a very healthy sign. I remember the time when you didn't bother to get decently dressed when I called, ever."

A grin enveloped his face. The same Mary-Lou. He pulled his dressing gown around him more closely and plopped after her on slippered feet to the living room.

"WHAT are you doing in New York—so early in the morning?"

She sank into a low modernistic chair, spread her coat wide, and looked him over. "What do you think I'm here for?" Her eyes twinkled. "To buy things. Shopping."

He sat down on his divan and stared at her.

"Alone?" he wanted to know.

"Of course not. Aunt Alice came with me. She's out visiting some old friends in Hoboken. I left her at the station. She took a taxi, though I could tell by the joyful expression on the driver's face that it was probably miles and miles. She's a good egg. She lets me do pretty much as I please—even come up to rich bachelors' apartments and get them out of bed."

"What'd you come up to buy?" He lighted a cigarette with elaborate indifference. "A trousseau?"

She laughed. She had the kind of feminine face that is not spoiled by laughter. "Maybe. But I dropped by to see whether, by some chance, you wouldn't take me after all."

"I'm glad you didn't forget to let me know you were in town," he told her politely, squirming inside.

Next Week—

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF WALLACE BEERY

By Clara Beranger

A revealing look at the heart and mind of Hollywood's homespun hero

WHY I FAVOR REPEAL

By Nicholas Murray Butler

President of Columbia University in an interview with Earl Reeves

A distinguished educator of American youth presents a forthright and fearless statement of the case against prohibition

Also stories and articles by

George S. Brooks, Georgei Beloff and H. Bedford-Jones, Vincent Richards and John R. Tunis, R. T. M. Scott, Jay Franklin, and others

Suddenly she rose and held out her hand. "Now I've really got to run, Merle. You look just the same, though you *aren't* just the same."

"Why am I not the same?" he asked, more composedly.

"For Pete's sake, Merle! I drop in to say hello and maybe ask you to buy me a breakfast, and you act around and fence with me as if I were some remote stranger. What's come over you, anyway? I used to like you because you were always yourself. You aren't any more."

He knew if he spoke then he'd say something furious. He was mad. There was nobody who could make him as mad as Mary-Lou could. Once upon a time he'd have let fly with his temper and there'd have been plenty of feathers from both of them in the air. Not any more.

Now he realized how young Mary-Lou really was; how immature. She was only a year and a half younger than he—twenty-one—but she acted like sixteen.

"I'm sorry I don't—come up to your expectations and specifications," he remarked. "I was very glad to see you again, and I'd hoped you would have breakfast with me. But you seem to be on a high horse this morning."

She took a couple of steps toward him and into her face came a puzzled and a secret look. "I'm not on any high horse, Merle. Let's don't be mad. I've only got a day up here. I'll let you take me to breakfast, if you want to and if you've got time."

It was funny the faculty Mary-Lou had of smoothing things over. She had always had it, and when she softened he couldn't be indignant any more. After all, it was her first visit to New York. He'd take a few hours off and show her around.

THEY didn't visit any of the regular sight-seers' places. Merle suggested the Aquarium, Central Park, the Metropolitan Museum, and Wall Street—with maybe the Statue of Liberty and Grant's Tomb. Mary-Lou had other ideas. She insisted she knew what these exhibits were like from pictures, and made him take her instead for a ride on the Elevated that ended at the portals of a veritable speakeasy.

She'd promised Aunt Alice to meet her in Hoboken at three o'clock, which seemed to Merle a rather silly arrangement. Why couldn't Aunt Alice come in and meet Mary-Lou at their hotel? But after a while they rode down and took the Hudson Tubes to Hoboken.

Mary-Lou shivered as the train roared under the river and her eardrums tightened. She put her arm through Merle's and an involuntary impulse to put his arm around her battled with his better judgment. That was the peril about Mary-Lou. He had the devil of a time keeping his hands off her.

Walking up the long stair, after they left the train, Mary-Lou stopped suddenly, dragging Merle to a halt beside her while the crowd eddied sullenly around them.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"I've forgotten the street!"

"Stay here a minute. I'll see if I can find the name in a telephone directory." He looked around for a booth.

"It's Mr. W. G. Dexters," she informed him.

He found a phone book, but there were no W. G. Dexterses living in Hoboken. He rejoined Mary-Lou.

"No soap."

"I'm hungry," she said promptly. "You realize we haven't had any lunch?"

He hadn't realized it until that moment. "I know a swell place in this town to eat," he said.

Over tall steins and thick steaks with onions, neither was inclined to lament coming on a wild-goose chase. Despite his annoyance, Merle faced the rather disquieting fact that he had had a fine time. He had been having a fine time all day. It had

(Continued on page eighteen)

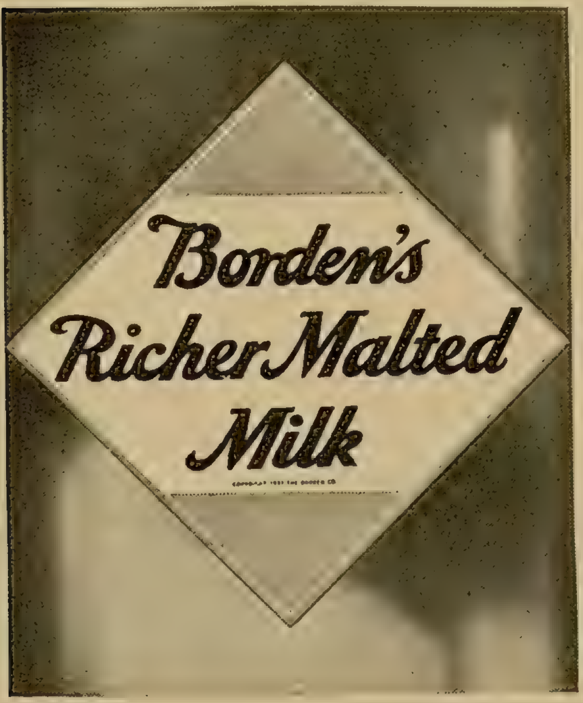
"If our figures expand . . our salaries shrink"

say GENEVIEVE TOBIN *and* JACK HOLT

Closeups of charming Genevieve Tobin (above) and Jack Holt (below) enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" between scenes of "The Wrecker" . . . a new Columbia production.

KEEP FIT WITH THE HOLLYWOOD LUNCH . . . A SANDWICH . . . AND A GLASS OF BORDEN'S RICHER MALTED MILK

Let the new "Hollywood Lunch" help you, too . . . "keep fit without fat"



GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND

KEEPING SLIM is a hobby with some people . . . and a matter of pride with others. But with movie stars, keeping slim is a *necessity!* For a few extra pounds can cost a star a contract.

That's why screen celebrities insist on meals that give plenty of nourishment . . . without bulging the silhouette!

Heavy lunches are out!

When the work of a studio pauses at noon . . . mighty few stars eat a heavy, fattening lunch. They need *energy* for the afternoon's grind. And many of them get it in a light, nourishing lunch . . . the "Hollywood Lunch."

For example, here are Genevieve Tobin and Jack Holt, getting the energy they need . . . without fear of fat. For they're enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" . . . *a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!*

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit!

If you want to keep fit . . . pass up the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and a glass of the grandest, creamiest malted milk you ever tasted . . . Borden's Malted Milk!

Borden's is better

Borden's is a richer malted milk. Richer in energy-building nourishment. Richer in vitamins A, B and G. And every attendant serving Borden's is trained to mix the *best* malted milk!

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit tomorrow! And don't forget . . . for home use, buy Borden's Malted Milk in the handy glass jars.

(Continued from page sixteen) been many moons since he'd been able to relax completely, without a thought of the proper, the shrewd, the profitable thing to say.

The last time he had been in Hoboken his host had been the editor of Forsythe's Magazine, and he had been preoccupied throughout the meal with making a favorable impression, and of course, even with Sonia, he had to be on his guard lest he do or say something to impair their splendid relationship. She was temperament, highly organized.

They sat with their coffee lazily. Merle knew Sonia had probably called and been disappointed to find him out, but, after all, there were years for Sonia and not long for Mary-Lou. It would, he reassured himself, be a tonic thing to give himself this day with her. Undoubtedly they'd quarrel again fiercely before they parted, and when he got home he'd experience a surge of relief that she was gone. He'd go to the phone, call Sonia, and tell her, perhaps, all about what he'd been through. They'd smile about it together.

"Now," Mary-Lou purred, shaking her head slowly up and down in a sort of rapt languor—"now you're your old self again. I thought for a while I didn't like you any more. You know, I like to *eat* with you. You're a fine person to eat with, somehow or other."

She smiled, and Merle leaned toward her intently. "Big Eyes," he said, and gave a short laugh in his throat that would not, casual as it was, sound right. He'd called her Big Eyes endearingly in the old days. He saw quickly that he shouldn't do it again. It did things to him. Resurrections.

And all the time he was mentally kicking himself for being a sentimental fool. Mary-Lou's face grew pink and then pale.

VANISHING AMERICA

THE WALL PHONE

There are only a few of them left — and they're going fast — those old wall phones, many of them with the little crank you turned to get the ear of central. Look around you and see what good example *you* can find of Vanishing America. Liberty will pay $10 for every photograph published. Photographs will be returned provided a self-addressed and stamped envelope are inclosed. Send your photographs to Vanishing America, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

"Merle, I hope we'll always be friends, darling. Because I'm going to marry Noel Goss sometime in the spring."

He jerked up in his chair, rattling his coffee cup with an elbow.

"You're not! Why, Goss is years older than you! Good God, honey, you can't marry *him!*"

"I like him," she stated levelly. "I like him a lot. He's been around and he's got some sense. He'll make a good sort of husband. You know there was only one other kind for me—some crazy feller like you." She smiled tiredly. "And I'd never be happy for long with anybody like that."

HE didn't reply immediately. He began to describe a little pattern on the cloth with a spoon. He had been so proud and sure, but now the high wind had died. He was abruptly surrounded by walls not to be scaled. And he felt creep over him a slow tide of loss. His heart was tragic and alone.

They went back on the ferry to Twenty-third Street. He was to take her to the Vanderbilt Hotel, where doubtless there would be some message by this time from Aunt Alice.

It was raw, even in the long passenger cabin of the boat. A few bearded and chattering foreigners occupied the far end of the curving bench. Across from them sat a boy and a girl holding both hands because one was not enough and whispering hoarsely together. He might have been a clerk and she might have been a telephone girl or a maid.

"Poor kids walking into a biological trap," Merle would have thought yesterday. He did not think that now.

"Let's go on deck," he said.

Mary-Lou pulled her coat premonitorily up about her throat. "Let's," she said.

They beat out against a penetrating wind and stood in the lee of the cabin, huddled together watching the scudding water and the tall gray sky line.

From the sweep of cruel deep water framed by leaping stone there came to Merle a swift and exciting knowledge.

Struggle, struggle! He saw, with a great burst of vision, that there was not peace anywhere for anybody, except perhaps for the very old and the very dull and the dead.

Battle, red battle that crushed the prettiest armor!

You could not pull your punches, either, or find a formula for victory or a way roundabout. And love? He thrust his face defiantly into the wind's bite, drawing Mary-Lou close in the circle of his arm. He had sought love and peace through posturing masks of expedience. They were not there.

He hugged the bundle of fur closer and suddenly was kissing her. The wind whipped against them, but they did not feel it. They were warm and hungry and content with the savage reality they had. Merle tasted salty tears the cold squeezed from their eyes.

But soon the boat had docked and they were scurrying through the gate. Merle was aware, as they went, that the moment on the boat was lost.

Things were not as simple as they'd seemed then. He was an engaged man, promised. Mary-Lou would probably not have him, in any event.

For one thing, it was almost five o'clock and he must phone Sonia. The awful task of communicating to her the way he felt confronted him. But he had to tell her. He had to allay in that manner the chaos of his emotions.

"Good-by, Merle. We're leaving tomorrow afternoon. It was good to see you. Write sometime—"

"I'll take you to the hotel—"

"No. I'd rather not. Good-by—Aunt Alice will be there waiting for me and worrying, I know—"

She slipped into a taxi and was leaving him. He saw her wave. There was no thought in his head.

He found a telephone and called Sonia's number.

"Hello. Is this you, Mr. Bigbee?"

It was the maid.

"Oh, Mr. Bigbee"—the voice was frantic—"I don't know what to do! I'm so afraid the papers will get it—"

"*Tell me!*"

"Well, you see— Oh, Mr. Bigbee, Miss Sonia ran off to Stamford last night with that feller Wilmer. She phoned just now and said they was married last night—"

He dropped the receiver and a broad grin spread over his face. So Sonia had found it too! Sonia, who'd been so sure of herself and of the rules for happiness!

Whereupon he buttoned his coat snugly and began to walk east on Twenty-third Street.

Presently he broke into a trot and then began to run as fast as he could run in the general direction of the Vanderbilt Hotel.

THE END

NEXT WEEK–

Mrs. ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

Daughter of the President

makes her first appearance as a regular contributing editor to Liberty with a new department called

HAPPY DAYS

In her first article Mrs. Dall will discuss:

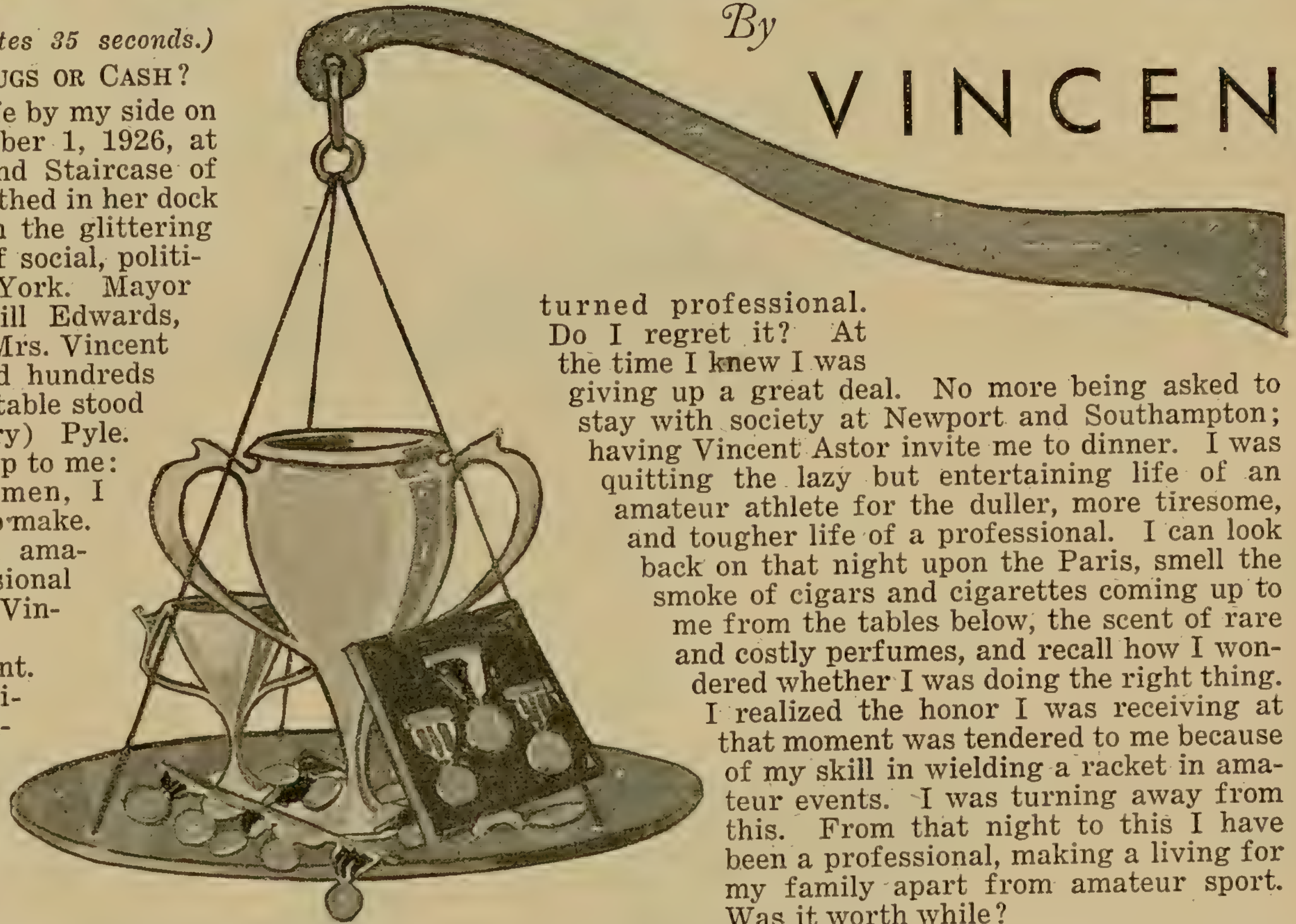
WILL WE EVER HAVE A WOMAN PRESIDENT?
A RECIPE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN
and HOW MY MOTHER KEPT HER CHILDREN QUIET ON HOT SUMMER AFTERNOONS

This series of articles by Mrs. Dall henceforth will be a weekly feature in Liberty. Mrs. Dall will write on the human side of our national social life and many other subjects of wide interest as seen through the eyes of one of the best known and most popular young women in the United States.

Ex-AMAT

By

VINCENT



(Reading time: 14 minutes 35 seconds.)

PART ONE—SILVER MUGS OR CASH?

I STOOD with my wife by my side on the evening of October 1, 1926, at the top of the Grand Staircase of the steamship Paris, berthed in her dock in New York. Below in the glittering dining room was half of social, political, and sporting New York. Mayor Jimmy Walker, Big Bill Edwards, Gene Tunney, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor, Paul Mellon, and hundreds of others. At the head table stood C. C. (Cash and Carry) Pyle. Dimly his words came up to me:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have an announcement to make. The greatest player in amateur sport turns professional tonight. I present Mr. Vincent Richards."

He paused a moment. Then he looked up directly at me. Five hundred pairs of eyes turned my way. It was a dramatic moment. Hundreds inside and outside tennis circles have asked me what my thoughts were as I stood at the top of those stairs that night. There was little time for meditation. First of all, I knew that I had come to the parting of the ways. I felt that among those who were on their feet cheering were many who believed that I was crazy to take this step. My best friends had advised me strongly against it. They said I would ruin my career. Amid that brilliant party I felt alone. I was the first big amateur star to turn professional, although I was not the first to consider it.

As a matter of fact Bill Johnston, famous Californian, was Pyle's first choice for the tennis tour. Pyle offered Johnston $30,000. Little Bill set his figure at $35,000. They never came closer. Five thousand dollars was all that stood between Johnston's amateur and professional career. In later years Johnston regretted not having made the break.

About the same time William T. Tilden II also conferred with Pyle regarding the best monetary inducement the latter had to offer him to join the professional ranks. Mr. Tilden's attitude is best expressed in the following conversation. It was Pyle who related the story of their amusing interview in this way:

C. C.: Mr. Tilden, what do you want in consideration of turning professional?

W. T. T.: Mr. Pyle I have not given the matter much thought, but I should certainly never consider anything under fifty thousand dollars.

At this Pyle passed out and Tilden passed out of the picture.

That was where I came in. At Pyle's suggestion I turned professional. Do I regret it? At the time I knew I was giving up a great deal. No more being asked to stay with society at Newport and Southampton; having Vincent Astor invite me to dinner. I was quitting the lazy but entertaining life of an amateur athlete for the duller, more tiresome, and tougher life of a professional. I can look back on that night upon the Paris, smell the smoke of cigars and cigarettes coming up to me from the tables below, the scent of rare and costly perfumes, and recall how I wondered whether I was doing the right thing. I realized the honor I was receiving at that moment was tendered to me because of my skill in wielding a racket in amateur events. I was turning away from this. From that night to this I have been a professional, making a living for my family apart from amateur sport. Was it worth while?

Yes. Yes a hundred times. I feel today more than ever that I'd rather be an honest-to-goodness professional, accepting remuneration for services rendered, than an amateur athlete racking his brain to discover a way to retain his amateur standing, be socially acceptable, and at the same time increase his capital.

Amateur? Professional? What's it all about? Where's the exact line of demarcation? Two million sport lovers are curious about the rather small, select, but very interesting group of tennis amateurs. Don't the boys have a grand and glorious time? Sure, for a while. In the meantime the clubs get the crowds to their tournaments and help pay their yearly deficits. While the players see a lot of the world. But in the end amateur sport isn't a paying proposition for anyone concerned. I know because I've been through the mill; seen it from both angles, ten years as an amateur and seven as a professional. I know the advantages of each and the drawbacks of each. I have been cheered by twenty thousand people for winning a great championship, mobbed for my autograph when I came off the court. A year later I would come to town as a professional and be lucky if some friend happened to be down at the station to meet me. Yet I'm happy as a pro; glad I made the break.

Getting into big-time sport, and especially big-time tennis, is not easy. Think of the boys who have been hailed as prodigies, as the coming champion, and who have turned out at eighteen or nineteen to be merely second- or third-rate players. Boys like Junior Coen and Frank Anderson. Today Frankie Parker is the hero of the hour, but I would suffer no great shock if he were to fall short of the achievements expected of him. Becoming a champion in any sport requires patience and lots of weary hours of practice. Merely getting into the second and third ten in tennis isn't so hard. Almost any normal boy who is good

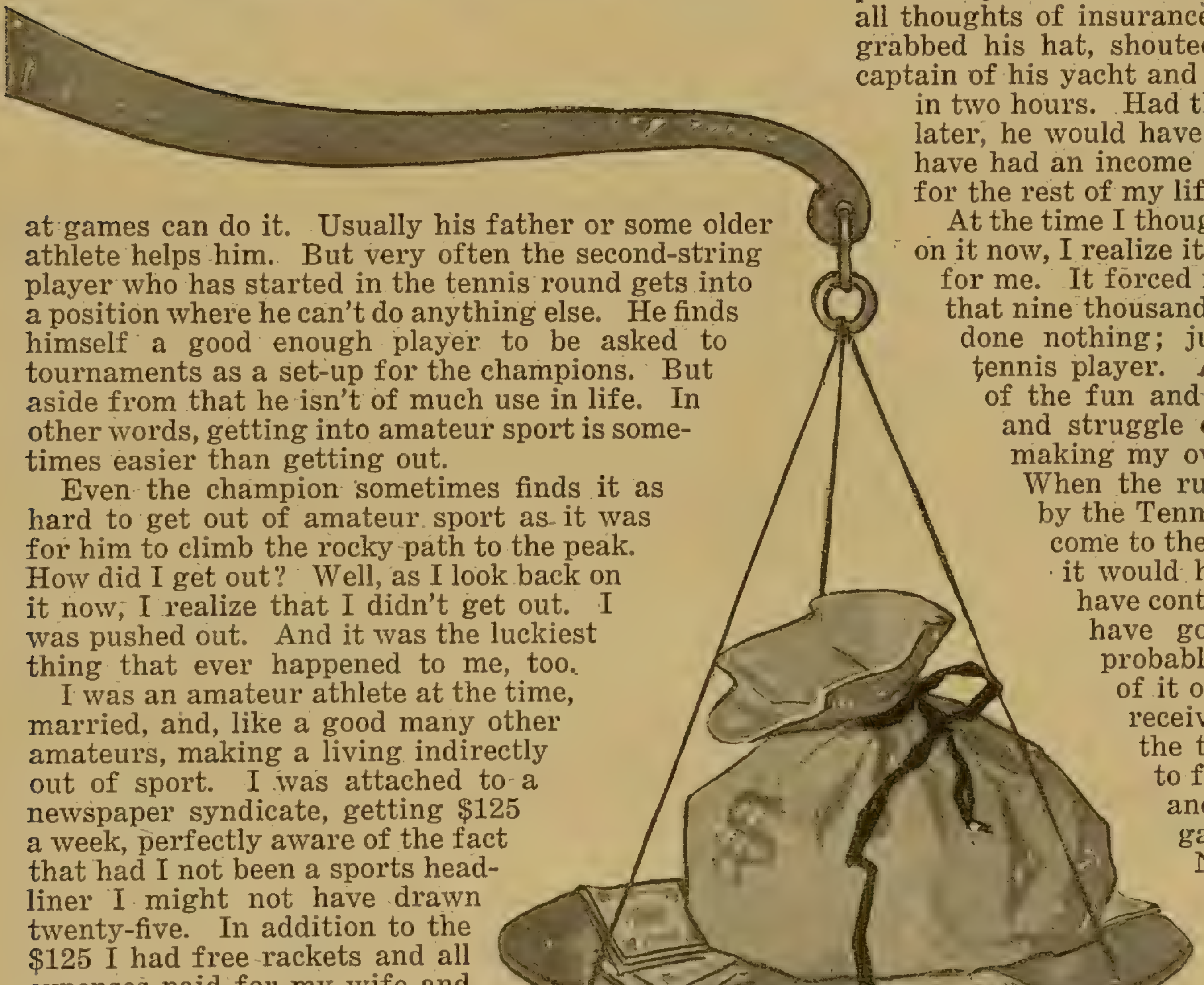
EUR

A Famous Professional, Explaining "Why," Unveils the Hidden Politics of Sport

RICHARDS

as told to

JOHN R. TUNIS



at games can do it. Usually his father or some older athlete helps him. But very often the second-string player who has started in the tennis round gets into a position where he can't do anything else. He finds himself a good enough player to be asked to tournaments as a set-up for the champions. But aside from that he isn't of much use in life. In other words, getting into amateur sport is sometimes easier than getting out.

Even the champion sometimes finds it as hard to get out of amateur sport as it was for him to climb the rocky path to the peak. How did I get out? Well, as I look back on it now, I realize that I didn't get out. I was pushed out. And it was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me, too.

I was an amateur athlete at the time, married, and, like a good many other amateurs, making a living indirectly out of sport. I was attached to a newspaper syndicate, getting $125 a week, perfectly aware of the fact that had I not been a sports headliner I might not have drawn twenty-five. In addition to the $125 I had free rackets and all expenses paid for my wife and myself at the tournaments in which I competed. So we saw a good deal of the earth for nothing and had a good time doing it. Palm Beach and Florida in the winter, Paris, London, and Berlin in summer. That was the life.

Of course since I've been out trying to make a living for myself I realize it wasn't the life at all. But I fell for that sort of existence, and might have been there yet had I not been gently but firmly pushed out. By the United States Lawn Tennis Association. In 1926 they passed a rule forbidding players to write about tournaments in which they were competing. This ruling was laughed at by all and sundry, but it prevented players from writing to any great extent, because no newspaper wants a story three days old. My newspaper job was gone. There I was with a wife, a couple of hundred silver mugs, and a dollar and sixty-eight cents.

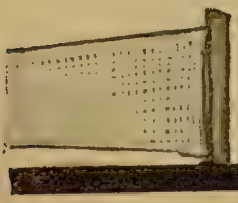
All my life I've found that a well placed kick at the proper moment often does a man a lot of good. Before I tried writing, I attempted to sell insurance. Did sell quite a lot, too. On the strength of a friendship formed in tennis I managed to brace a multimillionaire—you know his name perfectly well—whom I had met at Newport the previous summer. After some time I was able to interest him in a two-million-dollar policy. Yes, you heard. Two million dollars. The terms were arranged, the policy drawn up, read, and approved by all parties, and my client and I met in his lawyer's office to close the deal. All set? All set! His pen was actually poised over the dotted line when the telephone bell rang. It was from his home. A few hours previously his wife had skipped for Europe. Instantly all thoughts of insurance vanished from his mind. He grabbed his hat, shouted to his lawyer to call up the captain of his yacht and have it ready for an ocean trip in two hours. Had that telephone been fifty seconds later, he would have signed the policy and I would have had an income of nine thousand dollars a year for the rest of my life.

At the time I thought I was ruined. Looking back on it now, I realize it was the best thing in the world for me. It forced me to get out and hustle. With that nine thousand per I would have sat back and done nothing; just drifted on as an amateur tennis player. And I would have missed a lot of the fun and joy and satisfaction and pain and struggle of earning my own living and making my own way through the world.

When the rule against writing was passed by the Tennis Association, I felt that I had come to the parting of the ways. Not that it would have been impossible for me to have continued in amateur sport. I could have gone on selling insurance and probably made an excellent living out of it once I had become champion and received the attendant publicity. But the thing was getting me. I began to feel I'd rather take the step once and for all and chuck the amateur game.

Naturally my friends advised me against it. A canvass of my closest pals just before that night on the Paris indicated that they believed I was headed in the wrong direction. My decision to turn pro was weighed carefully. I knew I was letting myself in for trouble. Obviously those in the Tennis Association, among whom I numbered and still do number many good friends, were decidedly against my taking this step. Possibly because they saw a member of the Gate Attraction Fraternity lost to amateur sport.

Then, while I was considering it, along came Pyle. That Pyle tour gave me plenty publicity and a little cash to enable me to turn around and size things up. After a while I opened up an indoor tennis school in winter in a New York armory, and in summer took a job as professional at the Norwood Country Club, Deal, New Jersey. If there is anything harder than standing out in the burning sun hitting balls over the net to fat ladies



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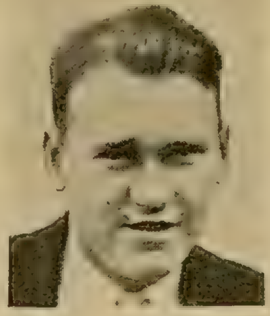
(In the Pittsburgh Industrial Area)

for hours on end, I wish someone would tell me what it is. Hard enough for anyone, this is especially hard for the man who plays a real game and has been able to hold his end up with the best in the world.

Several years ago I was asked to take charge of the sports division of a large manufacturing company, makers of tennis balls, rackets, and sports equipment. This is a twenty-five-hour job, and since taking hold I've worked harder than ever before in my life. Nor has the depression helped any. But the company is still going strong, and up to the time of writing I haven't lost my job, which is something these days.

Sure, turning professional has lots of drawbacks. But since doing it I have managed to make a living for the family without asking any favors of anyone. And here's the funny thing: Notwithstanding the punishment I've taken as a professional, I've had fewer worries than the amateur who gets his in the form of gravy. That's not unimportant. What is far more important is the fact that I've made more cash.



VINCENT RICHARDS

was sixteen when, in 1918, he first won the national doubles championship, with Bill Tilden. Before turning pro he was a member of Davis Cup teams and gained nearly every other honor in American tennis except the singles championship, in which he was expected to succeed Bill Tilden.

Most people think of an amateur who gets a living on the side as a lucky individual and someone in the big money. But the amateur athlete rarely makes more than a living. Sometimes not that. Many, in fact, get next to nothing. I remember a year or so ago a couple of ranking amateur players came to my town to play in some exhibition matches. They arrived in a broken-down Ford, with a couple of tins of gas in the rumble. When I offered to give them dinner and put them up overnight, they were grateful but allowed they would rather I'd fill their gas tins. Well, I did both, and they bustled off the next day with a full tank for Cincinnati, where a tournament was starting. From there they went to Chicago, then back East, all on a few gallons of gas. They are amateurs. I don't know any professional who would be willing to live from hand to mouth that way.

EVEN in these hard times the average amateur athlete would probably earn more money if he went out and dug in at a straight job. Even the headliners of the amateur game could, I am convinced, have made more as professionals. For instance, there is the lady who is my good friend, and who in my opinion is the greatest player of her sex in the world today, Mrs. Helen Wills Moody. Mrs. Moody is an amateur. She is a marvelous tennis player and also a fine business woman, but I honestly believe she would have made more money with less effort out of sport had she turned professional.

Presume Mrs. Moody's income to be, at a guess of course, around $15,000 a year. Probably $5,000 or $6,000 of this comes from her writing. Usually she holds an art exhibition every year at the Grand Central Palace in New York and one in London, at which her drawings are sold for a hundred dollars apiece. All right; say $2,500 or $3,000 for art. That makes a total of $8,000 or $9,000. Her outside writing, magazine work and so on, must bring in a couple of thousand more. Possibly she gets another $3,000 or $4,000 out of her other activities: radio, designing costumes for dressmakers, drawing advertising sketches, and so forth.

In other words, $15,000 is a top figure. But Mrs. Moody is one of the big shots in sport today, almost the best-known athlete of her sex. Yet I think that had she chosen to turn professional at the proper time, she would have made more money with infinitely less trouble.

WHEN Mary K. Browne and Suzanne Lenglen were about to start their match on the evening of October 12, 1926, at Madison Square Garden, I stood beside C. C. Pyle while he looked over that packed house.

"Vinnie," he said, "I never saw a tennis match in my life. I don't even know how to keep score. I have $225,000 invested in this tonight, and I'm glad I'm in the game."

Of that $225,000, about $150,000 was in salaries. This is the true version of the Pyle tour, and I am going to give some correct figures that have never before been made public. Suzanne got $75,000 and I got $25,000. The balance of his investment was in the special court which could be taken apart and relaid, a private car, publicity, and a host of attendants who traveled with us. Yet, although he had this overhead to meet, Pyle, with only Mary Browne as foil to Suzanne, was able to show a net profit of $96,000. In forty-three cities out of forty-four Pyle made more money than his guaranty. The only one where he failed to do this was Vancouver, British Columbia. Between October 12, 1926, and February 7, 1927, he made 50 per cent over his guaranties. In eight cities alone he drew almost $150,000 net. In the Garden in one night we cleared, after all expenses, $37,000. In Chicago he made $19,000 net; in Los Angeles $21,000; in Montreal $15,000; in Minneapolis $5,000; in Boston $15,000; in Philadelphia $10,000. That tour was a financial success.

And, mind you, at no time was Mary Browne ever a real match for Suzanne. In forty-four meetings Mary won only three sets as against eighty for Suzanne. In other words, although Pyle could offer little in the way of first-class competition, he took in $150,000 clear, and played before

100,000 spectators in that short three months. Can you imagine what the show would have been if the then Miss Wills had consented to turn professional?

Imagine what we would have grossed in this country and Europe! Helen against Suzanne. The two outstanding women athletes of the world of sport. The greatest American against the greatest European. That contest would have filled the average college stadium, and not for the first time, either. Because so closely were the two matched that each encounter would have been a grand and glorious scrap, and it's this the sporting public loves. Interest would have increased rather than decreased as the tour went on. Can you picture the French staying away from a battle like that one? Are they fans? Ask anyone who was at the last Davis Cup matches in Paris when they were selling sixty-franc standing places for 350 francs, or fourteen dollars.

WITH Miss Wills playing Suzanne, it would have been possible to offer her for a short tour of the United States, Europe, and Australia a sum that would have been equivalent to an income of $15,000 a year. True, there would have been drawbacks. She would have cut herself off from what is politely known as amateur sport. No more free trips abroad on the United States Lawn Tennis Association, no more appearances at Wimbledon, no more curtsying to the king, and that sort of thing. As compensation she would have made as much money in one lump as she has over a number of years as an amateur, and she would have been free of the worry and strain of competitive sport. Even today, with Suzanne a back number, I'd like to take our champion on a professional tennis tour. And be certain of paying her liberally and not losing anything myself, either.

The line between the supposed amateur and the avowed professional today is a thin one. Everyone who knows anything at all about conditions in sport today knows that. But what most people do not appreciate is that, with few exceptions, most amateurs sell themselves for very little. In my present job I am continually surprised at the top-class players who come in asking for free rackets, free balls, free this and that.

The job of being an amateur is hard and getting harder all the time. You may think of the amateur athlete as a free agent, but often he is nothing of the kind. I want to show you just exactly why he isn't much of a free agent, why he must take orders and obey them exactly as a professional does. In short, I want to take you behind the scenes and unveil some of the politics of amateur sport today.

Mr. Richards will make these revelations, and will give his own all-time world rankings of the greatest players, both men and women, in a second and concluding article in Liberty next week.

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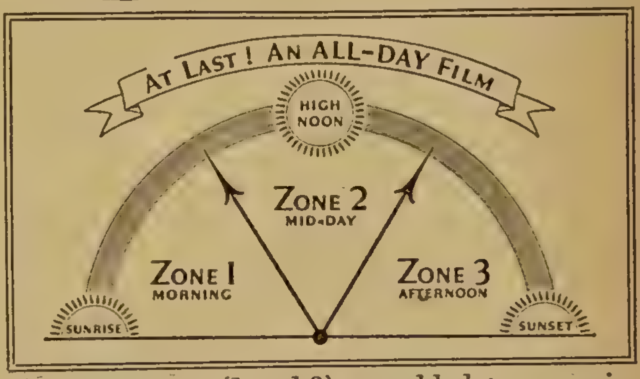

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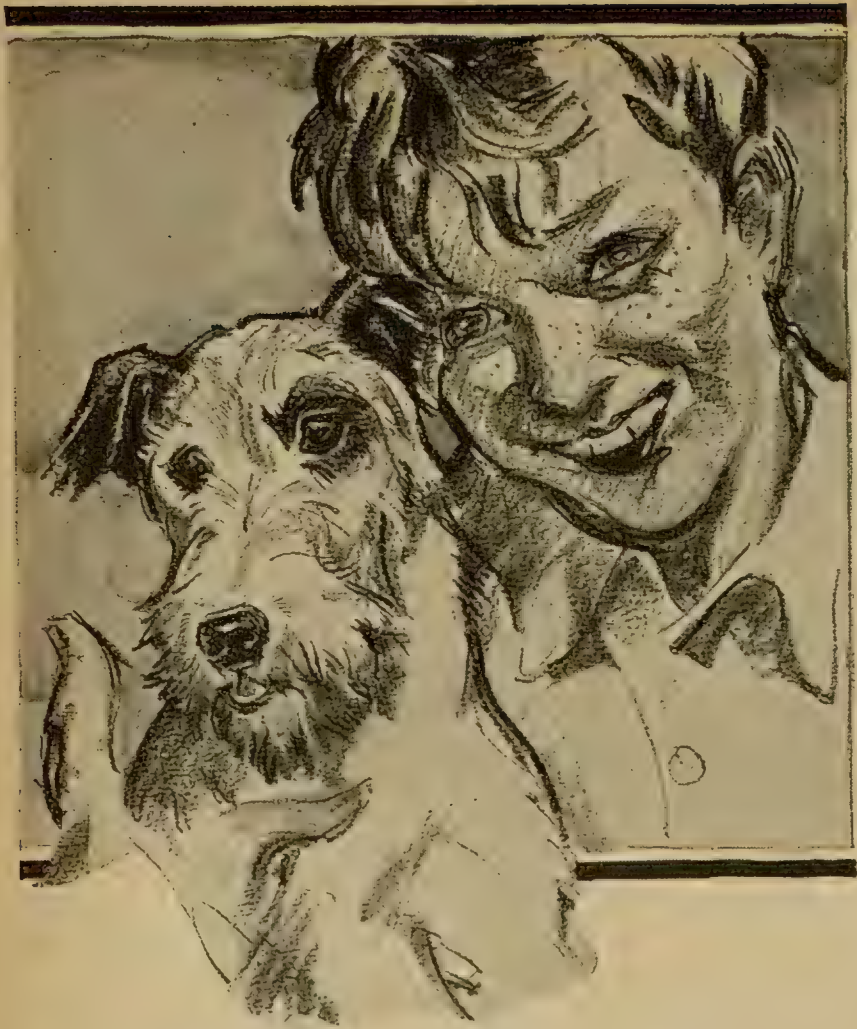


A Claw

(Reading time: 25 minutes 57 seconds.)

LIVEWIRE Bobbie Hotspot was his registered name. They called him a fox terrier. But he wouldn't have known a fox if he saw one, and he had never done any terriering in his whole little life.

He was strictly a show dog. "Best wire-hair," "Best in working group," "Best of all breeds," "Champion"—he had so many trophies and ribbons he couldn't count 'em.

You may have seen him—on his bench at one of the big kennel-club shows, or stepping out through the gang at the ringside, his stump of a tail jaunty and gay as a bowsprit in a lively sea. A roughhewn little dog with a dissolute black circle around one eye and four woolly-lamby legs that moved about as though they had torpedoes under them.

The only people he had ever known were grooms and vets and trainers and handlers, and his vocabulary was simply unprintable.

There was the big boss too, but he hardly counted. A retired broker with a swell place on Long Island. About the only time the kennel outfit ever saw him was when he strolled proudly in front of the watching crowd to stuff another blue ribbon into his pocket.

Livewire Bobbie couldn't see why they were making this trip to the little A. K. C. side show at Atlantic City. It would be a crime the way he'd walk through that bunch of misfires down there. But the big boss said they were to go, and go they did, Bobbie Hotspot riding in the tonneau of the limousine with his show paraphernalia and his handler, and the big boss up front with the chauffeur, where he wouldn't get dog hairs on his natty blue coat.

The run down the coast wouldn't have been so bad if they'd let Bobbie stick his head out the window and say what he thought about the things he saw. But they kept the windows almost shut, so he wouldn't be in a draft. They expected him just to sit on the rear seat and look at the back of the big boss's overlapping pink neck.

Before they left the kennels Livewire Bobbie had been bathed and plucked and powdered and manicured. He was so sweet and clean he was offensive to himself.

Smells to a dog are like snatches of music to a musician. The ride across Manhattan, through the Holland Tunnel, past the pig ranches behind the Palisades, if the wind is right, on down through the farming country of New Jersey and the pine forests of southern Jersey, is a full symphony in itself to a smell-lover.

Now a poor human wouldn't know anything of all this. But Livewire Bobbie got a whiff of everything there was.

A rich and savory world, jerking his whiskery nose this way and that. And he couldn't get out. Champion Livewire Bobbie Hotspot never got out.

In less than a two hours' run from New York City you hit the big scrub-pine forests of lower New Jersey.

It was along through this woodsy stretch that a native piny backed an old automobile out of a side trail on to the traveled thoroughfare. Bobbie Hotspot's chauffeur was taking the curve at sixty, with no chance to swerve. They heard a ripping noise, and saw the running board and fender of the other car come off, as neatly as though somebody had used tools.

The aggrieved piny had a lot to say. Likewise the big boss, who stepped down from his limousine to say it better. And Bobbie's handler climbed out of the car for no particular reason, and forgot to shut the tonneau door.

So Bobbie Hotspot got out too. He got a sniff of something that had crossed the ditch at this place—something that left a pungent wild smell behind it.

The thing, whatever it was, had walked down to the roadside embankment and entered the opening of a dry culvert that went under the concrete highway.

Almost before he could think, Livewire Bobbie was deep under State Highway Route No. 4, in a long black tunnel no higher than he was tall.

The air in here was tainted with the flavor of some animal that was just asking to be caught and shaken up. And Champion Livewire Bobbie was the very fellow to do that little thing.

He had a hot mental vision of a reddish-furred creature a little bigger than he was, with a fluffy tail and crazy eyes—a beast that would stand and fight if cornered, or run like a son of a gun if it got a break. What Bobbie was thinking of was a fox.

Now he had never even seen a picture of a fox. Then how did he know?

Ask the baby camel that can walk straight to the oasis where his mother was foaled. Ask the sea gull that learned about storms before he came out of the egg.

The fox—which it certainly was—had crossed under the highway to enter the deep woods on the other side. Bobbie wasn't gifted with much of a nose, but almost anybody could have followed that fresh entrancing scent.

Bobbie Hotspot kept on going. Before long he was two or three miles deep in the woods. And presently he came to an open place where a great tree had fallen. The trunk had broken in two and rotted and was hollow from one end to the other.

HE stopped short and blinked and took a couple of whiffs. There was some kind of an animal *whoofing* and bending down to look into one end of the log. It wasn't the fox. It was nothing but a dog. And the oddest dog he had ever seen. In the first place, he wasn't a he; she was a she. Her color was a yellowish tan, and she had a long up-curving tail, and floppy ears like a beagle, and a sort of a wrinkled bulldog's face, and her eyes didn't match. She was about as tall as Bobbie, but longer—kind of underslung.

It must be a new breed. Something rare and valuable. In the big shows he had attended all over the country, Bobbie had never seen anything remotely like her. He didn't know, and he never did find out, that she was nothing but a quadrupup.

But he learned later that she was called Beany, and he thought it a lovely name.

For a minute or two he waited politely for her to get through looking into the log. But as she only looked and didn't do anything, he decided it was his turn. So he went up and pushed her away.

and A Chaw

The Rollicking Story of a Thousand-Dollar Ear and a Joyous Calamity

By ALBERT M. TREYNOR

Illustrations by CHARLES DeFEO

Beany didn't like being pushed away from a hollow log. She said she didn't, and grabbed Livewire Bobbie by an ear.

He did not choose to fight one of the opposite gender. But at the same time he had no patriotic scruples on the subject. Therefore he squirmed around, using his ear for an axis, and got in two or three bites on his own account.

And then they both started making time. Dry leaves and pieces of bark were flying all around them, and the noise in that section of the forest was terrific.

This was the first time Livewire Bobbie had ever been allowed to tangle it with anybody. It was grand. He could have wished that Beany were of his own sex, but you can't be too choosy about your fights in this world. You take what you can get.

Beany coughed out her portion of fox-terrier ear and was about to try another one, when the fox made his getaway.

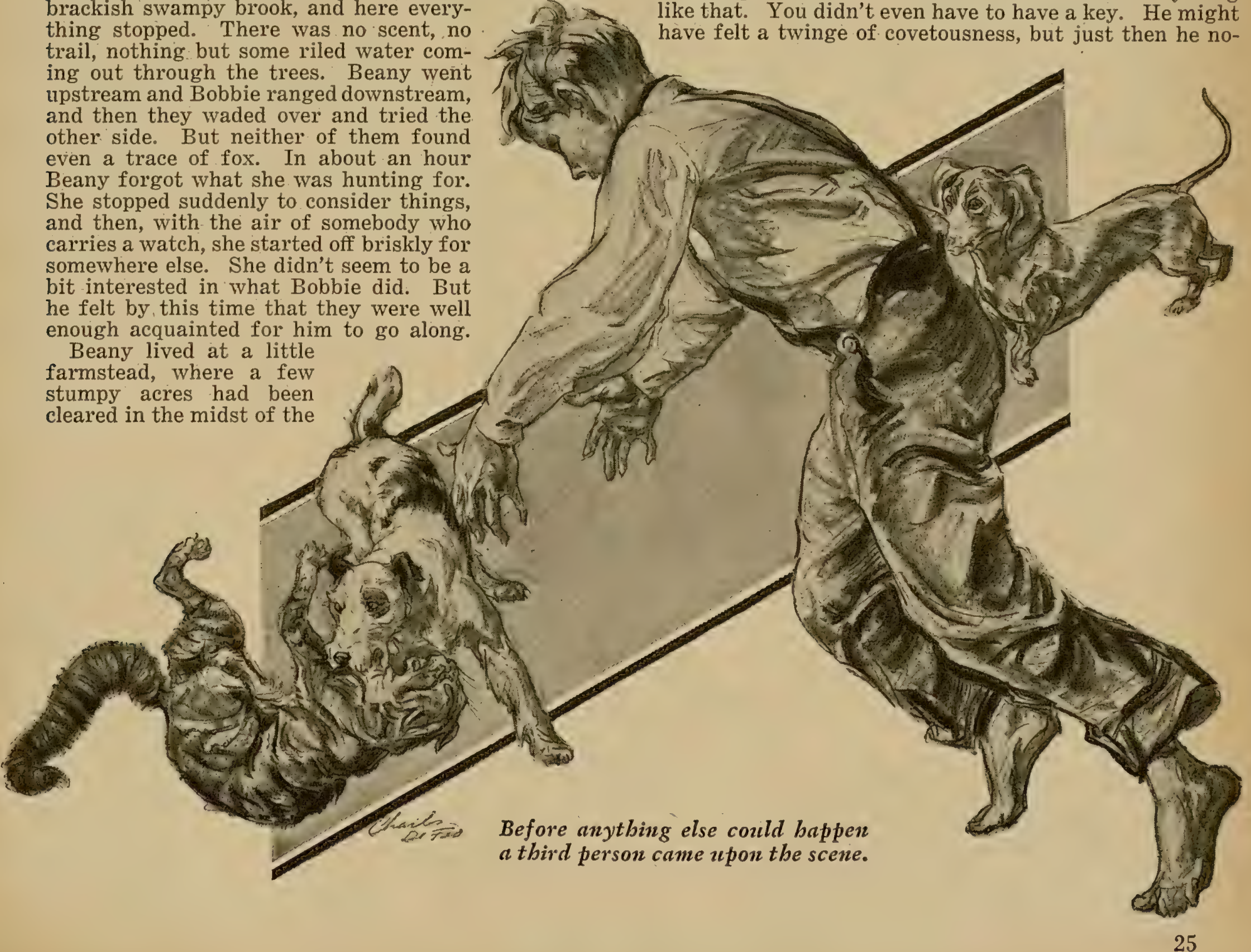
They saw something like a ruddy blur drifting off through the thickets. "*Wah!*" said Bobbie. "*Oowah!*" said Beany.

Right there they dropped their personal differences. As quickly as they got started, however, the fox that quickly evaporated. Only a tantalizing fragrance lingered.

Livewire Bobbie and Beany ran that smell down through the underbrush to the edge of a brackish swampy brook, and here everything stopped. There was no scent, no trail, nothing but some riled water coming out through the trees. Beany went upstream and Bobbie ranged downstream, and then they waded over and tried the other side. But neither of them found even a trace of fox. In about an hour Beany forgot what she was hunting for. She stopped suddenly to consider things, and then, with the air of somebody who carries a watch, she started off briskly for somewhere else. She didn't seem to be a bit interested in what Bobbie did. But he felt by this time that they were well enough acquainted for him to go along.

Beany lived at a little farmstead, where a few stumpy acres had been cleared in the midst of the pines. There was a one-story house with red roofing, and a much smaller house half filled with straw which was Beany's private cottage. It had no door to lock, and if she wanted to get up in the middle of the night and go places, what was there to stop her?

Champion Livewire Bobbie had never seen anything like that. You didn't even have to have a key. He might have felt a twinge of covetousness, but just then he no-



Before anything else could happen a third person came upon the scene.

ticed something asleep on the porch of the bigger house. It was soft-looking, with sleek, mauve, silky fur, faintly crayon-striped. Bobbie had never heard of a cat in his life. But he not only knew that this was a cat—he knew what a cat was for.

As he alighted on this animal it still felt soft and fluffy. And then, immediately, it felt like steel fishhooks and barbed-wire entanglements.

This animal's name was Harry, and he not only was a cat, he was the cats. He could have made a lot of grief even for a great Dane.

Livewire Bobbie had one strange inheritance from his ancestors. Whenever a fox terrier gets into a fight he believes to the bitter end that he is mopping up. Old Harry lay comfortably on his back and acted as though he were riding a bicycle upside down.

YARDLEYGRAM

By Herbert O. Yardley

N	●O	O	L	B	A	P	F	O	L	A	I
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S	I	N	A	M	E	R	I	C	A	N	H

There is a complete message hidden in the square above. It can be found by drawing a continuous pencil line through the correct letters, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally. The pencil lines, when done correctly, will give a symmetrical design. No letter may be used more than once. A clue to the solution of this Yardleygram can be found in the answer to last week's, to be found on page 54. Start at the ● Finish at the ★

The solution will appear next week.

Bobbie's pink little stomach was where the pedals would have been. But he was on top all the time and that satisfied him.

The back door of the bigger house opened and a girl's voice cried out, "Ma! There's a dog—killing Harry!"

Bobbie Hotspot wasn't getting anything except an occasional mouthful of cat fluff. But he wasn't a bit surprised to learn that he was killing Harry.

He redoubled his ferocity; but this was the moment when Harry the bicycle rider went into his sprint. And what he was saying all this while was something terrible. One of the forward bunches of claws came out of the mêlée to lay Bobbie's nose open, and the other one raked his remaining ear to tatters.

And then a woman came out of the house and made a pass at both Harry and Bobbie with the sloppy end of a mop.

But before anything else could happen a third person came upon the scene. Bobbie felt a fearless hand reach down between him and Harry, and then he was disentangled and lifted up bodily and tucked away, *hors de combat,* under somebody's arm.

"You best get your cat in," said the person who had picked him up, "'fore he gets killed."

Bobbie liked the sound of the voice that had just told them to look out for their cat. He liked the way he was being held and the wild woodsy smell of this person who was keeping him off Harry. So he cocked his head up to see who it was.

IT was a boy of about ten or eleven years with hair like sun-bleached straw and thousands of freckles and two or three missing front teeth and grave, reliable eyes. This, thought Bobbie Hotspot, was the finest-looking human being he had ever seen.

"Whose dog is that?" demanded the little girl.

"He's mine," said the boy.

"Yah!" the girl derided. "Don't you tell stories, Johnny Newman."

"He is so my dog," said the boy.

"Where'd you get him?"

"I just now got him."

"If he's your dog," put in the woman, "you take him home."

"Yes, ma'am," said Johnny Newman. "I was just goin' to."

Johnny Newman carried Bobbie as far as the edge of the clearing, and then put him down. Livewire Bobbie would have gone back to finish killing Harry, but he was afraid he would be left behind. This Johnny Newman was the first person he had ever seen that he didn't want to lose sight of.

So the two of them went through the woods together. Sometimes they would stop to look each other over and make sure that everything was all right. And it always was.

It was nearly dusk when they finally reached the place where the boy lived.

Johnny Newman's home was a good deal like Beany's place, only the house hadn't been painted in a long time, and the little dog cottage had no dog living in it. And there were no women—just Johnny Newman's father.

A lank, sad-featured man, with a whitish mustache about as ragged-looking as Bobbie Hotspot's mustache but not so full of electricity.

He came out of the house to see what Johnny had brought home.

"What have you brought home now?" he asked.

"It's on'y a dog," said the boy.

LIVEWIRE BOBBIE HOTSPOT felt without being told that a big crisis had arrived. He stood against Johnny Newman's bare leg as close as he could get, and never in his life did he try harder to look one hundred per cent a champion. And his little heart was thumping . . .

"Where'd he come from?"

"He was lost in the woods, I guess. An' he follered me, an'—we ain't got any dog—an' he's— Kin I keep him, pop—kin I?"

"He's a funny-lookin' dog," pronounced the man. "I guess he ain't much good or he'd be wearin' a collar an' a dog license."

"He's a good dog, pop. You oughta see 'im lickin' the Cowans' Harry."

"What'sa matter with his ears?"

"He just got 'em hurt a little. I'll tend to 'em, pop. He'll be all right."

"Would he kill chickens?" asked Mr. Newman.

"No, sir! No, he wouldn't, pop. Down at the Cowans' all he looked at was Harry."

"If he kills any chickens," announced Johnny's father, "I'm agoin' gunnin'."

That meant that Bobbie could stay there on probation. Mr. Newman didn't think a dog should sleep in the house, particularly in his son's bed. So they let him have the tiny house outside that had once been occupied by a coon hound.

A ten-year-old boy without his own dog is lonesome enough, but lonesomer than that is a dog without a boy of his own.

Bobbie Hotspot had to travel far to find just the right boy, but he had found him now, and before dawn he was waiting at the back door for Johnny Newman to come out.

He and Johnny Newman went through the woods and across the salt meadows, down to the bay to dig clams.

A clam has no legs, and you'd think he'd be easy to catch. But when he hears you scratching in the mud he goes down faster than you can dig. Johnny chopped them out with a sort of hoe before they could get started, but Bobbie was only fast enough to stop about one clam in seven.

And after he got them, what of it? But he got nice and muddy and had a fine time.

Later he and Johnny Newman went fishing, and then they went for a hike in the woods, and then they went swimming. It was swell. He was glad to get to bed that evening.

But he wasn't more than asleep when he waked up and heard Beany chasing something in the timber, and he had to get up and help her.

Beany didn't seem to care whether Bobbie went out with her or not, but he always did. They would swim for muskrats and dig holes for chucks and all but climb trees for possums. And once they chased a herd of deer so far they almost didn't find their way back.

This kept up for five or six weeks after Livewire Bobbie had gone native.

He was beginning to think he would never catch up on his sleep.

But presently school started. From then on he would snooze in his cottage during the middle of the day. But every afternoon, exactly ten minutes before Johnny Newman got out of school, he'd be sitting on the schoolhouse steps.

Johnny's father said they didn't have to bother with a clock any more —all they had to do was to wind up the dog.

One night something dreadful happened. They found out about it next morning when Mr. Newman went to the hen yard.

Somebody had been at the chickens.

Mr. Newman counted them, and one was gone. And there were some mangled feathers and red spots outside the wire inclosure. Mr. Newman yelled for Johnny in a way to frighten even Champion Livewire Bobbie.

"Your dog," he told the boy as he ran out of the house in his undershirt, "'s killed one o' my chickens."

Johnny Newman counted the chickens for himself, and then he looked at the feathers and the blood splashes. Then he got down on the ground and took hold of Bobbie Hotspot's face and put his own face down. They just sat for a minute and looked at each other.

FINALLY Johnny got up again, standing very straight but only half as tall as his father.

"He didn't do it! He never did! Look how clean he is—jes look at 'is face!"

"Those fox terriers is sly," said Mr. Newman. "He tuk that chicken to the woods an' et her, an' then licked himself clean. They're sly."

"He didn't—" Johnny drew a long breath. "Look, pop! How did he get in? How could he get out again?"

"There's a log by the fence," said Mr. Newman. "He coulda jumped f'om that on to the henhouse. An' when he went out with th' chicken he coulda jumped f'om th' brooder."

Johnny rolled the log away so that no animal could use it again. "I'll tie him up tonight," said the boy. "He didn't do it, but I'll tie him jes the same."

"No, you ain't agoin' to tie him up," said Mr. Newman. "'F he's a chicken killer we're agoin' to nail it on him."

Johnny Newman didn't dare say anything more. And after he had dragged himself off to school Mr. Newman was very quiet when he went about his chores.

Later in the day he got his shotgun out of its case and fitted the parts together and put in a couple of shells. He put it behind the kitchen door and left it there.

When Bobbie went to the schoolhouse that afternoon he could tell right away that Johnny was down in the mouth about something. He wouldn't stop to play football with Bobbie and some of the boys. They went straight home and didn't have any fun at all.

And supper that night was as glum as breakfast had been.

Livewire Bobbie really wasn't sorry when bedtime came.

For some reason Beany didn't show up in the woods that evening. But later on, after the thin moon was gone and everything was quiet, Bobbie caught a tiny sound somewhere. Or maybe it was a stray wisp of scent that had drifted through the clearing in the night.

He wasn't sure, so he got up to look.

Whatever it was that had aroused him, he was suddenly aware of an alien something astir in the dark. Over there by the henhouse.

HE walked over that way, stepping gingerly. And he came to a pile of new-dug earth alongside the chicken-yard fence. He got it then—a thick heady fragrance saturating the lower air. Fox! *Whuff!*

A hole had been scratched under the fence just big enough for a fox to wriggle through. Also it was just big enough for Livewire Bobbie Hotspot.

He went in, filling his nose with dirt, and came up inside the chicken pen.

He moved to the henhouse door, walking high. In the hot rancid darkness he heard a muffled squawk. It was as though something released him then from a coiled spring.

A fox can strangle a chicken and pluck her off the roost without making a sound. But Livewire Bobbie was no pussyfooter.

When he went into a place everybody knew it. It sounded like a small tornado had broken out the minute he barged through the door. Every chicken began to yell blue murder and started doing circles in the air. Something alive and rank rushed past Bobbie, and the fox smell hit him in the face like a gust of wind.

He nearly fell over backward as he turned and headed for the open yard.

He was too thrilled and excited to hear the front door of the house fly open, or to notice the tall human figure

His heart quickened at the soft fragrance of her cheeks... BUT HER SHOES HID A SORRY CASE OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

WHAT a shock to think that anyone so dainty, so lovely, so desirable, could have such a repugnant thing as this furtive disease! Have it and neglect it! For night after night she has looked at those dainty toes—watched them break out in tiny blisters—found them stickily moist —felt them itch—seen them peel—and she's never done anything about it!

Danger signals—watch for them
Use Absorbine Jr.

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" and not know what it is. Examine the skin between your toes. Moist, red skin, itching cracks, dead-white peeling skin—all these symptoms call for immediate application of Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory and clinical tests demonstrate that soothing, healing Absorbine Jr. quickly kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot" when reached, without harming delicate tissues.

But don't stop when you get relief. Avoid the constant risk of re-infection. In hotel bathrooms, in showers and locker-rooms—even in your own spotless bathroom, this hardy germ lurks and attacks bare feet. Even your socks must be *boiled* 15 minutes to kill this germ. *Keep on using Absorbine Jr. as a wise precaution.* At all druggists, $1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, bruises, aches, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions, sleeplessness

running across the clearing. Nor did he see the smaller dark shape that dashed out of the rear door for the chicken yard. He did hear Johnny Newman crying wildly in the night:

"Don't, pop! Please—please—aw, no—*pop—don't*—"

Any other time Bobbie would have dropped everything to fling himself toward that voice. But for once he let it go unheeded. This was big business.

The fox had doubled across the chicken yard. Livewire Bobbie, not half a jump behind, was on the spot when the fox dropped the chicken and dived under the fence. The furry brush wiped him across the nose, and he grabbed and got his hold.

And then the black night was split apart by the fiery crash of a shotgun. Right over Bobbie's head.

But he was too earnestly engaged even to be startled. The fox had dragged him halfway through the tunnel, but he still held on. He dug in all four feet and stuck. A fanged face twisted around and nipped at him; he merely closed his eyes and sank in his teeth.

And then a brilliant white light flashed down. Somebody was standing over him. Mr. Newman. And then he heard the clubbed gun barrels come down—a crunching thud—and the fox turned limp and lifeless in his mouth.

Bobbie didn't care for this at all. He'd have made out fine without somebody else horning in. Nevertheless he would give old fox a few shakes for luck. He was just shaking him up when Mr. Newman let out a crazy screeching yell.

"Johnny!" he yelled. *"Johnny!"*

Bobbie dropped the fox and backed through the hole. He felt that something was terribly wrong.

Mr. Newman had run around the corner of the yard and let himself in at the gate. He and Bobbie reached the henhouse together. And there was Johnny Newman, half sitting, half lying on the ground, with his hands around his legs and his head drooping as though he must be sick.

Mr. Newman was down on his knees. "What is it—*Johnny?*"

Livewire Bobbie worried his way between them to push an anxious moist nose into the boy's face.

"I jumped over th' fence—to grab him up," said Johnny, "'fore you could—so's you couldn't—" His hand gripped into Bobbie's wiry neck wool and drew him close and held him tight.

Several trickles of blood were running down Johnny's shin bone, and there were as many little bluish punctures in his sunburned skin. He must have leaped over the fence just in time to step into the outer fringe of the shot pattern as his father fired.

"You crazy," said Mr. Newman, and he didn't sound a bit like himself—"you crazy kid, you!"

"It wasn't him, was it, pop?" asked Johnny.

"It was a fox. That dog—me an' him—" Mr. Newman picked up the boy in his arms and started for the house. "I thought I saw somethin', an' shot. But they was under the fence by then, an' he had that fox by the short hairs. He kin stay around here f'm now on an' keep off them foxes."

JOHNNY'S father put him to bed, and then he started the old car to go for the doctor. But, after the engine was running, he got out and went to the pantry and brought back a big beef bone for Bobbie Hotspot. He climbed into the car once more, and then changed his mind a second time. He jumped out again and picked up Livewire Bobbie, bone and all, and carried them inside and put them to bed with Johnny Newman. Then he went for the doctor.

When the doctor came he said Johnny wasn't badly hurt. He picked out the bird shot, and Bobbie sat right there in case anything went wrong.

For nearly a week Bobbie and Johnny stayed in the house, mostly in bed. Bobbie hadn't been injured much in the battle with the fox, only a couple of little bites on his nose. But while Johnny Newman was convalescing there was nothing for him to do but to convalesce too.

Things were going great until one night Mr. Newman came back from town with groceries and meat and an old newspaper in his pocket. For quite a while he didn't say anything, and when he did say it he wouldn't look at Johnny.

"I was tellin' the butcher about our dog," he finally said. "An' he told me a man in New York lost a dog jes like 'im. An ad was in the paper a couple o' months ago, he said, so I got me an old paper, an' there is the ad."

Johnny Newman swallowed something in his throat and didn't move.

"This man," stated Mr. Newman, and stared incredulously at Bobbie Hotspot—"he offers one thousand dollars' reward for his dog."

Johnny had stopped eating his soup, and now he pushed back from the table as though he had finished his supper altogether.

"A thousand dollars is a thousand dollars," said Mr. Newman.

"But"—Johnny's voice had a stilled and suffocated sound—"you said we could keep 'im. You said so."

"It ain't on'y the thousand dollars," said Mr. Newman. He was trying to smoke his pipe and couldn't seem to make it go. "It's the rights o' the proposition too. 'F he ain't our dog we got no rights to him. Anyhow, you know that butcher an' how he talks. Somebody else'll write in for that reward 'f I don't."

So he wrote a letter and next morning he mailed it.

Livewire Bobbie didn't quite know what it was all about. He wasn't even sure that Johnny Newman cared for him any more—the way he'd scratch his head and rough him up one minute, and then suddenly choke and limp away, as though he were all fed up on dogs.

TWO days after the letter was written he and Johnny heard an automobile coming down through the woods. As they sat on the stoop and watched, a big shiny limousine stuck its nose out of the bushes and rolled out into the clearing.

There were two men in the tonneau. One was thin and brown and hard-looking, and the other was pinkish and soft-looking in his beautifully pressed clothes. They got on Bobbie's windward side when they stepped down from the car, and then he knew who they were. It was his old kennel man and the big boss.

Bobbie was neither glad nor sorry to see them. But he moved his stump of a tail a couple of times to show that he remembered them. That was all.

The big boss looked once at Livewire Bobbie, and then he stopped short and stared aghast.

"What," he demanded, "has happened to his ears, boy?"

Strictly speaking, they weren't ears at all. They were nothing but a couple of fly-bitten nubbins.

"He got in a fight," faltered Johnny.

"A fight!" exploded the big boss. "Listen, you! Don't you know a dog without any ears wouldn't be worth a hoot at a dog show? Why—why, he's absolutely ruined!"

"It was Beany and Harry," explained Johnny.

"And who the hell are Beany and Harry?"

"A dog, sir, and a cat."

"Beany and Harry!" sneered the big boss. "And you know what they did to him? A scratch—*bing*—one thousand bucks! A bite—*bing*—one thousand bucks! They cut him down a couple of grand, that's all—just a claw and a chaw!"

"He licked 'em both, sir," said Johnny.

"They sure did wipe him off of the big time," said the kennel man in an undertone. "But, even so, he's still worth something. He'd be a wonderful sire."

"I'm not in the breeding business," said the big boss sourly. "And I don't want any earless mutt around my place."

"He's no mutt," said Johnny Newman, and passed an unsteady hand over Bobbie's face and down under his warm hairy throat.

"No?" For the first time the big boss really looked at the boy. And then, after a moment: "You kind of like him, don't you?"

"Him an' me," said Johnny, "we're—" But before he could tell them whether he actually liked Bobbie or not the door opened and Mr. Newman came out of the house.

Mr. Newman seemed to know at once who his visitor was. "You're the man I wrote to?" he asked.

"Right," said the big boss.

"Is that him?" Mr. Newman sounded a little breathless. "Is that your dog?"

The big boss was still watching Johnny and Bobbie. There was something queer about his eyes and mouth—almost smiling, and yet not just that.

Maybe he had been a boy himself once and had had a dog. Or maybe he had been a boy and hadn't had a dog. Whichever it was, something had made a big liar out of him.

Because he just shook his head curtly when he answered Mr. Newman. "Nope," he said. "I never saw this fellow before."

"Why, Mr.—" the kennel man broke out, but the big boss moved backward and stepped warningly on his foot.

Mr. Newman sighed and then sort of laughed. "He never looked like no thousand dollars' worth o' dog to me."

Bobbie felt Johnny Newman's arm relax and, as suddenly, tighten up again. "Well, he's good enough for me," declared Johnny.

"He's good enough for anybody," put in the big boss. "He's a genuine full-blooded wirehair.

"Listen, kid. If that dog had his ears there's not a judge in the country who would dare to set him down—"

He caught himself abruptly and turned with a sharp stare to Mr. Newman. "But you couldn't sell him. Not without the papers. Without them he wouldn't sell for a plugged nickel. And you haven't got the papers!"

"I wouldn't want to sell 'im," said Mr. Newman very simply.

And just then they saw somebody running toward them from the woods.

It was the little Cowan girl. She was out of breath and her hair was flying loose. "Johnny!" she yelled. "What do you think!"

Anybody could see that she was all stirred up over something, but Johnny Newman hardly noticed her.

"It's foolish," persisted the kennel man, "to let him go. He'd certainly make a wonderful sire."

"I doubt it," said the big boss.

By this time the Cowan girl had reached the clearing. She wasn't a bit embarrassed by the strangers. "Johnny!" she screamed. "I got up this morning, an' Beany—what do you know?—Beany's got puppies!"

There was a silence while everybody looked at Bobbie Hotspot. And he just grinned back at them.

Johnny Newman started off suddenly on his bum leg for the Cowans' house.

And Champion Livewire Bobbie Hotspot went after him so fast he never even remembered to say good-by to the big boss.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—What was the ancient name of the Highland region of Scotland?

2—Who was Orlog?

3—What is the motto of the State of Alabama?

4—What United States possession furnished the fewest men in the World War?

5—Have American troops ever fought under a red flag?

6—What Vice President of the United States changed his name?

7—Which is the smallest province in Canada?

8—Where is Azerbaijan?

9—What is suttee?

10—Which is the largest fishing port in the United States?

11—What is a pothole?

12—What is a chuckwalla?

13—What is edelweiss?

14—What is dollar exchange?

15—Who was Nikolay Andreevich Rimski-Korsakov?

16—What is the meaning of the phrase *pied-à-terre?*

17—What is Al Araf?

18—Who was Triton?

19—What country leads in railroad mileage?

20—Who was John Stuart Mill?

(Answers will be found on page 39)

What is the Priceless Ingredient in Squibb Dental Cream?

(See page 39 for the answer)

ONE DENTIFRICE GIVES YOUR TEETH

5-way protection

It would be a lot of trouble to use five different dentifrices. And even then you wouldn't equal the effectiveness of Squibb Dental Cream. This balanced dentifrice protects your teeth and gums in five important ways.

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2 It polishes well and *safely*—without grit.

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5 It is truly economical. Sold by druggists everywhere at the lowest price manufacturing costs permit.

For all-round 5-way protection use Squibb Dental Cream. Visit your dentist regularly and brush your teeth twice each day. You'll particularly like the clean, refreshing taste of Squibb's.

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

COLLEENS, COWB

Marion Davies in a Stage Favorite; a
Comedy; and a Young Racketeer

By ROB

Marion Davies is the essence of Ireland as she plays the character rôle in Peg o' My Heart.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ PEG O' MY HEART

CAST: Peg, Marion Davies; Jerry, Onslow Stevens; Pat, J. Farrell MacDonald; Ethel, Juliette Compton; Alaric, Tyrrell Davis; Mrs. Chicester, Irene Brown; Brent, Alan Mowbray; Mrs. Brent, Doris Lloyd; Jarvis, Robert Greig; Smythe, Nora Cecil; Michael, Mutt; Terance, Geoffrey Gill. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

Irish as a clay pipe is this screen version of the famous stage play. Marion Davies (Peg) is the motherless daughter of J. Farrell MacDonald (Pat), a fisherman in Ireland. Comes Onslow Stevens (Jerry), a solicitor, to tell Pat that Peg is heiress of a huge fortune, but in order to acquire her inheritance she must live in England and never see her father again. Pat is sadly torn, but arranges matters, deceiving Peg regarding the heartbreaking conditions. Peg goes, becomes a great lady, and falls in love with Jerry, who is betrothed to Juliette Compton (Ethel). Finally, fed up with the artificiality of social life, she forfeits her fortune and returns to her dear old dad. Jerry cans Ethel and beats it over, so that Peg at least wins her sweetheart.

It's a joyous, sentimental story, as chaste and charming as Little Women. Marion Davies, Irish to the core, does one of the best jobs of her career. She has a brogue that would trip a goat, and a fine spirit; she sings and dances with true Irish abandon and is altogether fascinating. And Farrell MacDonald—what a performance *he* gives! Onslow Stevens, a newcomer, underacts with delightful repression, and the others of the cast all click, especially Tyrrell Davis, who does a sap Englishman with real humor. This is an all-family show but even smart sophisticates will probably purr at it.

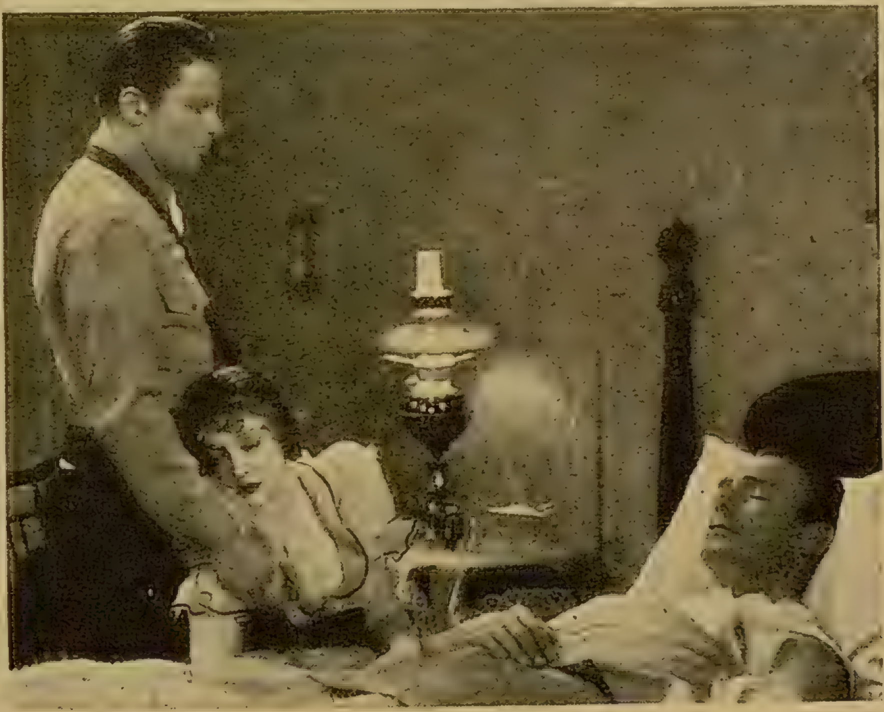
★★ SUNSET PASS

CAST: Ash Preston, Randolph Scott; Jack Rock, Tom Keene; Jane Preston, Kathleen Burke; John Hesbitt, Harry Carey; U. S. Marshal Blake, Noah Beery; Hetty Miller, Leila Bennett; "Clink" Peeples, Kent Taylor; Willie Willard, Fuzzy Knight; Judge, George Barbier; Williams, Charles Middleton; Grace, Patricia Farley; Windy, Vince Barnett; Buck, Christian J. Frank; Tom, James Mason; Dick, Al Bridge; Harry, Bob Kortman; Ben (Deputy), Tom London. Directed by Henry Hathaway.

A *really* good old Western. Randolph Scott and his sister, Kathleen Burke, are owners of the Crescent Moon Ranch. Harry Carey is head of a rustler gang, but having something on Randolph (bar-sinister stuff) compels him to furnish information regarding other people's cattle. Tom Keene, a government inspector, is assigned to the job and gets work at the Crescent Moon, where he promptly falls in love with Kathleen. Comes a raid on the outfit. They stampede the cattle through Sunset Pass and overwhelm the raiders. Keene tries to save Randolph, but Ran shoots it out, is wounded, and ultimately dies. Tom and Kathleen live happily ever after.

The story is built on good situations—no mawkishness and lots of fine action. Randolph Scott and Tom Keene are handsome rascals, especially Scott. And they both ride like centaurs.

Kathleen Burke, with her hard beauty-parlor make-up, shaved eyebrows, and varnished lips, is a decidedly discordant Hollywood note in a picture that is otherwise authoritatively Western. The comedy of Vince Barnett and Fuzzy Knight is played intelligently low.



Tom Keene, Kathleen Burke, and Randolph Scott in a scene from Sunset Pass, a thrilling Western.

★★ INTERNATIONAL HOUSE

CAST: Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Peggy Hopkins Joyce; Professor Quail, W. C. Fields; Tommy Nash, Stuart Erwin; Carol Fortescue, Sari Maritza; Dr. Burns, George Burns; Nurse Allen, Gracie Allen; General Petronovich, Bela Lugosi; Dr. Wong, Edmund Breese; Sir Mortimer Fortescue, Lumsden Hare; Hotel Manager, Franklin Pangborn; Herr von Baden, Harrison Greene; Serge Borsky, Henry Sedley; Inspector Sun, James Wang; Newsreel Reporter, Ernest Wood; Mr. Rollins, Edwin Stanley; Cameraman, Clem Beauchamp; Ticket Agent, Norman Ainslee; Hotel Clerk, Louis Vincenot; Chinese Girl (cigar counter), Bo-Ling; Peggy's Maid, Etta Lee; Girl Bellhop, Bo Ching; Chorus Queen, Lona André; Chorus King, Sterling Holloway. Directed by Edward Sutherland.

Big but bulbous. A magnificent mélange of mercurial mamas and pash papas. A contest between vaudevillians and radiots in which vaudeville wins hands down—and legs up! International House is Grand Hotel gone gaggag. Located in Wu Hu, China, it is a melting pot of the races, Peggy Hopkins Joyce being the hottest melter.

Edmund Breese, a Chinaman, has invented a radioscope and invited the world to bid on his gadget. This gives 'em a chance to tune in on the radiots wheresoever they are crooning. Stuart Erwin is paired with Sari Maritza. Stu gets measles and the hotel is quarantined. George Burns is the house doctor and Gracie Allen the nurse. W. C. Fields, looking for Kansas City in an

OYS, and COMEDY

Good Western; a Big-Production
icture Among the New Films

VAGNER

aërogyro, lands in the hotel, emerges in an Austin, and the cataclysm begins.

This is a good old gag comedy raised to big-production stuff. Peggy Hopkins Joyce, playing herself, shamelessly proclaims marriage as a racket rather than a sacrament. W. C. Fields, however, is the real star of the show, with Burns and Allen giving him a battle. Best gag: Dr. Burns and Hotel Manager Franklin Pangborn taking turns trying to understand that foolish Gracie Allen. Pangborn is excellent. Stuart Erwin is amusing when he stupidly overlooks Peggy's sex appeal. Sari Maritza is merely a name. Edmund Breese makes a wonderful Chinaman and Bela Lugosi a horrid heavy.

The radio stars don't shine very brightly. Rudy Vallée croons to a sleeping beauty. He turns back the covers and, behold, his sweetheart is a megaphone. Laugh, darn you! Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd—blah. Cab Calloway and his orchestra, noisy and unfunny. Baby Rose Marie, a child prodigy, than which there is nothing less childish.

Gracie Allen and W. C. Fields are two features in International House, big-production gag comedy.

★ THE MAYOR OF HELL

CAST: Patsy, James Cagney; Dorothy, Madge Evans; Mike, Allen Jenkins; Thompson, Dudley Digges; Judge Gilbert, Arthur Byron; Jimmie, Frankie Darro; the Girl, Sheila Terry; Mr. Smith, Robert Barrat; Smoke, Farina; Joe, Harold Huber; Mrs. Smith, Dorothy Peterson; Brandon, George Pat Collins; Louie Johnston, Edwin Maxwell; Hopkins, John Marston; Walters, William V. Mong; Guard, Charles Wilson; Butch, Mickey Bennett; Izzy, Sidney Miller; Tommy's Father, Hobart Cavanaugh; Johnny, Raymond Borzage; Tony's Father, George Humbert; Charlie, George Offerman; Tommy, Charles Cane. Directed by Archie Mayo.

This is a seamy story of juvenile delinquency. Frankie Darro is leader of a gang of young savages who racketeer and steal. Four of them are sent to reform school, where Dudley Digges grafts on their food supply and rules brutally. Frankie is an "incorrigible."

Comes James Cagney, gangster, a politically appointed commissioner. He is an "understanding" rascal, and with the help of Madge Evans, nurse, he institutes self-government. Things are going swell when he is called back to the city on gangster business. He kills a fellow and has to hide. In the meantime Dudley returns to his graft and cruelty. The boys revolt and Dudley is killed. James returns in time to save the institution from fire.

Cagney reveals his usual charm, but the picture is dominated by the boys and Dudley Digges, the latter giving a swell performance as the heavy. The mild humor of Allen Jenkins doesn't brighten up a very grim and sordid story.

The Mayor of Hell is a story of juvenile delinquents. Madge Evans and James Cagney are starred.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens, Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom.

★★★—Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match.

OFF THE SCREEN—

BY HARRIET PARSONS

CONNIE BENNETT arrived at the preview of her latest picture in béret, pants, and sneakers *à la* Dietrich, and was almost refused admittance. Doorman didn't recognize her. Two minutes later Gilbert Roland strolled casually into the theater. A coincidence? No, little innocents—they came in the same car.

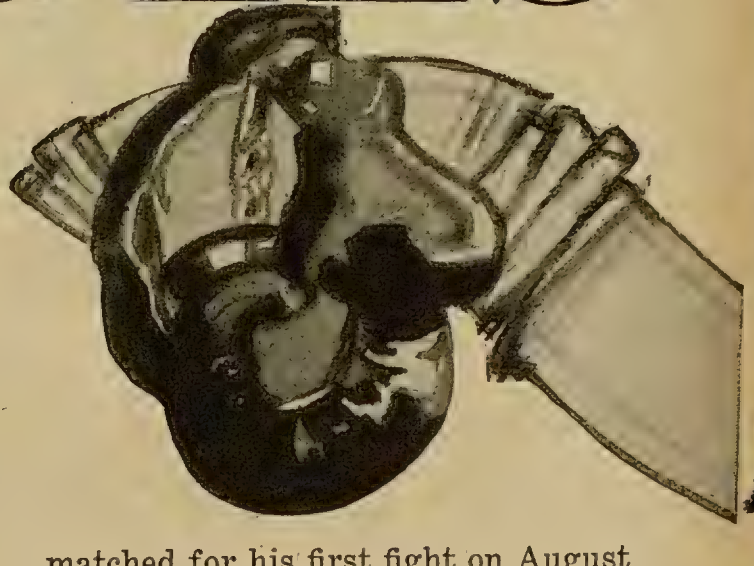
Latest bulletin on the Eilers-Gibson off-again-on-again-Finnegan matrimonial bout: while Sally is picture-making in Europe, Hoot has been stepping out with blonde becurled June Gale, one fourth of the Gale Sisters. Hoot and Sally say they're through—but me, I don't say anything. I'd just as soon predict Hitler's next move.

Clark Gable spent two days hunting bears in Wyoming. It took him three days to go and three to get back. Grizzly bears, girls, must have that come-hither quality.

Paramount's new importation, Dorothea Wieck, is spending most of her salary on postage. She writes twenty-five-page letters (in longhand) every night to her husband, Baron von der Decken, in Germany.

STRUGGLES in the PRIZE RING

A Chronicle of Tragedies that "Couldn't Have Happened"—But Did



II—Bull Young and the Girl Who Waited

(Reading time: 14 minutes 10 seconds.)

Editor's Note: This is the second in a series of four articles telling of struggles to the death in the ring. The first, on the McCarthy-Pelkey fatality, appeared in Liberty last week. The series was suggested by the tragic death of Ernie Schaaf after his fight with Primo Carnera last February 10.

JOHN YOUNG was one of those Wyoming cowboys Western-story writers pick out for their heroes. He was tall and young and clear-eyed, good to look upon, friendly, a demigod on a horse's back, a sure shot, a square shooter, a fighting fool in his own home town.

"The Wyoming Giant" they called him when he came to Los Angeles. He seemed the one physically perfect man in the palmy city—and almost everybody who saw him predicted that some day he would be a greater man than James J. Jeffries or Jack Johnson.

He had never had a professional fight, but you've got to begin sometime, and those who backed him with their money were not a whit discouraged because he was inexperienced.

"Them Wyoming cowboys," men said, "catches rattlesnakes with their hands, washes their faces in alkali water, and scrubs off their whiskers with sandpaper."

"Johnny Bull" they called him; Johnny Bull Young or just Bull Young. He was as strong as a bull, you see, and he rushed like a bull into combat.

Young brought his kid brother Noah to town with him; and Noah was the proudest kid brother anybody ever had. Over and over he told the story of Johnny and Johnny's prowess and Johnny's ambitions.

Johnny was going to be the champion heavyweight fighter of the world. He was going to make a million dollars in the ring, and retire undefeated as Jeffries had done. Then he was going to come home to the ranch.

And with the money he won in fat purses the old homestead was going to take on a splendor that would make it the wonder of the modern world.

The boys' father didn't think Johnny knew any too much about prize fighting, but he did realize the boy had to get the fighting out of his system.

"Let him go to Los Angeles," the old man said. "Let him fight some good man and he'll see what I mean. Shucks, this professional fighting isn't like putting up your dukes with some other cowboy. It's a business, and a sort of science. Men spend their lives at it—and sometimes they forget to duck.

"I'm more or less opposed to Johnny's being a professional fighter, but I want him happy. Maybe if he gets the daylights slapped out of him by some boy his own size he'll take to ranching with a better heart."

Young got himself the best trainers he could find, acquired a manager, and learned with delight that he was matched for his first fight on August 22, 1913, in Vernon, a city in the city of Los Angeles.

The name of his opponent was Jess Willard. Jess, Young was told, was somewhat bigger than himself and had a much longer reach, and had had quite a lot more experience.

"But he ain't got the fightin' heart you got, Bull," they told him. "He's scared. One good punch on the chin and he'll lay down. You got a good sock in each hand, Bull. Put it on him. That's all!"

Young trained hard for the fight, hard and conscientiously. And sometimes in the evening he spent hours talking to Mrs. Nellie Wright, a young widow who thought him the finest man and the greatest boxer in the world.

Mrs. Wright had promised to marry Johnny Young after the fight. Thus you can see that Johnny believed his entire future depended on himself. In his two fists he carried the keys to fortune, fame, and lifelong happiness.

If he won he would marry Nellie and go on from there, seeking bigger tougher men, Jack Johnson maybe, or Bill Tate, or Harry Wills, or this Dempsey who was beginning to be heard of—perhaps even Jim Jeffries himself.

If he didn't win, what was there left for him? Could he hold Nellie to her promise then? Would she want him? Could he crawl back to the ranch and tell his father he had put away his dreams? Must he stick to counting calves all his life?

If—if—if—

Young spent almost the entire day of the fight at Venice, miles away from Vernon, in the company of his brother and Nellie Wright and a few others. His smile was confident, easy. His talk was calm. His mind was full of plans for the morrow and the next day—and there was no hint of tragedy any place in the bright city by the sea.

After dinner Johnny and Nellie went for a little stroll. They walked through gay crowds to the beach. They sat on the sand, holding hands.

Nellie went to the depot with him when the time came; and when the great white headlight cut through the dark she suddenly threw her arms about him and held him tight.

"Don't let him hurt you," she begged.

Johnny laughed and smoothed her hair.

"Don't cry, darling," he said. "I'll bring you back the bacon. Don't worry."

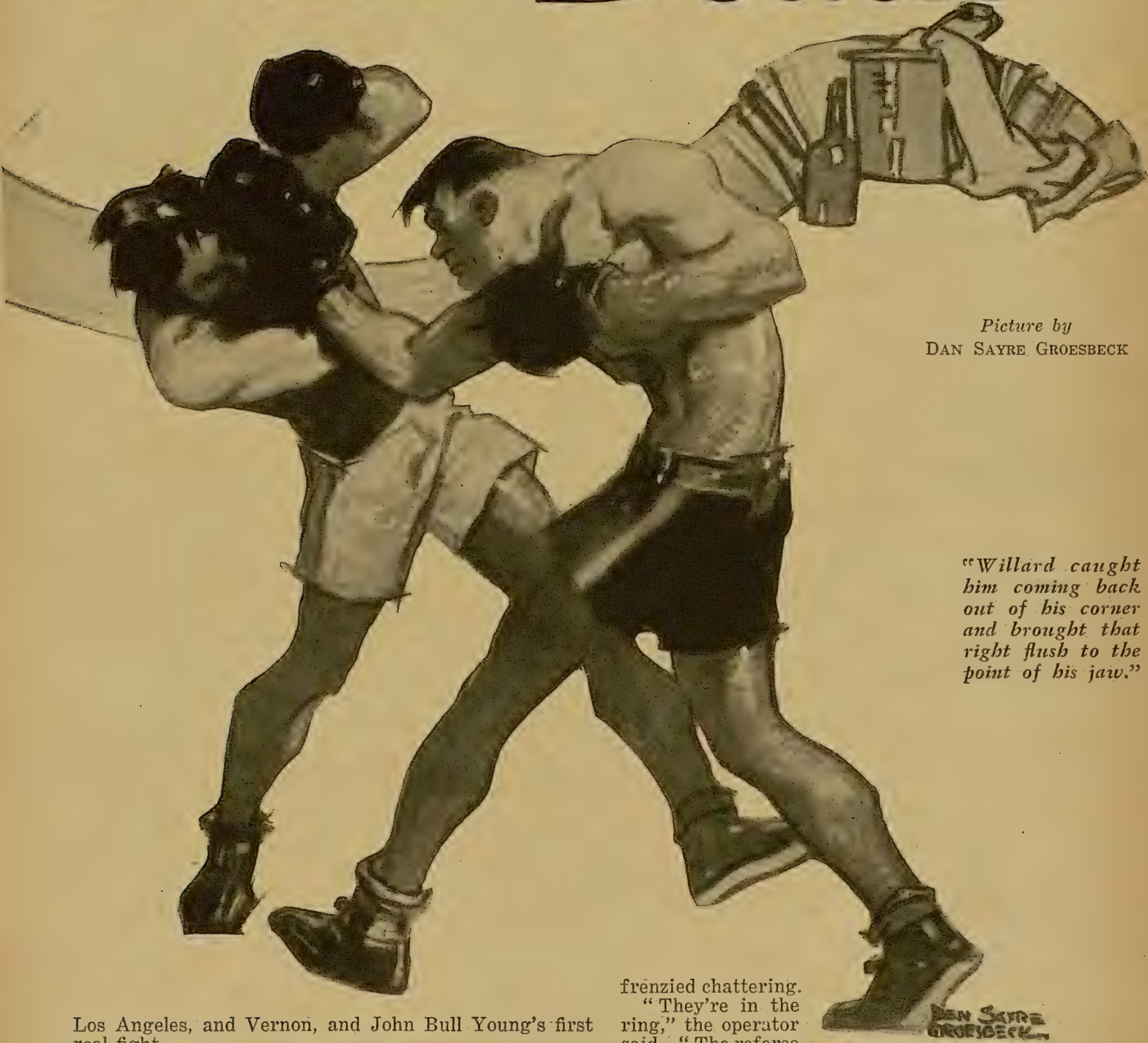
He picked her up and crushed her a little and kissed her hard and put her down again, and leaped up the steps of the big red car. After him went Noah carrying a suitcase.

He waved to the girl left alone on the platform.

"We'll be back after the first round, Nell!" he cried.

Johnny peeked out through a window in the car and blew her a kiss. The car started down the track for

to the Death



Picture by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

"Willard caught him coming back out of his corner and brought that right flush to the point of his jaw."

Los Angeles, and Vernon, and John Bull Young's first real fight.

Nell Wright walked slowly to a drug store where Johnny had had a telegraph wire installed. She wiped her eyes on the way. She was smiling when she came in and took the chair the telegraph operator offered her.

" It's almost like being at the fight," she said.

" Yes, ma'am," the operator said. " Most the same thing. Fellow at the ringside gives me all the dope. You can read it over my shoulder as I write it down, if you want. Or I can tell you what he says."

" Don't write it," the woman said. " I couldn't bear it. It would take too long. Just tell me, word for word, will you? "

" Pleased to, ma'am. And I wish you luck."

It seemed hours before the instrument broke into its frenzied chattering.

" They're in the ring," the operator said. " The referee is introducing them. Charley Eyton is the referee. Fight scheduled for twenty rounds."

Nellie Wright hitched her chair a little closer to the operator's table. The crowd in the drug store was still. The telegraph instrument chattered on.

" Willard, two hundred and thirty-five pounds," the operator said.

Mrs. Wright gasped. The operator sneezed. " I didn't get Young's weight," he said.

" About two hundred," the woman said.

The telegraph operator looked serious.

" The seconds are leaving the ring," he said. " The bell. Both men walk out slowly. They are measuring each other. Willard is by far the bigger and heavier and

---

by EDWARD DOHERTY

beats train!

Beats the Twentieth Century by two minutes. You almost feel as though you could when your digestion is right. You are so alive . . . so ready for anything.

Lots of girls wonder why they don't feel more like doing things. A touch of indigestion perhaps. Many chew Beeman's regularly to prevent digestive troubles. You'll like Beeman's, the flavor is delicious.

Chew

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN
GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION
ESPECIALLY MADE TO AID DIGESTION

he has the advantage of reach. This is Young's first fight. He knows nothing about boxing. Willard seems to know even less than that. He looks badly frightened—

"Willard is running away most of the time. Young is pursuing him, but every time he catches up Willard clinches. Not a blow has been struck so far. Willard is grotesque. Young is eager but awkward."

About five thousand people witnessed the fight and found it dull. Those who weren't too bored to boo, booed. The sixth round saw a little action. Willard began to hit Young almost at will. The cowboy seemed to be exhausted.

"Bull wasn't much to look at when the round ended," the telegraph operator in the Venice drug store translated the chattering of his instrument. But he translated that to himself. To Mrs. Wright he said:

"Willard's round, that was."

"Oh," she said. "And there are fourteen more to go?"

"Yes, ma'am."

From then on until the close of the fight—and even after its close—the operator lied heroically.

"Willard is shooting over those awkward lefts and rights," the instrument gibed. "He's so wide open and so clumsy he's funny, but he's delivering the goods."

"Both men are shooting hard lefts and rights," the operator said. "Willard is wide open and clumsy."

The bell saved Johnny from a knockout at the end of the ninth round. That bit of news was softened too.

"End of the ninth round. Both men tired. Young seemed a bit groggy as the bell rang. He's had a hard time trying to catch up with Willard all evening. Willard, when he was caught, got in some lucky blows."

HE didn't have to lie during the tenth round. In that frame Young came charging out of his corner like the bull they called him. During the preceding rounds his best blows had been delivered in the clinches. They had fallen on Willard's kidneys. Now, however, Young rained rights and lefts to Willard's head and body. Jess, startled, almost wrecked himself keeping out of harm's way.

The home folks in the Venice drug store cheered and laughed as the telegraph instrument told the tale. For the first time since she had entered the store that night, Mrs. Wright seemed unafraid.

"Eleventh round," the operator announced. "The bell. Young comes charging out of his corner. The crowd gives him a cheer. He catches Willard with a left. And a right. And another left.

"Willard is stung. Willard is hurt. Willard is wild. Willard cuts loose with right and left. He knocks Young into his corner. He— Flash. Wait now, everybody. Something's happened. Wait. Here it is. Willard the winner by a knockout."

The instrument chattered on, but the operator translated no more of its news.

"Thanks," Mrs. Wright said to him. She got up slowly. She tried to smile. "It was nice of you."

"Not at all," he answered. "Not at all."

"Is there—is there anything more?" she asked.

"No. Nothing more. Just announcing the next fights."

"It—doesn't say if Mr. Young was badly hurt?"

"No," the operator lied. "Just knocked out. Well, it was his first fight, you know."

"THE hardest, the most terrific blow ever delivered in a prize ring," the telegraph instrument was saying. "Young is lying still in the ring. Willard caught him coming back out of his corner and brought that wild right flush to the point of his jaw. Two hundred and thirty-five pounds of enraged beef were back of it. Young fell as though hit by lightning. He fell on his haunches with a shock that rattled the Vernon arena. Then his head fell back and his arms and legs stretched out. Physicians are being called for. His seconds are working over him. Here's a medico now getting into the ring. He's making an examination. He takes something out of his bag. It's a hypodermic syringe. He shoots it into Young's right arm. Apparently it has no effect. Young's seconds are crying that Young is cold. They're throwing automobile robes into the ring. Warm coats. They're piling the coats and the robes over his body . . ."

On and on chattered the telegraph, giving the details. Mrs. Wright had left the store. The operator translated freely now for the crowd that was left.

"Somebody ought to tell her," he said. "I couldn't."

Nobody told her.

She went to the Pacific Electric station and waited for the last car into Los Angeles. It was after midnight when it came. She settled into a rear seat. She felt cold. She knew the operator had lied to her. She had seen it in his eyes. Something very bad had happened.

She knew the hotel where Johnny had planned to spend the night, in the event that the fight went twenty rounds. She must see him, tell him it didn't matter that he had lost. The next fight—if he had a next fight—would be different. And even if he didn't have a next fight, what of it? A man didn't have to fight to be happy.

John Bull Young lay in the ring in the Vernon arena for twenty minutes before the siren of the ambulance was heard outside. The doctors worked on him then for a little while, and decided to rush him to the hospital.

Earl Rogers, at that time the most celebrated attorney on the Pacific coast, collected the referee, the seconds, the managers, and Jess Willard.

"I'm afraid Young's going to die," he said. "In that event you fellows will all be arrested. But don't worry about that. It was an accident and nobody's fault. Wait here and I'll make arrangements."

He went to the authorities.

"If Young dies," he said, "you'll find all the parties connected with the fight waiting for you in my office."

"O. K.," they told him. "Bail for Willard and Eyton will be about five thousand dollars apiece. The others —maybe a grand or so."

"Jeffries will put up the bail money," Rogers said.

"The champ?"

"James J. Jeffries."

"O. K. Sorry to bother you, Earl, but you know how these things are. We'll give you a ring."

Johnny Young was being hurried to the Clara Barton Hospital at the time. Noah Young went to the hospital, but the doctors wouldn't permit him to see his brother. They advised him not to wait.

He went to Earl Rogers's office.

Jess Willard was there when Noah arrived. He looked strange, bewildered. He shook hands with Noah.

"I'm sorry, kid," he said. "I can't tell you how sorry I am. I didn't think I was hitting hard. Honestly I didn't. Anyway, you know how it is in the ring. There's no bad feeling. You just fight the best you can."

Noah tried to smile.

"I know," he said. "I know, Jess. You're all right. Johnny'll say the same. He ain't going to hold no grudge. And me—" He offered his hand to Willard again.

ROGERS served drinks and cigars to the crowd and every now and then called up the hospital for the latest news. It was morning when the news came.

John Bull Young was dead. He had died of cerebral hemorrhage.

Rogers turned from the telephone. He made a gesture with his hands.

"Dead?" Noah asked.

"Dead," Rogers said. "A few minutes ago. Never regained consciousness."

Noah looked at Jess. Jess was crying like a baby. Noah walked toward him. Halfway to him he burst into sobs. Willard took him into his arms. The boy put his arms about the big fighter and they cried together.

Rogers was back at the telephone making arrangements to surrender his clients and to furnish bail.

Nell Wright was just getting off the train in Los Angeles as Rogers surrendered his clients to the police.

She hurried along the streets, hoping to find a taxi. There were none. She started walking toward the hotel John Young had mentioned. She had gone but a block or two when she heard the newsboys crying in the empty streets:

"All about the Bull Young Tragedy."

"Read about the Bull Young Tragedy."

She rushed up to the first newsboy she saw and snatched a paper from beneath his arm.

She stood there and read the headlines, and didn't understand them.

"He's dead," she said, not believing it.

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy.

Nell Wright screamed and fell. A policeman called for an ambulance. The girl was screaming when they carried her into the hospital. Attendants thought she was mad, raving mad. She was delirious for days.

An autopsy showed that Young's heart had been in a dangerously abnormal condition before the fight. His very eagerness to win had killed him—not Willard's terrible blow. Willard and the others were acquitted, but the popularity of boxing suffered for years in California.

Noah took his big brother home after the autopsy, for burial in the Wyoming plains. And Willard went on to win the championship from Johnson and lose it soon thereafter to the Manassa Mauler.

The struggle to the death between Sencio, the game and clever little Filipino, and Bud Taylor, will be recounted by Mr. Doherty in Liberty next week.

She thought *If he would only ask me!*

He thought *If it weren't for that one thing!*

"WHY has he lost interest? Why do I fail to please him?" . . . She does not dream that just *one thing* is to blame.

Nothing so quickly and surely disillusions a man about a girl as the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.

The quickest, easiest way to avoid this is just to use Mum when you dress.

Mum is so easy to use—takes only half a minute! No fuss, no effort.

It's perfectly harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too. Indeed, you can use it right after shaving the underarms!

Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration, you know. It simply takes away all disagreeable body odors.

Underarm odor has ruined more than one girl's chances of happiness. Make sure of daily daintiness, with Mum! All toilet counters have Mum, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., 75 West St., New York.

MUM
MUM
takes the odor out of perspiration

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS. Careful women use Mum on sanitary napkins. It gives complete protection from unpleasantness.

Breaking
World

What the Economic Conference
Family and

(Reading time: 14 minutes 15 seconds.)

WHETHER you will get your job again, escape bankruptcy, or keep your farm does not depend entirely on yourself, your employer, Congress, or the President. That is why President Roosevelt has sent a strong American delegation to the World Economic Conference at London, in an effort to give effect to the forgotten promise to reduce international trade barriers which was given by the world's great nations in their acceptance of Wilson's Fourteen Points in 1918. This pledge was accepted by America, England, France, Italy, Germany, and Japan in the pre-armistice agreements.

Since then it has been violated by every one of them, especially by the United States. The time has now come for us all to keep our word, which is why England has called the conference and why we are coöperating enthusiastically with the British government to make the conference a success. For today we see the cost of breaking our economic pledges.

"Economic" is a dull word, until you remember that economics supply the answer to the age-old question: "When do we eat?" The *word* may be meaningless to most people, but the *fact* is a matter of life and death for us all. The survival of millions of people and the prosperity of the greater part of this planet may depend on whether the countries which came to the opening of the conference on June 12 can agree to call an armistice in the present business warfare and to break the tariff blockade which is today strangling whole nations.

It is a queer business. During the World War we protested against the British naval blockade of Germany, and we fought Germany because the U-boats tried to keep our goods from going to England. Yet we take the fact for granted that every nation should blockade itself against every other nation through tariffs, embargoes, depreciated currency, exchange restrictions, and special obstructions to the importation of wealth. We have become used to the idea that a fair exchange is a robbery and that a nation can become prosperous by selling more than it buys. If foreign warships bottled up our ports, we would fight, but when the world's governments do it to their own trade, the crowd thinks it is getting to first base.

This crazy economic war has been going on for generations. We had as much to do with starting it as any other nation through our policy of sky-high protection, but the British naval blockade during the World War clinched the argument. When nations discovered that their foreign trade could be cut off or restricted at the will of the British Lords of Admiralty, they decided to get out from under. As soon as the war was over and the contraband lists had been put back in the diplomatic moth balls, every nation in the world set out to make itself self-supporting, so as not to be caught short next time. Tariffs have now reached the stratosphere and the greatest as well as the smallest nations are suffering the consequences.

The fate of the world depends largely upon the will of the big countries: America, England, France, Germany, Japan, and Russia. These are the nations which have started the trouble and it's up to them to stop it.

The United States, long a high protection country, has raised its tariff three times since the World War, ending up with the Smoot-Hawley monstrosity of 1930, the law that started the panic. Now we have gone off the gold standard and are headed toward monetary inflation.

The British, having worked free trade for all it was worth, suddenly switched around in 1931 and began sewing up the British Empire and other countries in special trade agreements, while forbidding other nations—such as Austria and Hungary—to do the same. They went off the gold standard and built up a fighting Equalization Fund of more than a billion dollars to cheapen British exchange so as to make British goods undersell foreign goods.

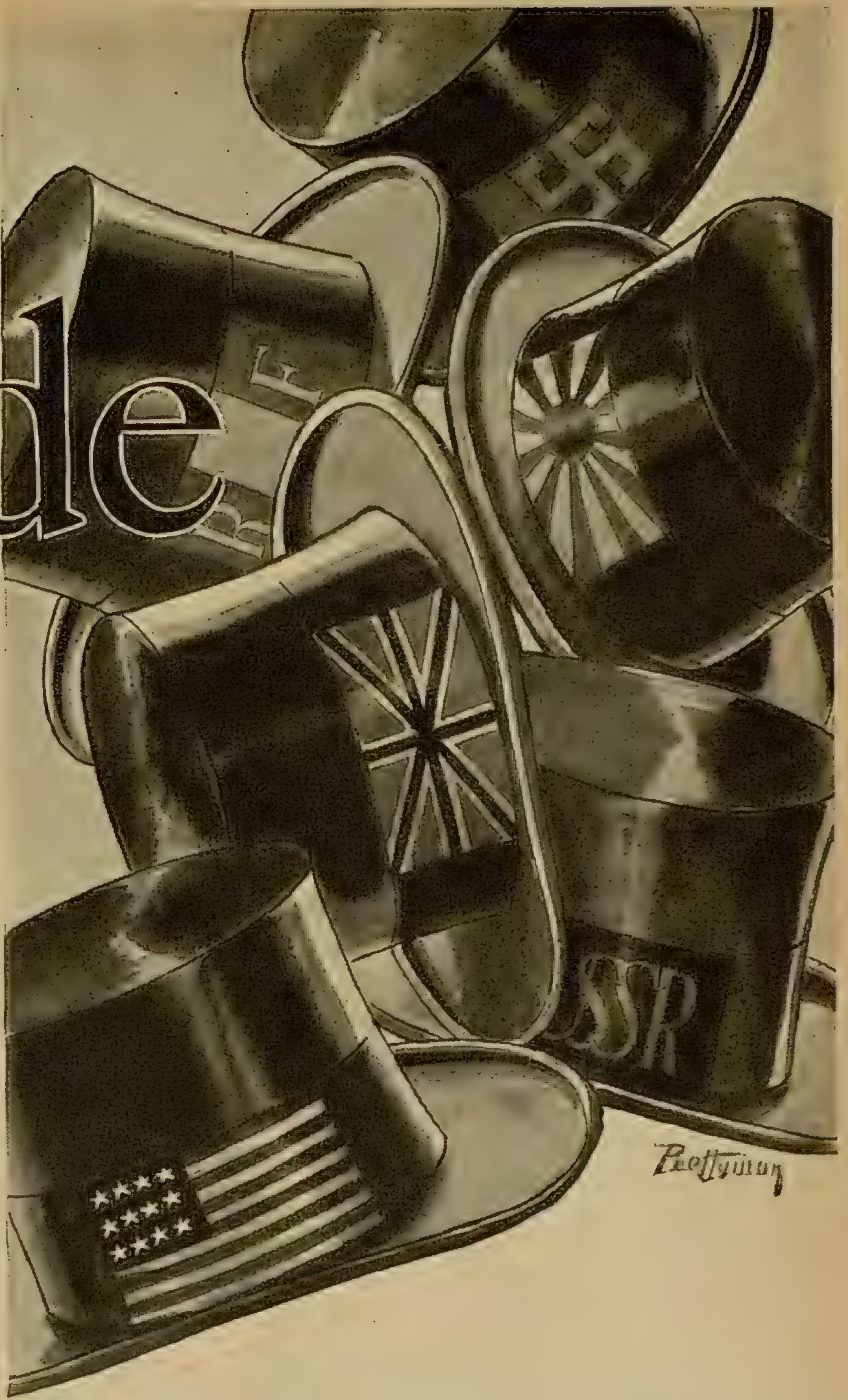
The French have been raising their tariffs higher and higher, making special bargains with their European friends, have put economic barbed wire around their country, and have used their huge gold reserve as a war club to make other European nations do what they wish. They have put a special surtax against our

DECORATIONS BY

By JAY FR

the Blockade

Means to You and Your Your Future



goods, on account of the depreciation of the dollar.

Germany borrowed all of the money she could lay her hands on, billions of dollars, then suddenly "froze" all of her loans so that the working capital of big British and American banks was tied up, and has proceeded to pump German goods into the world markets, pleading her inability to pay her debts unless she could sell her goods, at the same time that she refused to pay for war damages.

Russia's Communist rulers have established a foreign trade monopoly under which nobody can do business with Soviet Russia except through the Russian government.

Japan has run the value of her money down to one third of par, proceeded to gobble up British and American markets throughout the Far East, and grabbed Manchuria, which is part of China, so as to give her traders first cut on the business of eastern Asia.

World trade had shrunk to a trickle, debts were being repudiated right and left, scores of millions were out of work or living on starvation wages, and the modern world seemed headed for the junk heap, when President Roosevelt took up the British invitation and proposed to lay cards on the table.

FOR we believe that the world is tired of playing the sort of game where your opponent is playing for keep when he wins, but only for matches when he loses. Either the world is going to decide that beggar-my-neighbor belongs in the nursery or the insane asylum, or else we too shall be forced to become exactly as hard-boiled as the rest of them. We shall have to persuade the other governments to agree that a fair exchange of goods between nations is a good thing, or else we must all frankly adopt a policy of devil take the hindermost.

In other words, the nations assembled at London can choose between economic warfare and economic coöperation, but they cannot choose both. If the conference fails to break the world tariff blockade we will be compelled to reorganize ourselves as a really self-contained country, with rigid control of foreign trade and a dictatorial supervision of our domestic reconstruction.

For example, the whole South is geared to produce and sell the bulk of the world's raw cotton. If that trade is killed the South must revolutionize itself. What that would cost in terms of riots, lynchings, and race bitterness only the South can imagine. Again, New York is organized to finance the exchange of goods between America and the rest of the planet. If there are no exchanges to be financed, New Yorkers had better take the first train west, in order to escape starvation. Chicago's wheat, corn, and hogs feed a large part of the Northern Hemisphere. If that trade is strangled or even largely reduced, Chicago will see grass growing in its streets and the Middle West will see a real farm revolution. San Francisco and Seattle handle our great and growing business with Asia and the Pacific regions. If that business is halted the Pacific coast will suffer an economic earthquake which will flatten out whole cities *and leave them flat.* We simply cannot afford to let our foreign trade go by default.

That is why the first effect of a failure of the London Conference would be the further depreciation of the American dollar in foreign trade. The Japanese and British have discovered that it is possible to sell their goods abroad by cheapening the value of the yen and the pound sterling. The comparative prosperity of Great Britain is due to the fact that her export goods cost her customers about 30 per cent less than the same goods cost while England was on the gold standard. British markets have been given a currency protection equal to a tariff of 33⅓ per cent ad valorem on all imports from gold-standard countries. Japan, with a yen worth only a third of its par value, has been expanding her trade in China and India in exactly the same way. In order to cushion the shocks of economic warfare and to sell our goods abroad we would be forced, against our will, to cheapen the dollar and to fight sterling and yen with similar price cutting. That would mean hardship for us all and chaos for world trade.

The second effect of a failure at London would be a race for markets, using every political and financial means to secure customers. This race has already begun. The countries of the British Empire pledged themselves by the Ottawa agreements of 1932 to give each other preference in trade and tariffs for a period of three years. In particular, Canada, our best customer, signed up with Great Britain. Since then the British government has

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ANKLIN

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VICKS Voratone...the new antiseptic mouth-wash and gargle by the makers of VapoRub...brings your mouth a delightful freedom from odor and after-taste of food or tobacco. Although pleasant and safe, it *exceeds* standard requirements for antiseptics. You can depend on it . . . full-strength or diluted. Money back if not delighted.

BIG 10-OZ. BOTTLE . . . 35¢

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Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

been making special trade agreements with the Argentine, Denmark, Germany, and other countries. France and Germany have been fighting a political duel since 1930 for control of the trade of Central Europe. We would be forced to hit back and to offer tariff reciprocity on the Cuban model to other countries in the Western Hemisphere: to Mexico, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Central America, Colombia, and Venezuela, at the least; and probably to Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, and Peru. As the race for markets continued, the chance that Canada too might be tempted to throw in her economic fortunes with the rest of the Western Hemisphere might eventually realize Henry Clay's old dream of a Pan-American Economic Union. Whatever happened, it would be a tremendous struggle.

THE cost and wreckage of such a struggle would be immense. The first reaction would be for the British to erect a Smoot-Hawley tariff wall around their own empire, which contains a quarter of the people on the globe. The second would be to compel the Europeans to create their own tariff union, destroying the laboriously erected political system and striking at British and American markets in Africa and in Latin America. The third would find Japan closing the Open Door by a tariff union with China and competing desperately with the British for the trade of India and with us for the trade of the Pacific and the west coast of South America.

The cost of failure would be appalling. It is not too much to say that should the World Economic Conference not succeed in breaking the blockade and checking economic imperialism, there may be widespread starvation in Europe, unemployment greater than anything yet experienced, Fascist and Communist revolutions, and another world war.

That is why President Roosevelt, in close coöperation with Great Britain—the nation which called the conference and which can make or break it—is working hard for a tariff truce and for the end of this mad competition in depreciated currencies. That is why, during the months of April and May, there was a constant stream of foreign statesmen to the White House: Ramsay MacDonald of England, Herriot of France, Schacht of Germany, Jung of Italy, Soong of China, and Ishii of Japan. And that is why the question of war debts is being kept out of the conference and is being discussed on the side.

Roosevelt has consistently maintained that if there is anything unfair about the war-debt settlements, the individual debtors can take it up with us. We are always willing to negotiate with them and there's no reason why we shouldn't do so while the conference is going on, as long as world economic recovery isn't tied to the intergovernmental obligations of a few of the world's governments. The sums we get on account of war debts (when, as, and if) do not do much more than help balance our payments to France and England on account of their five billion dollars of gilt-edged investments here. So there's no use in holding up world recovery until the two most powerful nations in Europe have decided whether their budgets can support the schedule of installments to which they agreed in the piping days of Coolidge.

Therefore we have only two proposals to make at London. The first is that the choice between economic war and economic coöperation shall be made promptly. We are willing to work our heads off over details, but we feel that the world should first of all decide whether it is willing to agree. This means a real tariff truce for the period of negotiations, not a polite "agreement in principle" over the green-baize tables of diplomacy, with the delegates kicking each other's ankles, shins, and kneecaps under the table.

The second proposal is that the first step in world coöperation should be the stabilization of currencies. We have four billion dollars of gold to help make this possible and we can count on French support. We also would like to give silver an exchange value, at its commodity price, in international settlements, so as to help Asia, particularly China and India, to recover purchasing power in world trade.

WE want the pound pegged at $3.50, $3.75, or $4, the yen at 20 or 30 cents, the dollar at 60 or 80 cents gold, and so on down the line: whatever is needed to take care of existing obligations and to make it possible for the nations to do business again. How can you do business when the goods you ship may be 25 per cent higher in price by the time they reach your customer, due to a drop in the exchange value of his money? Either we're going to know the value of the chips in the game or else we'll be forced to start using wildcat counters ourselves. Hence the gold embargo and hence President Roosevelt's powers for inflating the currency.

Then, if the other countries represented at London are ready to work together they will find us ready to work with them. We have plenty to offer as our contribution to world trade. We can offer access to the biggest single cash market in the world, and can back up our offer with a tremendous capacity to produce the things which men need if they are to live and prosper: corn, cotton, tobacco, wheat, lard, iron, steel, copper, petroleum, lumber, coal, rayon, textiles, automobiles, films, machinery. We have railways, mines, factories, skill, and brains, and we want to do business with other nations on the basis of an honest swap rather than to go in for price-cutting, secret rebates, and rigged markets.

In fact, the only advantage of having enacted a skyscraping tariff like ours is that it gives us something to barter with in helping the world bring down its tariffs and break its self-imposed blockade. If France will buy our automobiles, copper, and cotton, then we can buy French wines and dresses. If England will take our wheat and tobacco and films, then we can take England's woolen goods and ales. If Chile will buy our textiles, we can buy Chile's nitrates. If Brazil will purchase our machinery and railway equipment, then we can buy Brazil's coffee and manganese. If Japan will use our lumber, we can use Japan's raw silk. The same sort of thing can be done by every other nation with every other nation, *not surrendering its economic independence but realizing that the world as a whole will be prosperous only as the different parts of it can exchange their products on fair terms.* If the leading governments can agree to this very simple form of coöperation, the conference will be a success.

Even if it does succeed, the world will still be a long, long way from recovery. Unemployment will still be a scourge; rumors of war will continue. There may be a row over the Polish Corridor, over Vladivostok, over Dalmatia. Revolution and Fascism may spread. For we are all in a terrible mess and it will take the services of an army corps of political and economic scrubwomen to get the place in order again.

The most we can hope for in the present atmosphere of hatred is to set up a few working rules for the slow return to sanity and general prosperity.

We are ready to play our part, for President Roosevelt realizes that economics is not just something which is taught in colleges, but is a life-and-death matter for the forgotten American, Japanese, Russian, Czechoslovak, Paraguayan, and Pole. He has sent our men to London in an effort to win common consent for breaking the blockade which is ruining every nation in the world, to say that no government or group of governments has the moral right to condemn whole peoples to misery and starvation in the name of a commercial treaty, and to proclaim the forgotten fact that *nations grow rich by exchanging on fair terms the wealth which they can produce for the wealth which they cannot produce.*

THE World Economic Conference may look far away and not particularly important to the man who has lost his job, the man whose salary has been cut, or the farmer who faces eviction, but today the world stands at the crossroads and what happens at London may decide whether the man will get his job back, whether the salary will be raised or reduced again, whether the farmer shall lose his home.

If Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, and Japan wish to travel with us, they will find us working with them to break the stupidest blockade in modern history: the blockade which every nation has imposed upon itself in the years which followed the World War. And the nations will discover that Woodrow Wilson was right when he included in his famous Fourteen Points the forgotten pledge that international trade barriers should be reduced, as the condition without which it would be impossible to restore peace to the peoples of the war-torn world.

THE END

COVER TITLE CONTEST

Prize Winners for May 20

$50 FIRST PRIZE

OTTO E. HACKMAN, Fort Wayne, Ind.
"Buy A Merry Can."

$25 SECOND PRIZE

A. J. FERGUSON, Bradford, Ont.
"Sign of a Wet Summer."

$15 THIRD PRIZE

MRS. M. N. WILLIAMS,
Carpinteria, Calif.
"Reunion in America."

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

GEORGE R. PRYOR,
San Francisco, Calif.
"Prelude to the Stein Song."

TEN $5 PRIZES

Calvin E. Alling, Highland Park, Mich.; Mrs. W. N. Atwood, Emsworth, Pa.; Paul J. Bast, West Allis, Wis.; Biddy Carnes, Los Angeles, Calif.; Abraham C. DeRemer, Keego Harbor, Mich.; Philip S. Ediss, Richmond, Va.; Margaret Hurley, Seattle, Wash.; Mervin Malmstadt, Marinette, Wis.; Dr. Claudette B. Schiller, San Francisco, Calif.; Charlotte Webb, Paterson, N. J.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Hugh Abbott, South Boston, Mass.; Frank J. Atkinson, Reseda, Calif.; Mrs. R. H. Barnes, Santa Ana, Calif.; J. Cyril Begg, Mt. Vernon, Ill.; Josephine Blackburn, Jersey City, N. J.; Ena Borden, Tampa, Fla.; F. A. Bull, Seattle, Wash.; Frank J. Casey, Boston, Mass.; Clay F. Church, Elkin, N. C.; Julia Conner, Redwood City, Calif.; V. M. Cross, Washington, Ind.; H. H. Dodd, Wichita, Kan.; Carl A. Donner, Ann Arbor, Mich.; F. D. Gunn, Edmonton, Alta.; R. R. Haden, Little Rock, Ark.; Harry Helm, Waterbury, Conn.

Harry J. Hornik, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. J. L. Hubbard, Little Rock, Ark.; Maxine Johnston, Fayetteville, W. Va.; Taylor Jones, Montgomery, Ala.; Mary Lamm, Akron, Ohio; K. M. Leatherwood, San Angelo, Tex.; Rose E. Lloyd, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rube J. Long, California, Pa.; Vincent V. Lotts, River Forest, Ill.; Eunice Luetjen, Long Island City, N. Y.; M. F. Manning, Los Angeles, Calif.; Dorothy Masterson, Dallas, Tex.; George McCormack, Vincennes, Ind.; Mrs. William McCutcheon, Asheville, N. C.; Joseph F. McLaughlin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lois Mellon, Canton, Ohio.

H. Philip Minis, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Leslie R. Moses, Seattle, Wash.; D. M. Neely, Ponca City, Okla.; Raymond M. O'Neill, San Francisco, Calif.; James W. Osgood, New York, N. Y.; Elizabeth C. Porter, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Jennie Robinson, Indianapolis, Ind.; L. S. Robinson, Glenwood, Iowa; Lucile Seiple, Canton, Ohio; Grace Sheller, Omaha, Neb.; Fred Smidley, Muncie, Ind.; Walter W. Smith, Johnstown, N. Y.; Gladys Strine, Hollywood, Calif.; Philip Thompson, East Arlington, Mass.; Dr. Herman Van Gelder, Los Angeles, Calif.; Barbara M. Vaughn, Longmeadow, Mass.; Mrs. M. N. Wilcox, Lawrence, Kan.; Charles A. Zinn, Minneapolis, Minn.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 29

1—Albania.
2—A god of Norse fable.
3—Here We Rest.
4—The Virgin Islands, with fifty-nine volunteers for the navy.
5—Yes, the Eutaw flag, a crimson banner, carried in the battles of Cowpens and Eutaw Springs.
6—Henry Wilson, who served during General Grant's second term. He was born Jeremiah Jones Colbaith.
7—Prince Edward Island, with an area of 2,184 square miles.
8—A Soviet republic lying between the Caspian and Black seas.
9—A Hindu woman who cremates herself on the funeral pile of her husband.
10—Boston, Massachusetts.
11—A cylindrical hole in the rock beneath a waterfall.
12—A lizard found in the southwestern deserts of the United States.
13—A beautiful perennial, with sage-green leaves and dense heads of silver-white flowers, native to Switzerland.
14—Bills of exchange, drawn in foreign countries upon banks or business concerns of the United States, and payable in United States currency.
15—A Russian composer of orchestral works, 1844-1908.
16—A resting place; a temporary lodging.
17—The Mohammedan limbo; the abode of souls who have been about equally good and bad.
18—The son of Neptune.
19—The United States.
20—An English philosopher and economist, born in London in 1806.

THE ANSWER TO THE DENTAL CREAM QUESTION

(See page 29)

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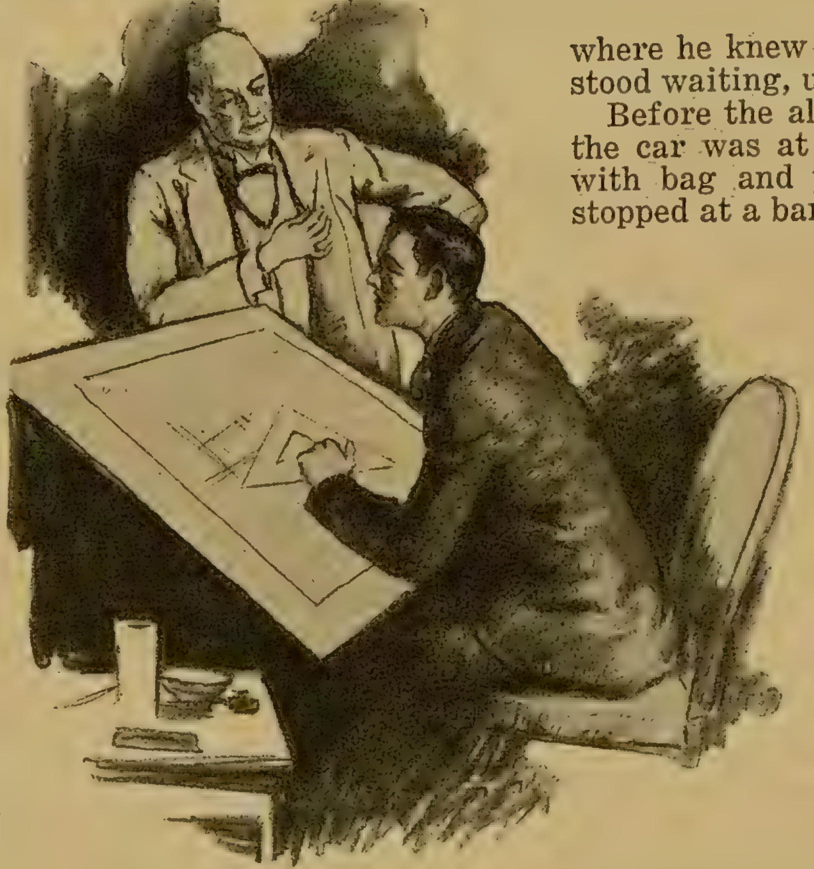
A Short Short Story

By

JEROME BARRY

(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)



ALL the while that the paymaster chatted with the young draftsman, chaffing him and advising him, the boy studied the kindly old man with a cruel and secret amusement. He knew quite well what the carrying out of his plan would mean. President Wilbourne, the head of the company, had one chief saying: "A serious mistake is one too many." A paymaster who let himself be robbed was letting himself out upon the street. At fifty-odd, that would be something to think about for old Crampton. But not for Bangs. He didn't care what happened to the old man afterward.

Every Friday afternoon the paymaster, carrying the wages of the whole building, puffed to a halt at the top of the stairs. His heart was not so good and his figure was stout and easy-going. He plumped himself on a stool by Bangs's drawing table, set down the heavy black satchel that was chained to his wrist, and panted genially as he watched the boy handle T square and ruling pen. He had begun as a draftsman himself, and there was still a warmth in his heart for clean-cut black lines upon milky tracing cloth and the loveliness of ordered ranks of lettering.

"I'll tell you a trick, lad," he would say. "Instead of fanning that wet line with a triangle to dry it, lay a triangle flat on each side of it and make a bridge over it with a third. Then you can draw lines crossways without waiting—"

Or else he'd say, "You always put your pencil behind your ear and lay your pen down on the table. Then you have to fumble around for it, or else it can roll and smear things. Stick the butt end of your pen between your teeth and you'll always know where it is. Only let me tell you, remember to tuck it in the *left* corner of your mouth, because—"

Bangs grinned and humored the old man by following his tips. Every minute he was studying the paymaster, timing his arrival, memorizing his habits.

"It's the little tricks that save a man a lot of trouble and help him get ahead," old Crampton said paternally. "And I like you, lad. I want to see you get ahead, the way I did."

He was funny—the simple old fool and his little tricks—when you thought of the big trick that Bangs was planning. Only after patient weeks did he put it through.

One Friday morning he called up and reported sick. In the afternoon he went out for a breath of air and entered a talkie after chatting jovially for several minutes with the cashier. At once, under cover of the interior dimness, he slipped out unobtrusively through the alley exit.

When old Crampton lumbered wheezily into the drafting room and stopped for a second by Bangs's vacant table, a masked stranger slipped in the window from the fire escape. His face was completely covered; his figure was ordinary; not once during the brief episode did he utter a word.

With a silenced pistol he shot down the old paymaster instanter. Then, shifting the gun to his left hand and waving it at a cowed roomful, he searched the wounded Crampton. When the old man resisted, he struck him heavily with the flat of the pistol. He found the keys, released the chain, and ran downstairs with the bag to where he knew the paymaster's little car stood waiting, unlocked.

Before the alarm had well been spread the car was at the bottom of the river, with bag and pistol and mask. Bangs stopped at a bank and put the money in a safe-deposit vault he had rented under an assumed name. Then, mingling with the crowd in front of the talkie theater, he spoke to the cashier as if he had just come out.

"Why don't you get some decent films?" he grinned. "I'm going to go home and finish my sleep there."

When they summoned him into President Wilbourne's office the next day, he was startled but confident.

He had an alibi ready, yet it could hardly be needed. No one could possibly have recognized him.

Old Crampton was there, shaky and bandaged.

Mr. Wilbourne said, "You've made one bad mistake, Crampton, and that's one too many. Don't make another."

Crampton said, "The man who robbed me was tattooed on his right hand."

BANGS'S heart gave a bound. Of joy. The old fool had seen visions. Bangs had never had a tattooing needle anywhere near his skin. Why, this was a more beautiful exit for him than any in his carefully devised plan. They'd be looking for a sailor, for an ironworker—for anyone but him.

"What sort of tattooing?" asked the detective sergeant who sat by the president's desk.

"There were three blue dots in the triangle between his thumb and the first knuckle. There were two on the knuckle and two more on the back of the thumb. Something like this, only different in arrangement."

He held out his right hand.

"Well, what?" the president demanded with heavy sarcasm. "Are we supposed to believe you and the thief were both members of some secret brotherhood?"

"In a way, yes, sir," old Crampton said. "I tried to be nice to this young man, and I showed him a little trick of holding his lettering pen in his teeth to keep it out of the way of rolling around on his table. Only I warned him to keep it in the *left* corner of his mouth. You see, if you keep it in the right-hand corner, then when you reach up for a pencil behind your ear, you're pretty likely to jab your hand right into the pen point, hard. And every time you do, the carbon ink makes a tattoo mark that'll last for life. You do it pretty often before you learn better. So when I saw those blue dots on that robber's hand, I thought maybe somebody who had just been taught that trick might have been careless."

"Crampton," the president said, "you're putting two futures to the test—your own and this young man's. Officer, let's look at his hand."

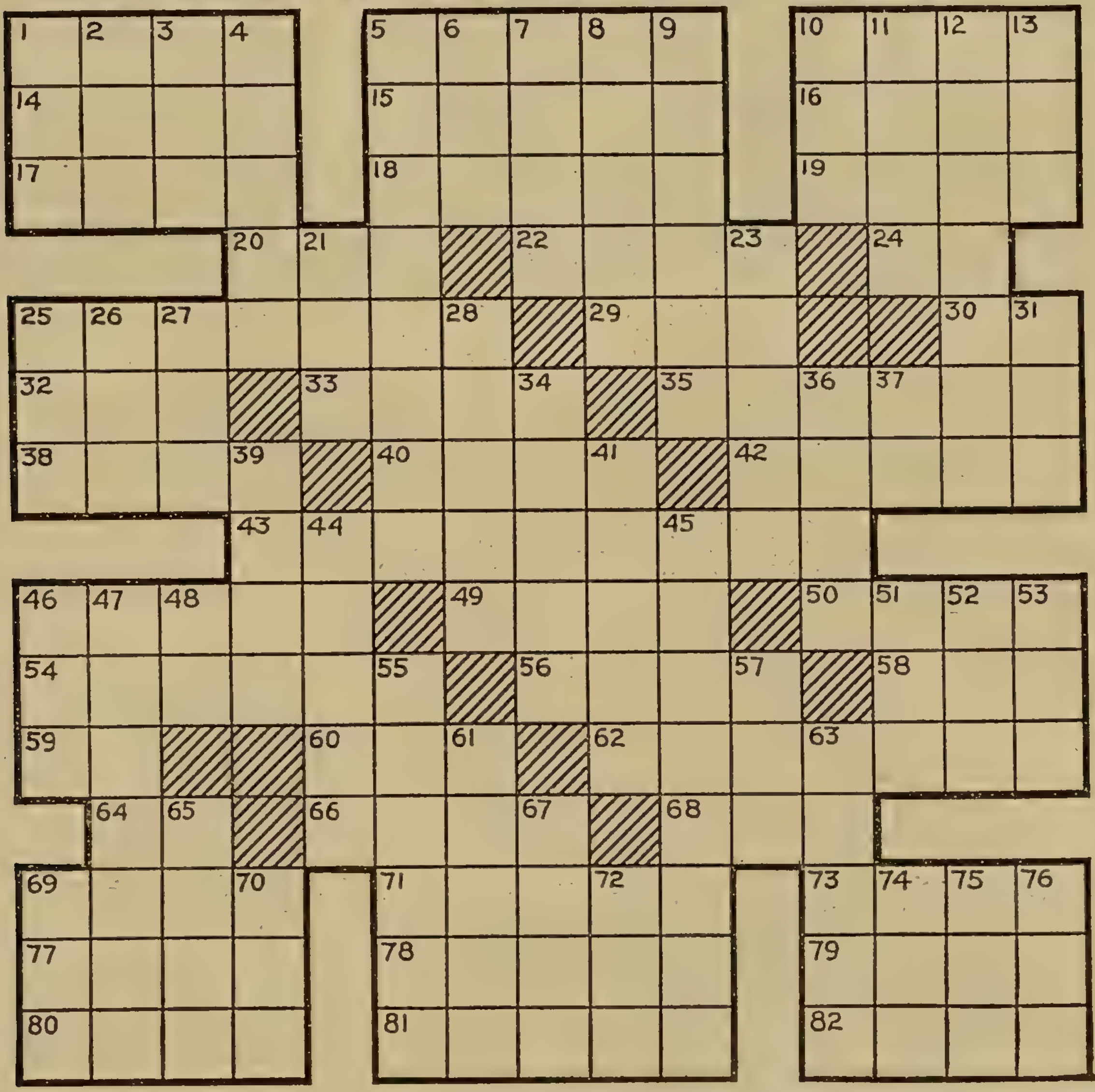
But Bangs had forestalled him. He had raised his right hand and was staring at it with mounting horror, searching for a pattern of small blue dots.

They were there.

THE END

CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 A Dutch cheese
5 South African grass country (pl.)
10 Hurried
14 River in France and Belgium
15 Pertaining to ancient Troy
16 Sharpen
17 A genus of water scorpions
18 A roofing material
19 Otherwise
20 Resinous substance secreted by a scale insect
22 To tear apart
24 Printer's measure
25 County in Tennessee
29 Stitch
30 Aboreal animal
32 Hovel
33 Stepped heavily
35 River in England
38 Priest of a Mohammedan mosque
40 Declare
42 Citrous fruit (pl.)
43 Indecipherable
46 A goddess of fate (Greek mythology)
49 Withered and dry
50 Having the particular quality specified
54 Thrown into ecstasy
56 Sea mammal
58 Monkey of the genus *Cebus*
59 An element (symbol)
60 Prior
62 Cattle dealers
64 Eldest-born of Chaos (Greek mythology)
66 Italian coin
68 Female hare
69 Bound
71 Resolve a sentence into its elements
73 Field of granular snow (French)
77 Gaelic
78 Species of willow
79 Eager
80 Employer
81 Strikes out
82 Yearn

E	L	K	S		P	L	A	C	E		S	H	E	D
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			E	A	R	■	R	I	V	E	■	P	A	P
R	E	A	D	S	■	C	O	V	E	R	■	A	B	A
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S	T	I	N	G	■	■	B	A	N		E	R	I	C
P	A	L	S		T	R	E	N	D		W	O	V	E
E	R	I	E		H	I	N	G	E		E	D	E	N
W	E	A	R		E	N	T	E	R		D	E	N	T

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Period of existence
2 Cease to exist
3 A reptile
4 Ground grain (pl.)
5 Pertaining to the viscera
6 Measure of length
7 A prevaricator
8 A palm-tree fruit (plural)
9 Divisions of a drama
10 Pronoun
11 A long slender piece of wood
12 To take by wile
13 Lake in Scotland
21 Monetary unit of an Asiatic country (var.)
23 Live
25 A letter of the Greek alphabet
26 Sing with closed lips
27 A letter of the Greek alphabet
28 Wanders
31 Those who are in political power
34 Formerly chief magistrates in Venice
36 Contends against
37 Prefix, meaning in
39 Star in the constellation Cetus
41 Telegraphed
44 Continuation of a coat collar
45 Those who oppose or set at defiance
46 Confronted
47 Wild asses of India
48 Adjective suffix
51 Employment
52 A vehicle
53 Pronoun
55 A stand
57 Game of cards
61 Obliterate
63 Capable of being obtained for money
65 Comfort
67 Seed covering
69 Monetary unit of Roumania
70 By
72 Comprehend
74 Self
75 Title used with some German names
76 Ovule

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"I just wish my master had'em!"

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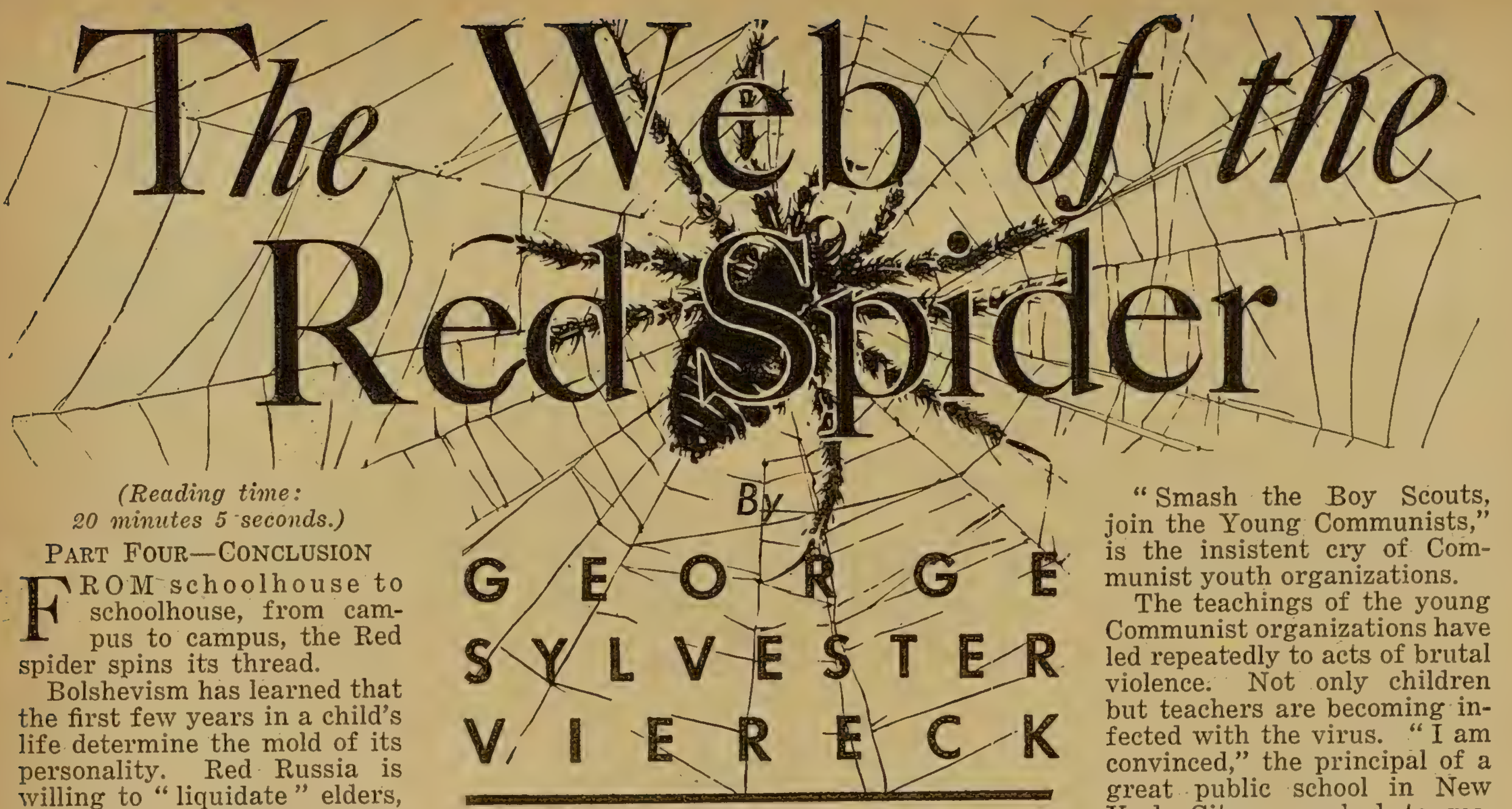
Dr. Scholl's Solvex

The Web of the Red Spider

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK



(Reading time: 20 minutes 5 seconds.)

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

FROM schoolhouse to schoolhouse, from campus to campus, the Red spider spins its thread.

Bolshevism has learned that the first few years in a child's life determine the mold of its personality. Red Russia is willing to "liquidate" elders, victims of a "bourgeois" education, but it leaves nothing undone to inculcate youth with Bolshevism.

Every young man and every young woman in the early twenties now living in Russia has been brought up in the doctrine that there is no God but Marx, and that Lenin is his only prophet. In the United States, too, the Communist Party and its subsidiaries, under strict instructions from Moscow, concentrate their attacks upon the growing generation.

"Give us one generation of small children to train to manhood and womanhood and we will set up the Bolshevist form of government." This statement, made in 1919 by a Boston school-teacher, has become the slogan of the party. Since 1919, secret and open, legal and illegal organizations have been at work to wean American youth away from democracy. In Communist kindergarten and Sunday schools, in Communist camps, in school organizations, children are indoctrinated with the Red gospel.

"Eenie, meenie, minie, mo.
Catch the bosses by the toe."

is characteristic of the nursery rhymes taught by the Reds.

Poor Mother Goose is actually perverted by propagandists. Children's games are adapted to teaching youngsters how to spy out the land for attack and defense and how to creep through a line of bourgeois outposts! Older children are instructed in the principles of street fighting and the carrying of secret messages. They are taught blasphemous and seditious parodies of church hymns and patriotic songs.

Instead of the Catechism they learn by heart proletarian maxims such as these:

"Thou shalt not be a patriot.

"Thou shalt teach revolution.

"Thou shalt wage class war.

"Thou shalt demand on behalf of your class the complete surrender of the capitalist class, and all the means of production, distribution, and exchange, with the land and all that it contains; and by so doing shalt establish class rule."

REAPPOINT HENDERSON

Keystone View photo

Diego Rivera, Red artist, orating to student strikers at Columbia University.

"Smash the Boy Scouts, join the Young Communists," is the insistent cry of Communist youth organizations.

The teachings of the young Communist organizations have led repeatedly to acts of brutal violence. Not only children but teachers are becoming infected with the virus. "I am convinced," the principal of a great public school in New York City remarked to me, "that some of the teachers support students in their defiance of law and order to shake authority. There are all kinds of student organizations which adopt Communism as their philosophy. Boys and girls are taken young and impregnated with Bolshevist doctrines before they are able to reason out the matter."

"And what," I asked, "is the result of this teaching?"

"Some young people develop into fanatics."

"Do they actually cause disturbances in school?"

The principal nodded sadly. "The young Communists will seize any opportunity to cause trouble on the theory that any commotion for whatever reason will undermine authority. If disciplinary steps are taken against them, they promptly assume the rôle of martyrs and work their martyrdom for all it is worth.

"With diabolic ingenuity these organizations teach boys and girls the art of active and passive resistance. When disciplinary action is taken, the newspapers, unaware of the real situation, usually take the side of the young culprits who bask in the sunshine of publicity."

I would have looked upon some of these statements as exaggerated if I had not witnessed personally a meeting in which a student expelled for radical activities instructed a group of boys and girls between fourteen and seventeen from private schools in a large Eastern city, in the more ingenious methods of committing treason against their country. The ostensible purpose of the meeting was a symposium on peace, held under the auspices of the Students' Congress Against War.

A Girl Scout vainly attempted to inject a note of patriotism, had her say and fled. She was followed by a "Green Shirt," who reiterated the view that war would be impossible if only 2 per cent of the young men refused to fight, because the jails could not hold so many objectors. He received considerable applause. The Socialist speaker recommended the general strike as the most effective weapon against war. This suggestion, too, met with enthusiastic approval. But the most tumultuous applause greeted the young Communist.

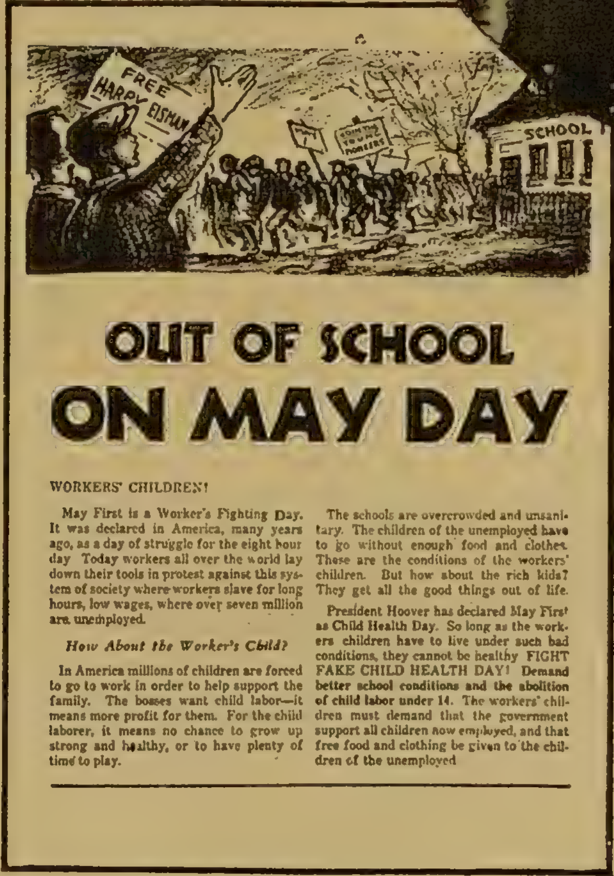
Walking up and down the platform with his hands in

How Communism Reaches Out After the Minds and Hearts of American Youth—What Can We Do About It?

2=ую
БОЛЬШЕВИТСКУЮ ВЕСНУ.

U. & U. News photo

In Red Russia children are fanaticized about Communism. A group of young zealots.


FREE HARRY EISMAN
JOIN THE YOUNG PIONEERS
SCHOOL

OUT OF SCHOOL

ON MAY DAY

WORKERS' CHILDREN!

May First is a Worker's Fighting Day. It was declared in America, many years ago, as a day of struggle for the eight hour day Today workers all over the world lay down their tools in protest against this system of society where workers slave for long hours, low wages, where over seven million are unemployed.

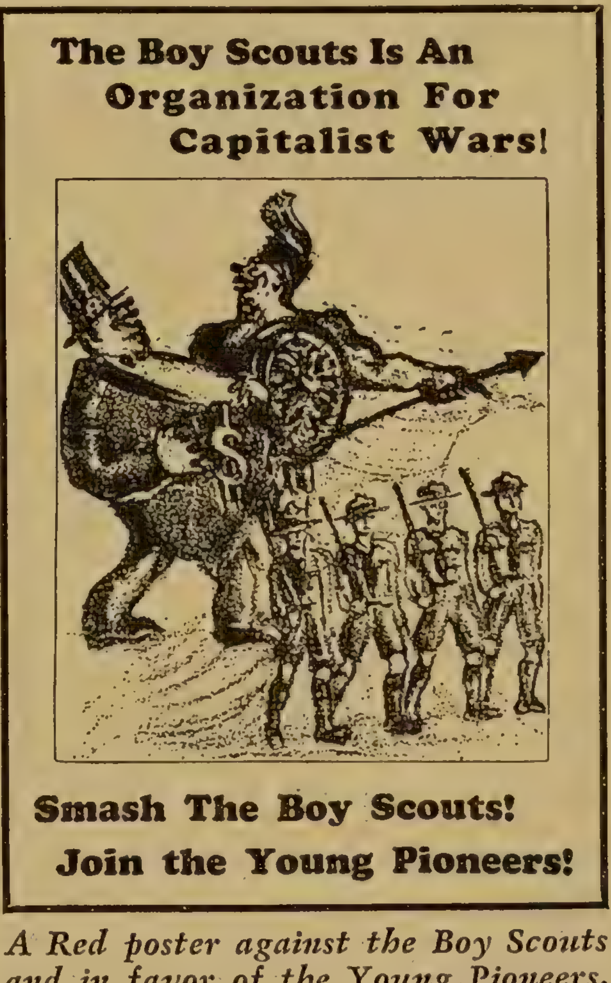
How About the Worker's Child?

In America millions of children are forced to go to work in order to help support the family. The bosses want child labor—it means more profit for them. For the child laborer, it means no chance to grow up strong and healthy, or to have plenty of time to play.

The schools are overcrowded and unsanitary. The children of the unemployed have to go without enough food and clothes. These are the conditions of the workers' children. But how about the rich kids? They get all the good things out of life.

President Hoover has declared May First as Child Health Day. So long as the workers children have to live under such bad conditions, they cannot be healthy FIGHT FAKE CHILD HEALTH DAY! Demand better school conditions and the abolition of child labor under 14. The workers' children must demand that the government support all children now employed, and that free food and clothing be given to the children of the unemployed

And a Red appeal to New York high-school students to turn out on May Day in protest against oppression.



The Boy Scouts Is An Organization For Capitalist Wars!

Smash The Boy Scouts! Join the Young Pioneers!

A Red poster against the Boy Scouts and in favor of the Young Pioneers.

his pockets, the youth urged young men to join the R. O. T. C. and later the militia or the army, for the sole purpose of undermining the government from within.

"Learn how to shoot, and when the crucial moment arrives, turn your gun against your bosses!"

This statement was made in the school building, within a stone's throw of a venerable university.

No one protested!

One youth in the audience raised the point that the pacifists and the Communists would find themselves in a hopeless minority.

THE speaker smiled a superior smile. His answer was ready. The technique of modern warfare, he explained, was so complicated that one man in the proper place could put an entire battleship or an entire battery out of action. He pointed out with pride to the revolt of the German navy, to the mutinies in the French, the British, and other navies, and to the part played by the army and navy in the Russian Revolution.

I subsequently found every argument used by this youth in Communist literature. He was repeating by rote what he had been taught by his elders.

Another boy arose and asked: "What shall we do, whose fathers are capitalists?"

"Try to convert your father," the speaker replied, "and if you fail, fight your father and fight your class."

The boys and girls who listened to his harangue were mostly children of wealthy parents, but they did not resent the radicalism of the Communist speaker. The meeting was a triumph for him. Communism, it is obvious, condemns war—all war except class war. The Communist will take up arms in defense of Soviet Russia, but not in defense of his own country.

The Communists are pacifists everywhere—except at home. "It is our duty," said Alexi Rykoff, then Premier of Russia, in a broadcast to Chinese Communists, "to inculcate in the minds of all nations the theories of international friendship, pacifism, and disarmament, encouraging resistance to military appropriations and training, at the same time, however, never for one moment relaxing our efforts for the upbuilding of our own military establishment."

Mr. Ralph M. Easley, chairman of the executive council of the National Civic Federation, brackets with this quotation the declaration of another Red leader, Bokharin: "We announce to all our enemies that never for a minute, never for a second, never for one millionth of a second will our party retreat from those proposals which it has inscribed on its banner. And on its banner it has inscribed the mighty slogan, the great watchword—International Social Revolution—the watchword of militant Communism which will battle until it has organized free labor on earth."

Pravda, the official organ of the Communist Party, is still more specific: "The world-wide nature of our program is not mere talk but an all-embracing and blood-soaked reality. It cannot be otherwise."

THE Communists use the children for the purpose of distributing revolutionary literature within the vicinity of army encampments. Their elders would be subjected to a severe beating, whereas children, protected by their youth, escape. There have been, I believe, three cases of Communism discovered among the soldiers of the United States regular army. The National Guard offers a more favorable field than the regular army for Communist propaganda. I have seen several pamphlets and publications, some mimeographed, some printed, for the sole purpose of persuading the National Guard to turn their guns on their officers and all employers of labor.

Communists frequently apply for admission to the Guard with the intention of serving, preferably, in machine-gun units. If the teaching of the Communists sprouts in the souls of the young boys now of high-school age and in college men, there is danger ahead for the R. O. T. C., for the army, and for all military establishments of the United States.

In America as well as in Europe, Communism uses the pacific mask in its appeals to youth. Among the

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documents viewed in the halls of a school on the occasion of a symposium on war, two especially aroused my attention. One was a mimeographed account of the Students' Congress Against War in Mandel Hall of the University of Chicago, December 28, 1932. Another was a printed pamphlet describing the World Congress Against War in which 2,196 delegates from twenty-seven countries, representing thirty million people, participated in Amsterdam. In his opening message Romain Rolland, who was unable to attend personally, made the startling assertion that the social crisis takes "particularly brutal forms" in the United States.

"The chaos and antagonism of Europe have found there fatally favorable conditions for reproducing themselves," he said. "The double oppression, social and intellectual, the exploitation of the masses and the subjection of intellect to a moral atmosphere never cleared by the free criticism of an Erasmus, a Voltaire, must inevitably end in explosion. This will awaken, too, the other great races of the Americas for dominance, of which the Yankee imperialism competes with the British.

"Asia is an immense powder barrel ready to explode at every point. India, with its peculiar weapons, wages its silent invincible war of liberation. Gigantic China, lacerated by the foreign imperialists and their domestic accomplices, rises heroically from infinite suffering.

"In all this chaos of conflict one great power, the U. S. S. R., which is more than a nation—twenty nations, a world—has established the proletarian state and is building it up day by day. Its very existence defies the old world of exploitation. The hope of all exploited races, the example for them to follow, it must be preserved against the myriad threats of a world-wide imperialism united to destroy it."

A Belgian striking miner gloatingly told how the month before, when the army was called out to fire on the striking miners, the soldiers refused to obey. A German marine transport worker urged that the fight be carried on "in all key industries." Len Wincott described the strike in the British navy last year. And several Americans made speeches.

ANOTHER demonstration occurred when the chairman presented to the congress a "nameless" sailor of the Italian fleet from an Italian warship in the harbor of Amsterdam. The sailor assured the audience that even in Fascist Italy there are small groups in the army and navy for the purpose of resistance when the crucial moment comes. Fired by his enthusiasm, the audience rose and intoned the strains of the Red Internationale.

Twenty-four hours after I wrote these lines I read in the newspapers that an Italian sailor had been tried for treason and shot. I wonder if the sailor condemned to death for selling war secrets to the enemy was identical with the nameless "hero" of the congress.

An American committee indorsing the manifesto of the Amsterdam Congress contains the names of three distinguished American novelists.

The American Congress of Students Against War, springing from the loins of the Amsterdam Congress, adopted several resolutions against American "imperialism" and extended "fraternal greetings to those students who are struggling against imperialist war and against their government in unison with the workers and farmers." They pledged their support to the Soviet Union.

THE student body, they further declared, cannot be an independent force in the struggle against war, for it is not in a position to take decisive action against the machine of capitalist imperialism. "It must, therefore, join with the working class, the class which bears the brunt of all wars and on whom must devolve the task of creating a new society which will make war impossible.

"We are, however, faced with certain problems in the schools and colleges, which, as capitalist institutions, serve the interests of the war machine by offering military training and disseminating war propaganda. By opposing these war preparations on the campus we are helping to weaken the forces of imperialism."

Among the proposals for immediate action, the most important is: "We demand the abolition of all pledges calling for the unconditional support of the national government by any student, whether such a pledge bind the pledgee to support the policies of the government in war or in peace. This demand should be enforced by mass refusal to sign such pledges."

The recent votes in American universities and colleges, in which students pledged themselves not to fight their country's battles even in case of a hostile invasion are a direct result of these activities.

No sane man desires war. In our heart of hearts we are all pacifists. But no red-blooded citizen wishes to disarm his country while Moscow daily increases its military establishment and the secret emissaries of the Third International attempt to entangle the youth of America in a net of treason.

American high-school boys and our college students who are victimized by Communist propaganda fail to see the Red handwriting on the wall. It may seriously be said that the inroads of Communism in American colleges are the greatest menace to Democracy in the Western Hemisphere. I discussed the matter with the president of one of the most important colleges in the United States. He assured me that the Communist agitators strictly obey the injunctions of Moscow. Many teachers deliberately secure employment on apparently legitimate grounds; although their real purpose is to form "cells." Others are "converted" to the cause.

Through these teachers the Red rash spreads through the colleges. Some work quietly by innuendo, some through the medium of open discussion. These are the ablest. Others, insisted the president, whom I shall call Dr. X, become more violent. They carry on subversive agitations until they provoke the trustees to the point where they are dismissed for misusing academic freedom. Then they burst into the headlines and the college is lambasted as "reactionary."

"Frequently," the college president continued, "such teachers are the moving spirits of local secret societies or fraternities and of open discussion groups which, whatever they may be externally, are Red at the core.

"Under the cover of debating social issues these groups attract to the college ever more violent opponents of established order. They harp upon controversial points. In accordance with the established method of Bolshevism they inculcate a definite attitude of disrespect for all authority, no matter where vested—in teachers, parents, or in officers of the government.

"The central purpose of these clubs is not to mold any competent opinion but to stir people up and to habituate the rising generation to disrespect for those above them; to train them in the technique of insolence, impertinence, disrespect, and disobedience.

"Look." Dr. X pointed to bulletin boards in the halls of his own college covered with inflammatory notices and cartoons.

"Sometimes the discussion groups are started by the Communists. At other times Communists join and finally capture them."

"They do not," I asked, "call themselves Communists?"

"Oh, no. Usually they are known by some respectable-sounding name.

"Not content with discussing broad questions of social organization, the Reds incite trouble in the colleges themselves with complaints about lunchroom conditions, the conduct of the Athletic Association, the payment of employees, etc., without the slightest regard for the truth. These groups are schooled in the art of public protest. At times, they are reënforced by professional rioters.

"The art of picketing or parading, of holding outdoor meetings is carefully taught."

DR. X pointed to a pile of magazines on his desk.

"All these are student publications which print Socialist as well as Communist material, fed to them from propaganda centers. Here is an article in praise of the Five-Year Plan, another dealing with Labor Difficulties in America, others with the Next World War and with Weaknesses of the Capitalistic System. Periodicals of this type encourage polls on such questions."

"To what extent," I asked, "are these activities supported by the professors?"

"In a given university there is always a group of radicals on the faculty. Not all of these men are Communists. They vary in shade from scarlet to the palest of pinks, but they make common cause with the students by trying to intimidate college officers who wish to protect the educational system from organized insubordination."

NOT merely are college authorities thus handicapped, but Uncle Sam himself is helpless to protect himself against the machinations of the Red spider. In 1924 a group of Socialists, Communists, and Liberals protested to the Department of Justice that the federal government had no right under our Constitution to use federal money or power to interfere in any way with subversive forces within the states. An examination of the matter proved, according to Ralph M. Easley, chairman of the executive council of the National Civic Federation, that the Red groups were right. The Bureau of Investigation of the department had to discharge its undercover men who were watching the radicals.

"From that day to this," Mr. Easley exclaims, "the department's machinery has been padlocked, so to speak, and the government is ignorant of what goes on in these underground movements." Other departments, it seems, are equally restricted. The Secret Service Bureau of the State Department confines its activities to passports, etc. Domestic matters do not fall within its scope. The Secret Service of the Treasury Department deals with counterfeiting, internal revenue, narcotics, etc. The War and Navy Departments have no machinery in peacetime nor a dollar to spend for investigations. The only department which can take action in the case of foreign-born Communists is the Department of Labor. Deportation is its only weapon.

"I supposed," remarked the Hon. Bertrand H. Snell, chairman of the Committee on Rules at the time the Fish Committee made its investigation, "that the Department of Justice, through its secret service, was following these various Communists in America. I supposed that it knew who they were, what they were doing, and whether it was anything that was detrimental to American institutions; but I found on investigation that it has no authority for doing this."

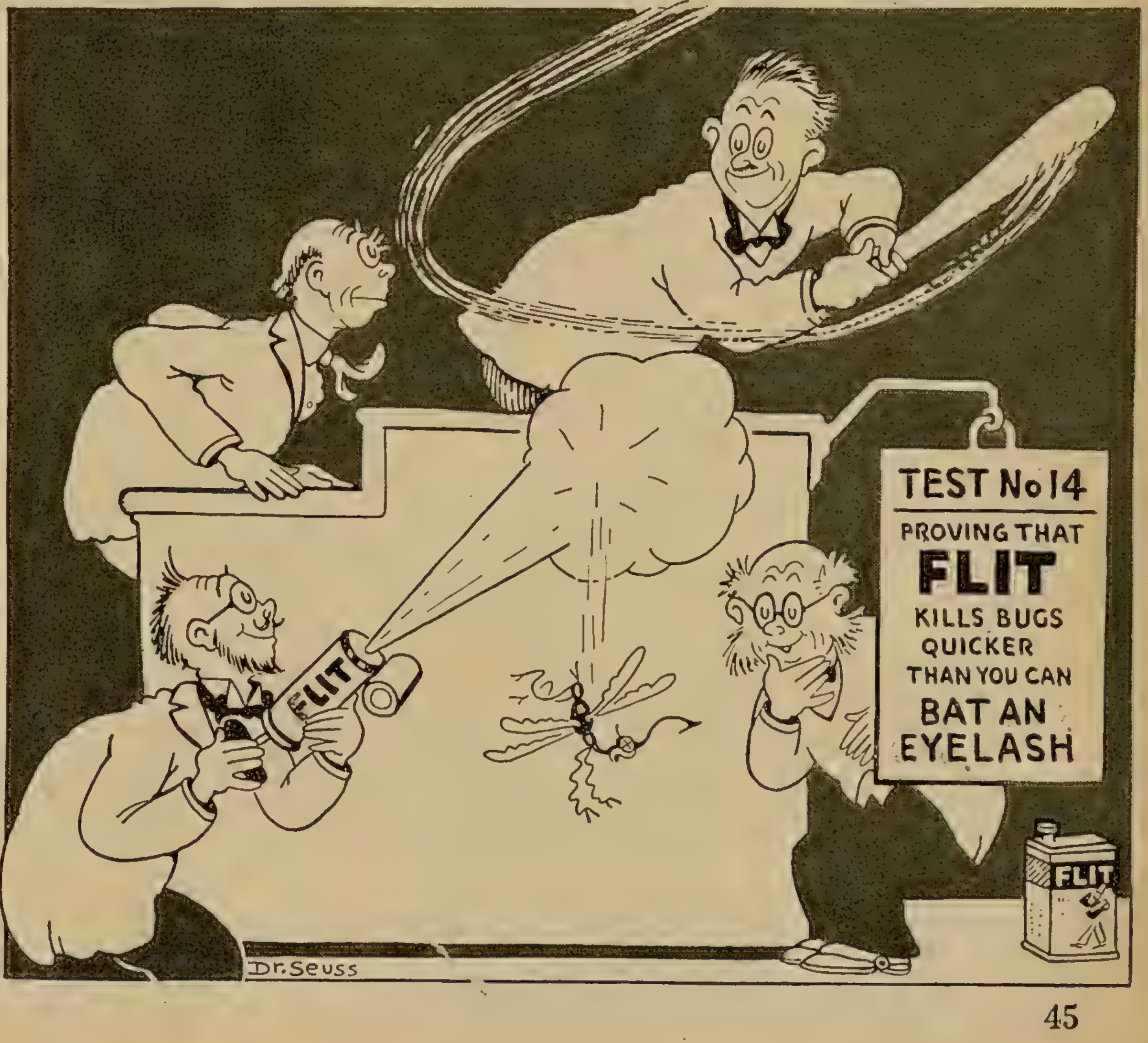
The Hon. Charles L. Underhill confirms this statement: "Information came to my attention some time ago, about the time of the March disturbances, that these were engineered directly from Russia. I made inquiry at the Department of Justice, the War Department, and the State Department and learned, much to my amazement, that not one of these departments had engaged in this particular work of investigation or had had any appropriation of funds for such investigation since 1923—consequently none had any information as to this question to release to me or to the general public."

What shall America do?

Edward E. Eslick suggests that the Communist Party be outlawed and that no Communist Party be permitted to place its name on the ballot. He would deny the use of the mails to all Communist publications and give ample funds to the Department of Justice to follow the Red trail.

THE END

Advertisement



When the State Plays PAPA

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

Picture by PADEREWSKI

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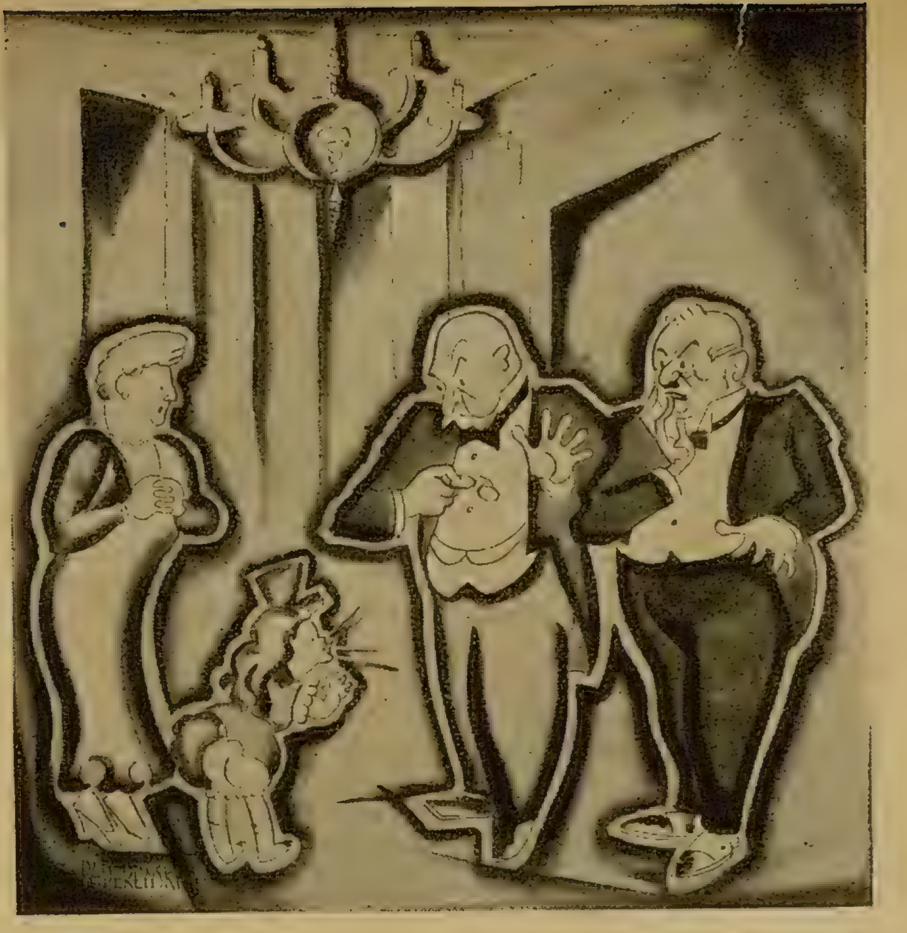

"We do not seem to be able to break Marian of the habit of sticking out her tongue at the officials."

I WILL string along with the radicals on most of their plans for betterment. But there is one item on their schedule which I cannot go for at all. I refer to the raising of children by the state. I don't think that the state quite realizes what it is letting itself in for.

Of course a great many mothers and fathers are unfit to raise children beyond the spitting-up stage, and probably most of the crime and maladjustments of today are due to parents having bought ten-year-old suits for fourteen-year-old boys. But even with the state functioning perfectly I can see nothing but confusion in its attempting to bring up children. I can see nothing but confusion in bringing up children anyway.

Let us suppose, just to drive ourselves crazy, that all children are taken from their parents at the age of two, which is about the age when modern educators begin making children express themselves, whether the children want to express themselves or not. ("Now, Henry Martin Manning, Junior—you go right upstairs and express yourself before you can sit down at the table!") The two-year-olds, on being packed off, bag and baggage, to the State Department of Nurseries and Child Culture, are registered and filed under "Worries." For, with the taking over of the children, the state will have to give up worrying about budgets, deficits, or even counter-revolutions. The kiddies will take up practically all of its time.

In the matter of bathing, for instance. The chairman of the State Bath-Giving Commission will have to be a pretty husky guy who doesn't mind getting a little wet himself. He will not be able to keep his assistants very long unless this is to be a real dictatorship. Giving a three-year-old child a bath is a job that most governments would not want to take on. A peep into the first annual report of the State Bath-Giving Commission will disclose a paragraph like the following:

> Owing to our limited facilities and the difficulty of obtaining competent labor, the department has made a rather poor showing on the year. Baths were attempted on 14,395 children. Baths completed: 75. Injuries to state officials incurred by slipping and striking chin on edge of tub: 8,390. State officials drenched: 14,395. State officials drowned: 11.
>
> If this work is to be continued next year, completely new equipment will have to be bought, including elbow guards and knee pads for the employees, together with a larger and more efficient model face cloth. If the department's appropriation cannot be increased, it is the opinion of the chairman that the project should be abandoned. (As a matter of fact, the chairman is resigning anyway.)

Of course the whole thing will have to be divided up into subcommittees, and there will be work enough for one whole subcommittee in picking up toys and spoons thrown on the floor by children sitting in high chairs. Here is another committee I do not want to be on. *Somebody* has got to pick them up, presumably the state. We shall probably get a condition where the official who is supposed to pick up thrown rattles will pass the buck to an underling, who will pass it on to somebody else, with the result that the rattle lies on the floor by the high chair and the child flies into a rage. This is not going to look very pretty for state control, especially if a lot of children fly into rages at once.

This attempt to raise children as a party pledge is going to make the party in power very vulnerable at each election. The anti-Communist candidate, speaking before a group of enraged parents on the street corner, can say:

"And, furthermore, voters of the Eighth Ward, what sort of children are our friends turning out? I will tell you. I had occasion the other day to invite one of the state's children into my house to supper, and I may say that I have never seen a ruder little brat in my whole life. I don't know what his guardians are thinking of to let him run wild the way he does. His knuckles were dirty, he didn't answer when spoken to, and, as I said to my wife, if he were a child of mine I would have taken him over my knee and given him a good hiding. If those women at the state nursery would play a little less bridge and pay more attention to their children—our children—we wouldn't have so many disrespectful little hoodlums growing up into unmanageable pests. This condition of things cannot go on a day longer!"

Perhaps it would be just as well to *let* the first Communist government take the kiddies over and then sit back and wait. Pretty soon the parents would find themselves being called to the telephone and asked: "What did you use to do to make Albert eat his peas?" Or, "We do not seem to be able to break Marian of the habit of sticking out her tongue at the officials and saying 'Nya-a-aya!' Did you ever have that trouble with her?"

As it is, state officials are none too efficient. They don't do very well by the roads, and they made quite a botch of prohibition enforcement. There would be slight chance for graft in the raising of children; in fact, it would cost them a tidy sum in pennies for slot machines and odd dimes to fill up dime banks.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

BE "Mouth-Happy"

THE OFFICE? Who cares! Shopping to do? Who cares! Just lazing around on a stolen afternoon . . . and smoking Spuds. Spud's gentle menthol-coolness does to fragrant tobacco what a bit of a breeze does to the midsummer sun.

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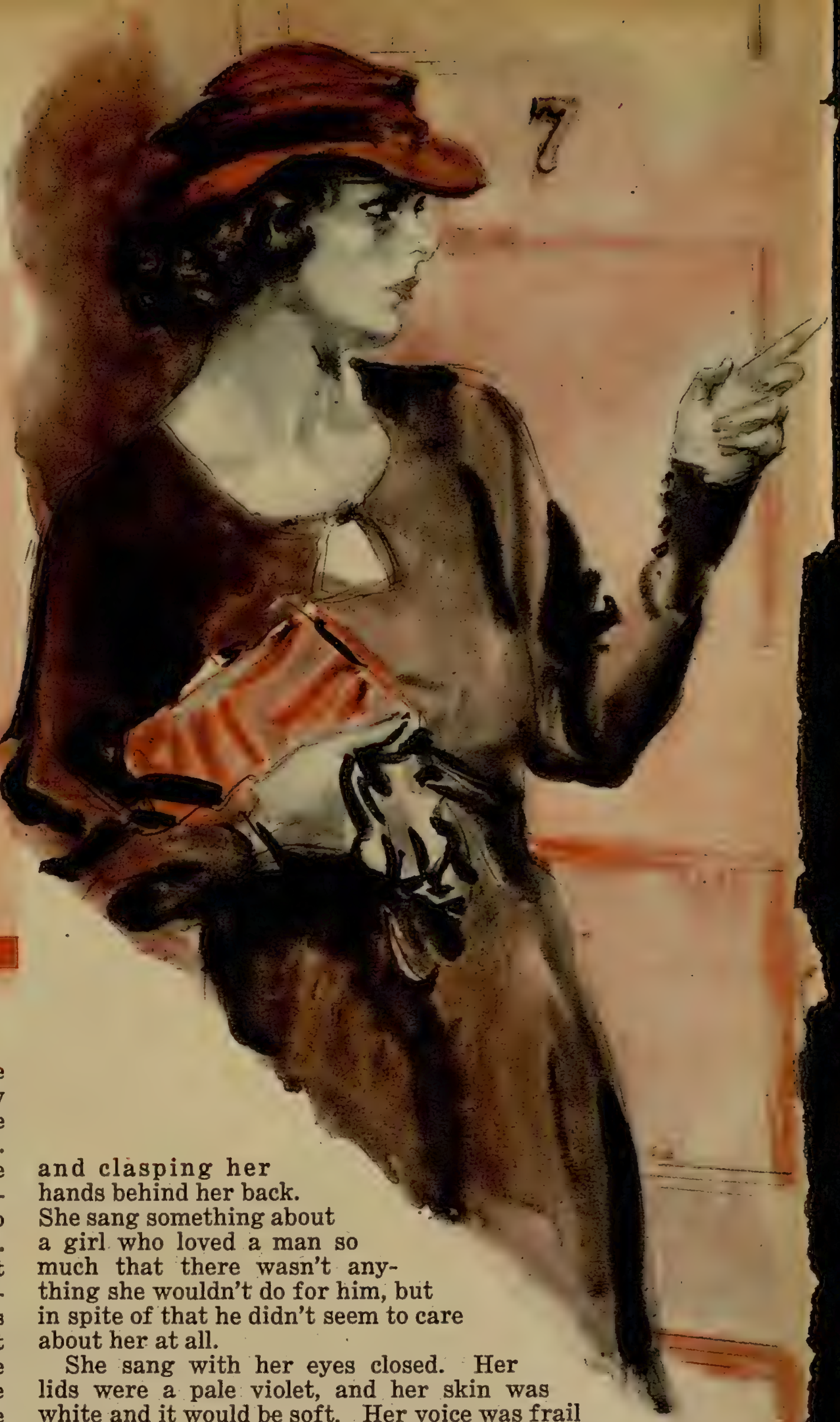
New Faces, New Adventures in the Vivid Story of Another "Bad Girl"

Pretty SADIE McKEE



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THIS is the story of Sadie McKee and her battle for love and happiness. Sadie's widowed mother does "day work" in the homes of Richley's best families. Sadie falls in love with Tommy Wallace, who works in a gas station. Tommy loses his job and no one else will employ him. He decides to go to New York and Sadie accompanies him, promising her mother that they will be married. Instead they go to a cheap lodging house, telling the landlady they are Mr. and Mrs. Wallace. Tommy gets a job at a gas station, but Sadie fails to find work. She makes friends with Opal Belclaire, a chorus girl, who lives in the next room. Opal tells her about Dolly Merrick, a blues singer, who has the best room in the house and chases every man she sees. Sadie returns one night with Tommy and they pass Dolly in the hallway. In their room Tommy starts to play the ukulele and a few minutes later there is a knock at the door. It is Dolly Merrick.

PART THREE—IN THE CHORUS

I JUST can't resist music," said Dolly. "I had to know who was playing."

Tommy smiled. "Gee, I didn't know you could hear me all over the house."

"It's grand. I love it. Go on. Play some more." She stepped into the room, closing the door behind her. "I hope I'm not intruding."

"Not at all," Tommy said.

She stayed an hour, sitting on the bed beside Tommy. Giving the devil her just due, Sadie admitted to herself that there wasn't another place that Dolly could have sat. Still, why had she come at all? And surely Tommy didn't sing and play as well as she said he did. Sadie had forgotten nothing that Opal had said of Dolly. Perhaps it had just been catty gossip prompted by jealousy, but Tommy had played the ukulele before and Dolly had never come calling till she had seen his broad shoulders and blond good looks.

"Listen. Here's a song I'm crazy about. I'm going to use it next week."

She stood up to sing, leaning lightly against the wall and clasping her hands behind her back. She sang something about a girl who loved a man so much that there wasn't anything she wouldn't do for him, but in spite of that he didn't seem to care about her at all.

She sang with her eyes closed. Her lids were a pale violet, and her skin was white and it would be soft. Her voice was frail and lovely. Sadie had thought that blues singers had coarse heavy voices. Dolly's voice had a sweet eerie wail on her high notes. You felt sorry for her, or rather for the girl in the song.

"Gee, that's beautiful!" Tommy said when she finished.

"I like it."

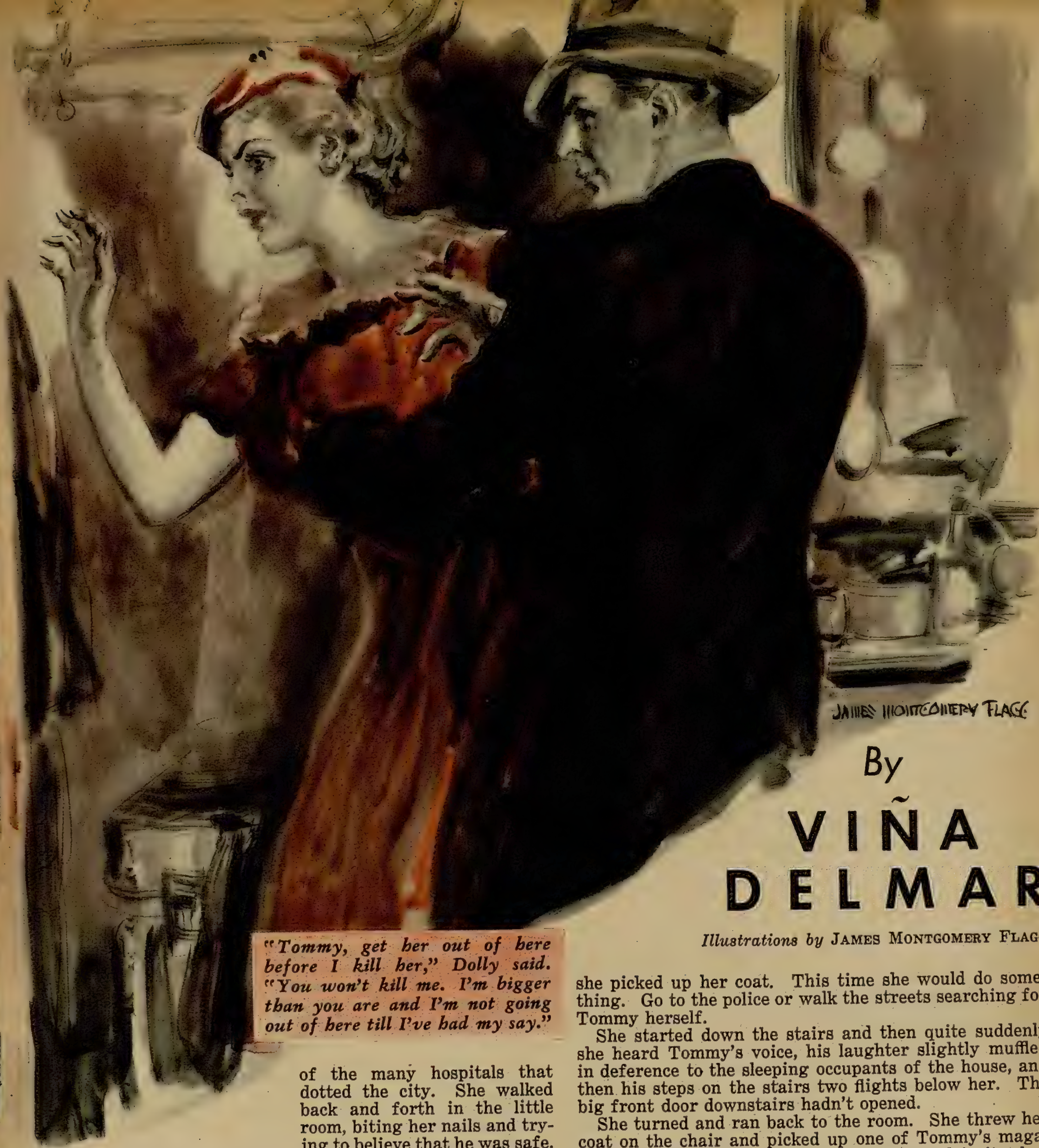
"I mean your voice."

"Oh. I've had laryngitis. The voice isn't right yet."

After Dolly had gone Sadie went on with the letter to her mother and Tommy continued to sit on the bed with the ukulele in his hands. But he wasn't playing now. He was looking straight ahead of him and just going "plunk-plunk" on the ukulele every once in a while.

And one night Tommy said he was going to the movies and he kissed Sadie good-by and went out. Usually he was back from the movies by half past ten, but not that night. It was midnight before Sadie began to worry. Up to then she had been able to convince herself that it had been an extra long show, or that Tommy had stayed to see the feature twice, or that he had taken a walk. At midnight it was no longer possible to lull her fears. She was sick with terror.

She pictured him injured and dying, lying alone in one



"Tommy, get her out of here before I kill her," Dolly said. "You won't kill me. I'm bigger than you are and I'm not going out of here till I've had my say."

By

VIÑA DELMAR

Illustrations by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

of the many hospitals that dotted the city. She walked back and forth in the little room, biting her nails and trying to believe that he was safe. If only she could think of a reason why he didn't come.

At one o'clock she threw her coat over her shoulders and was almost out of the house before she realized that she wouldn't know where to start looking for Tommy. She went slowly back upstairs and sat down. She jumped up in a minute to open the door. If it was open she would hear the big downstairs door the moment he came in—if he was ever going to come. She would listen for that door. But perhaps she wouldn't hear it sitting there on the bed.

She went into the dark hall and leaned on the banister rail, looking down into the black stair well. The house was very quiet. Sadie was glad that this was so. She wanted no one to sympathize with her and offer silly comforting reasons for Tommy's lateness.

How long had she stood in the darkness waiting for the door to open? She went back to the room and looked at the clock. It was twenty-five minutes of two. Again she picked up her coat. This time she would do something. Go to the police or walk the streets searching for Tommy herself.

She started down the stairs and then quite suddenly she heard Tommy's voice, his laughter slightly muffled in deference to the sleeping occupants of the house, and then his steps on the stairs two flights below her. The big front door downstairs hadn't opened.

She turned and ran back to the room. She threw her coat on the chair and picked up one of Tommy's magazines. She appeared to be deeply engrossed in it when he entered the room.

"Hello, honey," he said.

"Hello, Tommy."

"I guess I'm a little late."

"ARE you?" She glanced at the clock. "Gee, it *is* late," she said. "We'd better turn in."

"I didn't go to the movies."

"No?"

"After I started out tonight I remembered that Dolly Merrick was playing at some theater around here and I thought I'd like to hear her sing, so I went up there."

"Did you?"

"After the show I ran into her and we came home together. She asked me to stop in her room for a drink. You don't mind, do you?"

"No."

And maybe she wouldn't have minded a great deal if Tommy hadn't changed so much after that night. All at once he was no longer contented with his job. It was difficult to get him out of bed and start him dressing. He was late morning after morning, and when Sadie warned him that he'd be discharged, he said, "What the hell! I don't intend to fill gas tanks all my life."

New words crept into his vocabulary. He spoke of his personality and said that he knew how to "put a song over."

He saw Dolly Merrick often, but never after that first night did he ask Sadie if she minded. He made Sadie stop washing and ironing his shirts. He wanted them to go to a regular laundry, and he wouldn't eat in the lunch room any more.

"We can't both eat in regular restaurants," Sadie said. "We can't afford it. I'll go to the lunch room just the same." So he would hand Sadie fifty cents and let her go to the lunch room just the same.

Opal Belclaire saw the things that were happening in the little room. She said to Sadie, "I wouldn't take that from anybody. Why don't you up and leave him? You'll get along somehow. Haven't you got any pride?"

"No," Sadie said. It was easy to listen to Tommy's remarks about people who said they'd get jobs and then didn't. Easy to hear him say that he hadn't wanted her to come to New York in the first place and to have him hint that he wished she'd go home. Much easier than to go away from him and leave him alone in a big, terrible world that he hadn't sense enough to fear. She was a drag on him. She had figured it out. It cost him five dollars and sixty cents a week to support her. But she would get that job in time and pay him back. How could she live away from him, wondering what he was doing? He was so gay and careless and he would do something silly with his life if she wasn't there to watch. She had to take care of him. That's what she'd come to New York to do. She had to laugh when he said nasty things and pretend that he was fooling. She had to be near him at any cost to watch him and to be on hand to pick up the pieces when he fell.

Quite unexpectedly one day Sadie got a job. It was in a small obscure dry-goods store on upper Eighth Avenue. She hadn't expected the job because there were so many girls asking for it, but a little thin old lady who looked the applicants over selected Sadie at once.

"You were the only one of the lot who looked as though you could stand on your feet," she said to Sadie. "Girls nowadays all look as though they needed cod-liver oil and a good night's rest. Not that you're not just as slim as they are, but you look healthy and they don't."

The job paid fourteen dollars a week. Sadie was delighted. She looked over the little store with its shelves of yard goods, its tables of sweaters and blouses, and yearned to do something to show her gratitude. She'd be the finest saleslady in the world. She'd work so hard that the little store would be glad to have her. She'd smile pleasantly at every customer and be helpful and courteous at all times. Fourteen dollars a week!

SHE ran up the dingy stairs that night to tell Tommy the good news.

"I have a job."

"Have you? Gee, that's swell, isn't it?" A little thoughtful frown appeared between his eyes. "A job, huh? What doing?"

"Selling in a little store uptown. It pays fourteen dollars."

He laughed. "Big money, eh?"

"It's not bad money."

"Isn't it? Well, it's nice to be satisfied."

She wished that he could be satisfied. They both had jobs now and their worries should be over. They should be happy, but he couldn't be because he had looked into a brighter world and had been blinded.

"Tommy, could we move from here?"

"What the hell for?"

"I don't know. I just thought."

"You're going to try to boss now that you've got a lousy fourteen bucks a week coming in, huh?"

"Oh, Tommy!"

"Well, then, don't suddenly make up your mind what we're going to do."

She did not answer him. She was not a meek person nor was she afraid of anybody on earth, but she knew the value of silence. Every word she spoke gave him a new excuse to find fault and to widen the already dangerous gap which yawned between them. She must hang on to her silence and her sense till he had had enough of Dolly Merrick. She must treat him as though he were ill and his hard words spoken in delirium. She must be calm and patient and understanding, and she must keep her spirits high and her courage firm while she waited for him to recover. One thoughtless word and he was lost. She had not followed him to this lonely town of tall buildings and hard streets just to lose him. The week that she drew her first wages she paid for the room, sent three dollars to her mother, and insisted upon treating Tommy to a dinner in his regular restaurant. He was wearing a new suit. It fitted him beautifully and it was nice material. She didn't say anything. She didn't want him to tell her that he had bought it.

"Now that you have a job," he said, and her heart beat hopefully—"now that you have a job I guess you like the town better."

PERHAPS she didn't admit it to herself, but never once after that moment did she ever really believe that Tommy would marry her.

Opal Belclaire met Sadie in the hall as Sadie returned from work one evening. She said, "Merrick went to Boston today."

"What for?" Sadie asked.

"To work, of course."

"Oh. Will she be there long?"

"One week, then she goes somewhere else, see? That's the way vaudeville is. A week in each town. She's got twelve weeks' booking on the road."

"Oh."

"I thought I'd tell you it's Boston she's gone to."

"Oh," Sadie said again. She was puzzled. She didn't understand why Opal thought it important to tell her where Dolly was, nor did she understand the expression in Opal's eyes or her sudden handclasp. "Thanks for telling me."

"O. K., baby. Now just don't make a damn' fool of yourself."

Sadie walked on to her room, turning Opal's words over in her head. They didn't make sense. Or did they? Just three steps from her room a sudden foreboding shook her and she ran swiftly toward her door, throwing it open.

Tommy was not in the room. She glanced at the clothes tree. None of the things hanging there belonged to him. She glanced at the bureau. Her comb and powder box were alone. The ukulele was gone. She dragged open the bureau drawers. All his things were gone. She looked under the bed. His suitcase was gone. Tommy was gone.

She was aware that Opal Belclaire had entered the room and had closed the door behind her.

"Don't cry, kid," she said.

"Am I crying?"

"No, but I don't want you to. Or maybe it would help. Go ahead, cry if you feel like it."

"Where do actors live in Boston? Is there some certain place where they go?"

"Now, now, kid. You can't follow them to Boston."

"Would her agent know where she'd live?"

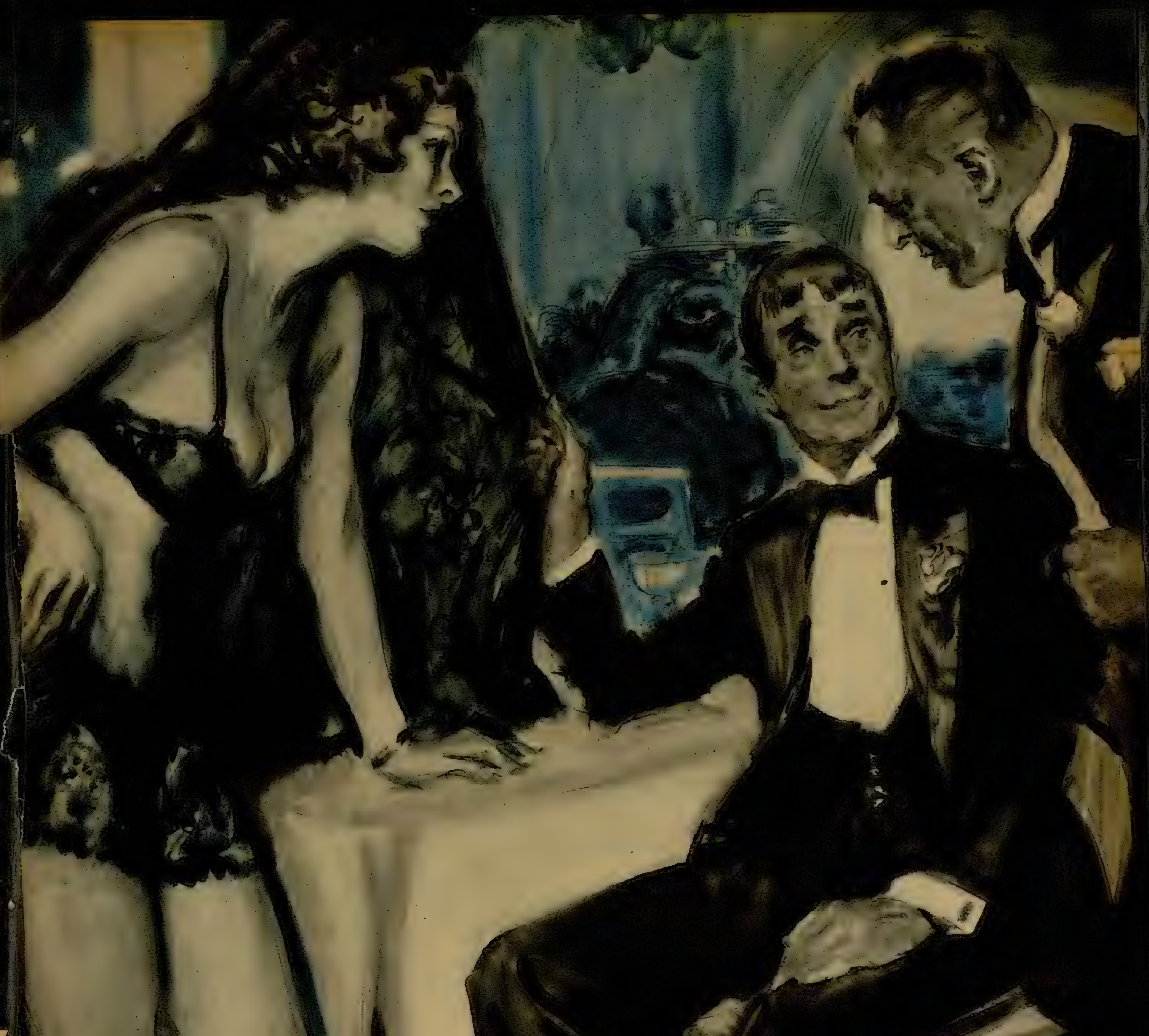
"Sit down, kid. Let me talk to you." Opal's arm was around Sadie and she was leading her gently to the bed. Sadie sat down. She felt dazed and certain of only one thing: she must get to Boston.

"Now listen to me, Sadie. I don't know why he prefers Merrick, but he does, and if you've lost a fellow's interest you've just lost it. You can't make a holy show of yourself and go howling to him to come back."

"Will you take me to the Boston train? I'd never find it. I got fourteen dollars. Is that enough to get there on?"

"Listen, Sadie. Will you listen? You must have a little pride. Do you want them to laugh at you?"

"I don't care if they laugh."



"Hey, why don't you give the kid a break? Let go of her. Do you hear me? Let go of her."

“Oh, Sadie. You’ve got to have a little self-respect.”

“Self-respect?” Sadie looked at her. “I’ve got self-respect and plenty of it. I’ve got too damn’ much to be afraid of being laughed at by a giddy little tart.”

In the end Opal took Sadie to the station and put her on the right train.

Sadie sat up all night in the day coach. She did not feel the need of a bed. She wasn’t sleepy. A man sat down beside her and said, “Hello, beautiful.”

“Do you think I’m beautiful?” she asked.

“I certainly do.”

She laughed so loud that all the nodding passengers around her awakened and glared.

“What’s the joke?” the man asked her.

“Oh, it’s a long story.”

He went away from her. He did not want to hear a long story and her laughter had not been of the coquettish variety.

He was an imaginative man and thought to himself, “Her beauty has gotten her into hot water and she is sick of hearing about it.”

Boston was a big city too. Buildings, streets, hurrying people. It wasn’t New York, but even here you couldn’t stop the crowds and ask them, “Have you seen Tommy?”

She couldn’t find the hotels which Opal had told her to try. There was one place he was sure to be. The theater. Opal had told her which theater Dolly would be at, so Sadie went there.

She went to the box-office to inquire for Dolly, and they sent her to the stage door. The door man said that Miss Merrick had been there and gone.

“Will she be back?” Sadie asked.

“Certainly. She’ll be back for the matinée.” He looked at Sadie and added, “You see, the performers come in and rehearse their music with the orchestra and then go away till matinée time.”

“Oh.”

The door man consulted a schedule which hung on the wall beside him. “She goes on at three twenty. Like as not she’ll be here around two o’clock on an opening day.”

“Oh. Was there a gentleman with her?”

“I couldn’t say as I noticed, miss.”

“Thank you.” . . .

“Oh, hello, Sadie. What are you doing here?”

“I wanted to talk to you, Tommy.”

“Well, go ahead, talk. Go on in, Dolly.”

“No, bring her to my dressing room. There’s no sense in having a scene out here in the theater alley.”

“There’ll be no scene, but maybe you’re right. Come on, Sadie, this way. Now, just exactly what did you want to talk to me about?”

“She wanted to ask you to go back to her.”

“That’s right, I did.”

“No chance, Sadie. We’re all washed up. I don’t care about you any more.”

“You care about Dolly?”

“Yes.”

“DO you know you’re a passing fancy with her? That she’s had more men than she can count?”

“Here, who the hell do you think you’re talking about? Don’t you believe her, Tommy.”

“I don’t. Take that back, Sadie.”

“It’s true, Tommy. She likes you because you’re young and good-looking, and soon there’ll be another young good-looking man and you’ll be finished. Don’t you remember the soda-fountain fellow who had her name in his book?”

“Tommy, get her out of here before I kill her.”

“You won’t kill me. I’m bigger than you are and I’m not going out of here till I’ve had my say.”

“Be quick about it, Sadie. After all, this is Miss Merrick’s room. I know all about that soda jerker and how he happened to have Dolly’s name.”

“Tommy, she don’t care for you. She’ll wreck your life. You’ll be sorry you ever met her. Why don’t you come away while it’s been fun to know her? Why wait around till she makes you miserable?”

“I should think you’d be ashamed to come whining and sniveling around here just because Tommy got tired of you.”

“I’ll never be ashamed when I’m right. I’m too fond of Tommy to see you walk away with him and make no effort to get him back.”

“Hell, I’m not a nitwit, Sadie. I made my own selection of which woman I wanted. Let me alone, can’t you?”

“No, I left home to be with you, to take care of you, and keep you from messing up your life. I failed, but I’ve tried.”

“My life’s all right. Don’t worry about me.”

“Tommy, you used to be crazy about me. We had a lot of good times together. We could have them again.”

“Why don’t you play Hearts and Flowers to him? Jees, some women have no pride.”

“What is pride anyhow but the thing women claim they have when they haven’t got the guts to go after the man they want? I’ve got pride enough to do the thing I believe is right. I don’t mind you laughing at me because you’re only a dizzy little two-for-a-dollar dame that’s gotta have every man she sees. I only want one man, and I never wanted any other—”

“Sadie, shut up, will you? You’re making too much noise.”

“Yes, I suppose so.”

“Well, I hope your trip did you a lot of good, Miss McKee.”

“IT did. I couldn’t have lived with myself if I hadn’t tried. Tommy, will you come back with me?”

“No, Sadie, I won’t.”

“She’s going to let you down, boy.”

“I don’t think so, Sadie.”

“If you ever need a friend, Tommy, call on me.”

“Thanks, Sadie. Sadie, have you got your fare home?”

“Sure.”

She hadn’t, but she got a job at a lunch counter and stayed in Boston till she had saved twenty-five dollars. Then she went back to New York. There was no reason for leaving Boston or for staying there. The reason had been taken out of life. She only knew that her mother no longer lived in the little house by the railroad tracks, so there was no home to which to return. One had to live somewhere, and Opal would be glad to see her. It would be nice to have somebody glad to see her. So she went back to the dingy room in New York and got it for six dollars a week, single.

She wrote to her mother:

> We’re back again in New York. Tommy didn’t like Boston much. We’ve both got our jobs back here and everything is going fine. . . .

Only Sadie didn’t get her job back. The little thin old lady said, “We’ve no vacancy now, child. We couldn’t wait for you. You didn’t phone or anything.”

“I know,” Sadie said.

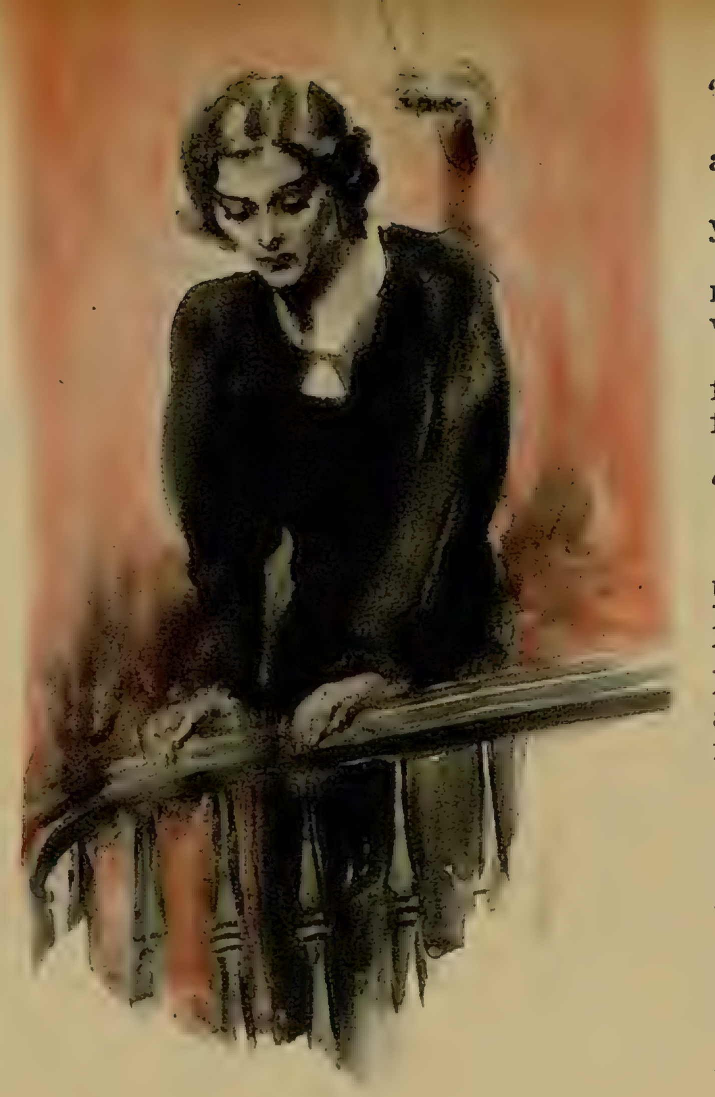
“I’m sorry. I do hope you get something else to do real soon.”

Sadie smiled. “I will,” she said, and quite unaccountably she added, “Don’t worry.”

Then she turned and walked past the shelves of yard goods and the tables of sweaters and blouses and out of the little store in which she had meant to be the finest saleslady in the world.

Opal moved into Sadie’s room. The landlady raised the rent again to seven dollars, but it cost Sadie only three fifty a week now instead of six. She needed to reduce her living expenses. Work was as hard for her to get as it had been during those first long cold weeks in New York. She was spending only thirty cents a day on food. She saw that if things went on like this the time must soon come when there would not be even thirty cents to spend and when Opal would have to find a new roommate. Still, she was not worried or frightened as she had been in other days. There had been Tommy then. There was no Tommy now, so how could anything matter?

She had found a new magazine. One that she had never seen before. Opal brought it to the room. It was called Variety and it told all about the doings of stage and movie people. Opal showed her a long list of names and said that Dolly Merrick was now in Toronto, Canada.



"He's working in the act, you know."

"Working in the act?"

"Yeh. She sings a song and then he stands up in a box and sings it too. He plays his own accompaniment on the ukulele." Opal gazed at the space on the bureau where the ukulele had always lain. "I met a fellow who played with them in Lynn. He says Tommy's good."

"Yeh. He's got a feeling for music."

"Gee, I used to think when I was a kid that there was something kind of holy about music.

"I thought if you loved it you just naturally had a noble heart. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yeh."

"I got over that, though. My husband was a violinist."

"Yes, I know."

Opal was rehearsing now. She was going to be in a revue in a small uptown café. Her figure was still good and they can't be fussy about crow's-feet around the eyes when they're paying small money.

"They're going to take on another two or three girls, Sadie. Why don't you come up and try for a job? It's lousy dough, but hell, it's better than nothing."

"What could I do?"

"Work in the chorus."

"I can't sing or dance."

"Neither can the other girls."

"You don't know how badly I sing and dance."

"You don't know how pretty you are. Say, don't you have a lot of trouble with fresh mugs on the street?"

"No, I just keep walking."

"You could get a lot of free meals, I bet."

"What's your idea of free?"

"That's true. You do have to talk to the mugs while you're eating. Say, no kidding, Sadie, I bet you'd get a job up at Roquette's."

"I can't sing or dance, Opal."

"That don't matter there. They'd just look at you and you'd get the job. Come on up just to please me, won't you?"

SO Sadie went up just to please Opal, and they just looked at her and she got the job.

"See, I told you, Sadie."

"Well, thanks. I'd never have believed it."

They handed out slips of paper with the lyric of the opening chorus printed thereon:

> We are the girls from Roquette's.
> Some say we're awful coquettes.
> Both night and day
> We're always gay.
> Our brains are not extensive,
> But our tastes are so expensive
> That we'll never even talk to you
> Unless you have a million or two,
> For we're the girls from Roquettes!

Sadie read the lyric and burst out laughing. It was the first good laugh she'd had in months. She wasn't laughing at the quality of the lyric. She wouldn't have known how to judge a lyric. She laughed because she thought of herself and Opal as two of these coquettish and haughty Roquette girls who had expensive tastes. The third and fourth lines were funny too. Tommy. How was he doing? And Opal's kid had infected tonsils. Sadie nudged Opal.

"Look. 'Both night and day we're always gay.' That's us, Opie."

A man in shirt sleeves was scowling down at her. "What the hell's so funny, Sadie?"

"The words of the song," she answered.

"Oh, yeh? Well, just see that you learn them."

Sadie learned them, but she never sang them with any conviction.

There were more laughs in store for her. The revue costumes. A few inches of feathers and tulle.

"You look lovely," Opal said. "What are you laughing at?"

"I look funny."

"No, you don't. Wait a minute. Maybe you do, at that, kid. It's your face. You really ought to be just pretty to wear things like that. You ought to be pretty and blank like an Easter egg to flounce around in chorus clothes."

"I'm too tall for them."

"No, you're not, and your figure is luscious. It's your face, kid. It's got too much character in it to wear clothes like that. It looks as though it was thinking what a damn' fool your body is making of itself."

Sadie laughed. "It ought to be thinking something."

"Your face is intelligent and for no reason at all kind of dignified-looking. That's why those things look goofy on you. They got you dressed like a pony."

"When I'm really a big horse, huh?"

"You should worry. You won't always have to wear them."

"No. I'll probably take them off the minute Roquette gets a look at me."

"He'll probably raise your salary. You look beautiful, Sadie. Only a person with sense enough would see that those clothes are too silly for a girl like you."

"WELL, maybe," Sadie said. She looked in the mirror again to see if she could get a glimpse of this dignity and intelligence which Opal had mentioned. But she just looked funny to herself and she laughed again. . . .

Sadie had been working at Roquette's three months now and she had earned almost four hundred dollars. Out of that she had sent two hundred to her mother. "Just a little something from Tommy and me." Opal was gone. The aunt who had tended her kid had died of flu and Opal had rushed West to rearrange the youngster's life as best she could.

"I might never come back, Sadie. If the same cross-eyed, bow-legged, round-shouldered, hook-nosed, pot-bellied bloke who always wanted me to marry him is still serious and single I'm going to nab him. Both the kid and me is getting too old to be knocked from pillar to post. We need peace and quiet."

"Good luck, Opie."

"Same to you, Sadie. Don't you cry, kid. We never had much fun together."

"Who's crying?"

"You are."

"The hell I am. I got a piece of mascara in my eye."

"Me too. So long, McKee. See you in the funny papers."

So she had gone, and Sadie was paying six dollars single again. She knew other girls now, but none of them could take Opal's place as a companion because they were bums. All the other girls in the revue were bums except one who did the specialty dance, and she was only fifteen years old. Sadie didn't dislike the girls because they had found what they thought were simple ways of getting new dresses and pretty trinkets. She avoided them because her ideas were so different from theirs that there was no common ground for her to meet them on.

The girls disliked Sadie. She was uppish and sulky. One or two of them had offered to go partners with her on a small apartment and had been turned down. They hardly spoke to her. It surprised her to hear from the youthful specialty dancer what the girls thought of her. Some said that she was Roquette's sweetheart and that he forbade her mixing with the rest of the chorus. Others said that she was just so damn' swell-headed about her good looks that she couldn't bring herself to talk to anybody.

After the little dancer had carried this last tale to Sadie, Sadie began to think more about her looks. Her mother and Tommy and Opal had always spoken a great deal about them, but those three people had been fond of her. Here and there a stranger had remarked on her beauty, but she had scarcely listened, believing their comments to be mere pleasantries. But here were professional stage girls speaking of her beauty and girls who didn't like her, at that. Was she exceptionally beautiful? She peered into her little mirror, but all she could see was the same old Sadie McKee. What difference did it make one way or the other anyhow? She hadn't been able to hold Tommy, and nothing else really mattered.

She wondered from whence came the notion that she was Roquette's girl. He scolded her more than the others and was forever complaining about her voice. Perhaps they thought he only did that to allay suspicion. True, she had the show spot in each number, but that was because she was the youngest girl in the chorus and could stand scrutiny. It was she who had been picked to wear the lace mantilla in the Spanish number and who had to run around flinging red roses at the customers. She always hated to do that. She felt so silly, and men grabbed her hand and spoke to her and the chorus screamed:

"Pretty Carmencita,
No one can beat her
She's the flower of Seville
Oh, steal your heart, she will."

She scattered the roses swiftly, her one idea being to get back to the chorus line and comparative obscurity as swiftly as possible. She could not return while a single rose was left in her basket, so sometimes she threw three or four at a time, but that was only when Roquette was not looking. Sometimes she was delayed by having a drunk catch hold of the mantilla and refusing to let go. The first time it happened she said sharply, "Let go of that, you damn' fool." He had let go and apparently borne no ill will, but somehow or other the story had gotten to Roquette and he had been sore.

"You speak pleasantly to the customers, no matter what they do, see?"

"But he was tearing the mantilla."

"You let me worry about that. I bought it. If anybody grabs hold of it again, you smile and ask them nicely to let go, see?"

And so when Sadie felt someone tugging at the mantilla she turned and pleaded prettily for release, but she could never quite bring herself to smile.

IT was on a Friday the thirteenth that the mantilla did get torn. Somebody grabbed it and yanked. Sadie turned swiftly and confronted a little thin man, no doubt on his annual spree. She had learned to recognize the type.

"Hello," he said. "You didn't know it was me, did you?"

"No. Here is a rose. See, I will pin it on for you. Let go of the mantilla like a nice boy."

"No, I like it." The little man rubbed the lace lovingly against his cheek.

"Oh, you're gonna get cute, are you?" Sadie pulled on the mantilla and tore it.

"See what you did?" The little man shook a reproving finger at her.

A party was arriving at the next table. Andrew was pretending as usual that he was a swell downtown head waiter and was bowing and bowing and bowing. There were no women being seated.

Two men. A big red-faced man and a tall slim younger man. The red-faced man looked at the chorus, threw a glance at Sadie, and said to his companion, "Nuts, we're in the wrong place. I wanted to see colored entertainment."

"You said you wanted to come here."

"Well, I thought it was the Cotton Club and it ain't. Or is it?"

Andrew assured him that it was not.

"Come on, Gil. I got to see the Cotton Club."

"Sh. We'll have one drink here and then shove off. Just keep quiet."

"What the hell for? Is somebody asleep?" The red-faced man looked around to see whom he was annoying and his eye lit on Sadie. She was still trying to escape the little man. "Hey, why don't you give the kid a break? Let go of her. Do you hear me? Let go of her."

THE little man smiled and let go. The voice from the other table was too big, too nasty, and too drunk to cross. Sadie stepped over to the new arrivals and dropped a rose for each gentleman. As she hurried away she heard the red-faced man call after her, "What the hell would I do with a rose?"

She sought out Roquette after the performance and showed him the mantilla. "I tore it," she said. "A guy grabbed it and I wanted to get away, so there you are. I'll pay to have it fixed."

"O. K. Say, Jack Brennan wants you to come sit at his table and have a drink with him."

"Who?"

"Brennan. Didn't you notice a big guy with a red face sitting at a table with another man?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, he wants you to have a drink with him, and I said you'd be right over, so make it snappy."

"But I don't drink."

"I don't care what you do there. Just go over."

"All right."

Sadie went over. She had never met any of the patrons before. There was very little demand for introductions to the girls, as lone men were unusual in Roquette's. She was uncertain of what was expected of her. Did they suppose she would be amusing? Would they make her do all the talking? And would they complain to Roquette when they found her dull?

She had put on her street clothes but had kept on her stage make-up.

There was still another show to do and there wouldn't be time to get on another good make-up. The red-faced man stood up as she approached the table. He swayed dangerously on his feet and threw an arm across Sadie's shoulder. She wondered if he craved affection or support.

"Here's my little friend now," he said. "That's Gilbert Fenlon. I'm Jack Brennan, and who are you?"

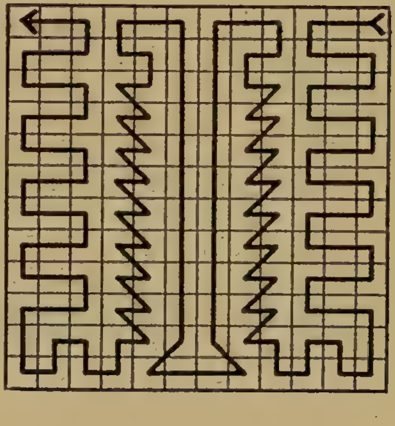
"Sadie McKee."

"That's a good old-fashioned name. One of my grandmothers was named Sadie. She was a dear old soul, too. Lived to be past a hundred. Sit down, Sadie."

Sadie sat down.

Gilbert Fenlon dropped two cubes of ice in a tall glass and began fumbling around under the table. "Scotch or rye, Sadie?" he asked.

In next week's installment you will read of the startling outcome of Sadie's meeting with Jack Brennan and Brennan's friend, Gilbert Fenlon.



YARDLEYGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Drawing your pencil line as indicated at left will give you this message:

We were much amazed when we deciphered the identification card found on Pablo Waberski, the German naval spy, for it was signed by Von Echart, the German minister at Mexico City.

Where Was *Washington* Born?

The Other Side of a Historians' Dispute Which Began in Liberty Last February

By

HORACE M. ALBRIGHT

Director, National Park Service

(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)

EVER since the election of Andrew Jackson in 1828 it has been good politics for our Presidents to select a log cabin for a birthplace.

Our forefathers had no such idea. They did not hesitate to pick their leaders from the wealthy and well born. Our first Presidents were the best that could be produced by the gentry of Virginia and Massachusetts. They kept slaves, they drank wines, they danced quadrilles and minuets; they bet on horse races, cockfights, and the turn of the cards; they lived high, wide, and handsome and made dignified whoopee on the banks of the Potomac and the other streams of tidewater Virginia.

However, as the frontier and the log cabin got control of American politics, this meat was considered too raw for public opinion. Editors and historians and propagandists began to tone down General Washington and his successors. The luxury and wealth of our early slave-owning Presidents didn't look so well to the men of the rough-and-ready era and slowly they began to explain it all away.

As recently as last February, Mr. Henry Woodhouse wrote an article in Liberty questioning the authenticity of the site of the Wakefield Memorial, and saying that the burden of evidence pointed to a little house in the slave quarters of the Washington family at Bridge's Creek instead of the Washington mansion at Pope's Creek, Virginia.

Careful investigation, as a matter of fact, has convinced the National Park Service as to the correct location of the birthplace. It was on the eastern part of the plantation, known as Wakefield, that faced Pope's Creek about three quarters of a mile inland from where the creek joins the broad sweep of the Potomac River.

One source of the uncertainty that has befogged the exact location is a looseness of interchange of names in days long ago, plus the fact that a new name came to be applied to the entire old Washington plantation about the middle of the eighteenth century. A century earlier the Washingtons lived at Bridge's Creek, where the first Washington bought an old house in 1664, and from that fact has arisen a notion in the minds of some that George Washington was born sixty-eight years later in a small cottage facing that creek near its mouth.

The mistake is an easy one to explain. First, the Washingtons owned no land on the Pope's Creek site until 1717; and secondly, before the Revolution and up to three hundred years ago the navigable waterways of the Colony of Virginia were its highways. The Potomac River served all of its bordering plantations in this way, and Bridge's Creek was the landing place for the people living in the Wakefield section.

Thus grew up the modern fallacy of the Augustine Washington homestead being located directly at or near the mouth of Bridge's Creek. Most of the Washington lands had been divided between Augustine's father, Lawrence, and the latter's brother, John, Jr., who had the original Bridge's Creek section, and whose son John sold that section to his cousin Augustine, Sr., in 1718.

Then the term "Wakefield" eventually was applied to the Pope's Creek establishment, and we have records of its use in 1773. Also we know that in 1810, when William A. Washington wrote his will, he referred to the eastern part of the estate as the "Burnt House Plantation," possibly from the fact that the mansion house, built in 1718, in which he and George Washington had been born, had burned to the ground on Christmas Day, 1780. This William A. Washington was the son of George's elder half brother, Augustine Washington, Jr., who had inherited practically the whole estate between Bridge's and Pope's Creeks from their father, Augustine Washington, Sr.

Another cause of confusion arose from the very recent misinterpretation of the official survey of the lands owned in 1742 by Augustine Washington, Sr. On this map and across the land eastward from Bridge's Creek to Pope's Creek is inscribed the name of Augustine Washington as owner; while across the much smaller tract lying next west of Bridge's Creek are inscribed the words: "Augustine Washington's Quarter."

THESE words have been assumed by persons unfamiliar with Virginian social customs to mean that "Augustine Washington's Quarter" referred to his large estate. The truth is that the "Quarter" on every old Southern plantation was where the slaves were quartered, and never meant anything else.

In erecting the house at Wakefield, the National Park Service accepts the historical finding of the Wakefield National Memorial Association that George Washington Parke Custis, step-grandson of President Washington, in 1815 marked the site correctly. He placed the stone marker at the actual site of the edge of the birth-room. His own published statement emphasized that spot. The marker bore this inscription:

HERE, THE 11th of FEBRUARY
1732 (Old Style) GEORGE
WASHINGTON was born.

In planning to reconstruct the mansion house, all authentic information available was utilized. Studies of what remained of the old foundations indicated the size and general shape of the building to be similar to the mansion houses of the old Virginia plantations.

Only the rich had time to play in that period when stern necessity drove others to hard work. An inventory still on file in the County Court of Westmoreland shows that the Washingtons had "back gammon" tables and a card table; and that prohibition was undreamed of is evidenced by the decanters, the silver punch bowl, the curved wine glasses and "bear" glasses listed, to say nothing of the contents of the well stocked "cellar."

The National Park Service is convinced that the Wakefield Manor has been erected on the exact site of George Washington's birthplace, his father's aristocratic ma sion on Pope's Creek.

THE END

U.S.
MAIL
Paderewski

VOX

Something New Under the Stars

SEATTLE, WASH.—It is assumed that your weekly motion-picture review is intended to be a guide to your readers in selecting their cinema entertainment. While the writer, were he rating the various productions, would hesitate in so freely distributing stars, he does not in the main take exception to your classification of three- and four-star pictures. He maintains, however, that if your review is to be truly informative, well advertised pictures which so frequently deserve a rating far below the one star—fairly good class—should be mentioned and in no uncertain terms so ranked.

As you have no rating lower than one star, may I suggest the addition of the following symbols and their equivalents?

One thumb pointed downward—poor; two thumbs—terrible; two thumbs and eight fingers—Don't go even on a pass. —*G. A. Mack.*

Just the Old Navy Spirit

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—I can't help it. The marines still make me laugh.

One gob writes in a letter and two marines pick up their typewriters to answer.

The illustration in the June 3 Vox Pop was what really interested me. Was Corporal Keiter spelling out the words while Private Dickey was writing them down, or were they following the ancient marine custom of making sure the gobs are outnumbered before talking back?

I make a motion that we change the Marine Corps motto from "*Semper Fidelis*" to "In Union There Is Strength." All in favor say aye.—*That Same Ex-Gob, Frank G. Liguori.*

An Appeal from Washington on the Prohibition Question

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The people who are not in favor of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment should open their blind eyes and see what is going in our high schools today.

ht here, in the heart of our great apital, one of our largest high schools is surrounded by bootleggers. Children of fifteen and sixteen years—both boys and girls—go around the corner on lunch periods and get two drinks of liquor for fifteen cents.

I am a young mother, and I—like many mothers—appeal to the President to change this awful state of affairs.

If we repeal the amendment it will mean sale only to men and women over twenty-one years of age, and then one should either know better than to drink, or else know how to handle the stuff.

What the rabid drys need is a good pair of glasses so they could see conditions as they are.—*A Mother.*

You Give Us a Bright Idea

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I threw my geography away the other day. Why? Well, all I gotta do now is read Liberty's contest winners. But just between you and me, I'll bet you never knew there were so many small, crackpot, jerkwater, half-horse towns in America until your Contest Editor showed you. What d'ya do? Award these hamlet hams a prize when ya postmaster tells ya such a town does exist? Or do ya give the dopes a prize without asking yer postmaster?—*J. H. P.*

A Nurse Sighs a Bit Recalling Those A. E. F. Days

CHICAGO, ILL.—No Parachutes, by Alan Winslow, brought back a train of all but forgotten memories. I stand again at the windows of Hospital No. 1 to watch the curls of white smoke drifting lazily in the air above, to hear the sharp reports followed by puffs of black, and learn later that I have witnessed the crash of the beloved Lufbery whose plane was shot down that beautiful May morning.

Louise Riis

The years have dimmed the picture, and yet I could wish that Mr. Winslow had not made use of that term, "hand-picked nurses." I have no wish to disparage the achievements of those eaglets of the air—that dashing group whose trousers were always of lighter material and flared just a bit more precariously than others of the A. E. F. thought necessary.

Life was not exactly a bed of roses for the army nurse, and to many of us the end of the day meant but one thing—sleep. It was the chief nurse who exercised the Ziegfeldian prerogative, and who chose the members of the nurses' unit who would attend an evening festivity. It was not the Cinderella who stayed at home oftenest, but the "wise virgin" who was ready with an ironclad alibi when the summons came.—*Louise Riis.*

Fred Sounds Like a Banker

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I have read Liberty for a number of years and always considered your editors fair and considerate in their selection of articles until I read F. H. La Guardia's very destructive articles on the banking situation.

Fred Ridout

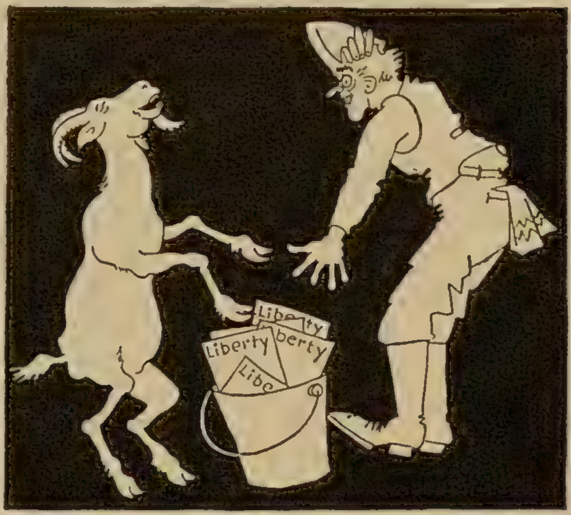
Granting that this information is correct, can any possible good derive from such an exposé in comparison to the tremendous harm which is certain to be done to a public which at this time needs to attain, more than ever before, a confidence in American banking principles? Are the faults of a comparatively few financial giants going to cheer the millions of small bank depositors that this magazine of yours reaches? No, certainly not! You know it, and I know it.—*Fred Ridout.*

Are You Trying to Fool Us or Get the Printer's Goat?

MOSCOW, PA.—I just want to tell you how near I came to making a fortune by taking your back-to-the-farm advice. I really did go back to the farm. And among other animals which I bought was a goat named Columbia. Being a good goat, Columbia gave milk. Anyway, she did at the time I bought her, but she soon developed a peculiar habit.

If Columbia ate blackberries her milk turned into blackberry briers. If she ate pigweeds it turned into little pigs, and so forth.

One day I found a pile of old Liberty magazines stored away in the attic. This gave me an idea. So I started feeding the magazines to Columbia. In a few days Liberty magazines began to come in their place. But none were printed. So I started adding printer's ink to Columbia's rations. And in a few more days I could make out a word or two on some of the pages. But alas, all in vain! For the only page that damn' goat would print was Vox Pop. —*H. B. Bartleson.*



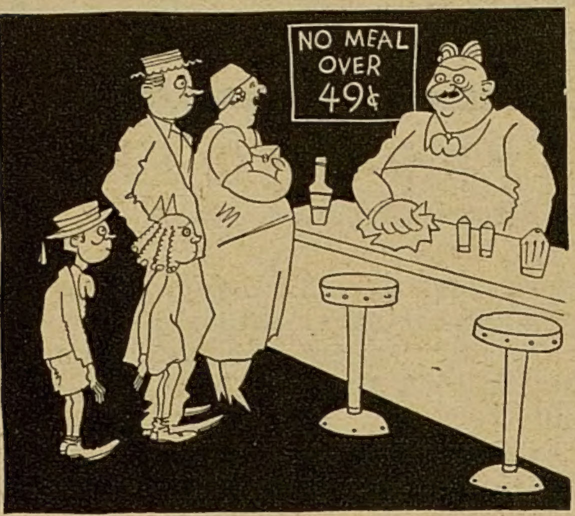
POP

VOX POP EDITOR
U.S.
MA

One Way of Beating a Tax

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Having read of your troubles caused by the bank holiday, I just wanted to let you know that up here in B. C. we have our troubles too.

We are taxed on everything we have or do. The latest is on meals exceeding fifty cents, but already we have found a way to avoid this tax.



Saturday night the whole family gets into the old rattletrap, rides into town, goes to the first café, orders a cocktail; the next for soup; and so on until we have completed our dinner. In this way we get all over town, seeing everybody and everything, also avoiding the tax.

Yesterday I passed Joe's, my favorite hamburger joint. Joe was out on the sidewalk with a crowd around him. He was putting a sign on the window. It read: "Come and eat at Joe's—no meal exceeding forty-nine cents."—*E. Baker.*

What? You Didn't Believe Them?

WINNIPEG, MAN.—I would suggest that Ed Halyburton, Ex-Legionnaire 1384, and the Crown Prince collaborate on a story. With their imagination they should be able to concoct a yarn that would make Ananias turn in his grave.—*E. W. Nichols.*

A Banking Idea from Canada

VANCOUVER, B. C.—The only logical answer to Mr. La Guardia's articles exposing the bankers' powers of currency manipulation is to make Uncle Sam the banker, giving no interest on deposits. Then we would see finance running around with its tongue out, ready to lap up loans and mortgages at around one per cent.

The fabulous profits made out of checks would be returned to the government, meeting all tax needs with lots to spare. Nobody in his senses would think of turning the mails over to companies that have no conscience.

The only good thing about bankers is that their advice is a safe guide to the exact opposite.—*E. A. Yorston.*

Perhaps We Had Better Take a Vote on This

HOUSTON, TEXAS—Hey! Come get this index thing off of Our page. Don't you realize that Vox Pop is the one place left in America where we may unburden our souls? We may be mighty small potatoes in the old home town but the Vox Pop editor never asks for our pedigree or our sheepskin.

If you can't do any better, throw that old index in the wastebasket, but please remember nothing can take the place of Vox Pop.—*Mary Jo Hostetler.*

That Crime Article

BUFFALO GAP, S. D.—That article in the May 27 Liberty by Ernest Jerome Hopkins, comparing the crime in the U. S. A. to that of Canada, should be repeated until the people kick out or hang a lot of crooked lawyers and politicians who keep our antiquated system in force for their own grafting purposes.—*E. D. Elton.*

Two Advocates for Preparedness on the Pacific Coast

COFFEYVILLE, KAN.—The series Born to Raise Hell was fine, and Tex O'Reilly certainly has had some exciting experiences; and the article Can Our West Coast Be Invaded? by Captain Myron B. Goldsmith in the May 6 issue, was good, gives some of your readers food for thought.

R. C. Bingaman

It shows the American reader that the Japanese on the west coast are not only working for wages that Americans can't exist on, but at the same time are preparing to bite the hand that feeds them in case of trouble between our country and Japan.

I would like to see more articles published like this one, so that the sleeping American public will get its eyes open to what is going on inside our boundaries.—*R. C. Bingaman.*

SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, HAWAII—I must heartily applaud you for Can Our West Coast Be Invaded? by Captain M. B. Goldsmith in the May 6 Liberty.

Men in my outfit who have read this article recognize this as an honest and fearless flaying of an obsolete system which allows a highly important part of our country to be so inadequately protected.

I've had the experience of serving on the west coast, and let me tell you the captain certainly knows what he's talking about!

A few more articles like this should wake our citizens up.

Keep up the good work, and we'll have liberty forever.—*A Doughboy.*

Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly

JULY 8, 1933 VOL. 10, NO. 27

Editorial 4
Beginning
Still Alive . . . . GEORGEI BELOFF 5
As told to H. BEDFORD-JONES
A true epic of desperate men and dangerous women— The amazing but fully authenticated story of a pilgrimage of terror through Asia
Platonic—*A story* . . . . . JAMES ASWELL 12
Vanishing America 18
Ex-Amateur—*Part I* VINCENT RICHARDS 20
As told to JOHN R. TUNIS
A famous professional, explaining "why," unveils the hidden politics of sport
A Claw and a Chaw—*A story* ALBERT M. TREYNOR 24
Yardleygram VII HERBERT O. YARDLEY 26
Twenty Questions 29
Colleens, Cowboys, and Comedy
Movie reviews ROBERT WAGNER 30
Struggles to the Death in the Prize Ring—*Part II* . . . . EDWARD DOHERTY 32
Bull Young and the girl who waited
Breaking the World Blockade JAY FRANKLIN 36
What the economic conference means to you and your family and your future
Cover Title Contest Winners 39
Branded—*A short short story* JEROME BARRY 40
Cross Word Puzzle 41
The Web of the Red Spider GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK 42
Conclusion
When the State Plays Papa ROBERT BENCHLEY 46
Pretty Sadie McKee—*Part III* VINA DELMAR 48
Yardleygram Answer 54
Where Was Washington Born? HORACE M. ALBRIGHT 55
The other side of a historian's dispute which began in Liberty last February
Vox Pop 56
To the Ladies! PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 58
$250 Weekly Phony Excuse Contest . . . 59

Cover by N. MACHTEY

More than 6,000 manuscripts were received under the terms of Liberty's $10,000 First Serial Offer. The enormous task of reading and judging the comparative worth of these stories almost has been completed. The names of the successful first-serial authors will be announced in an early issue.

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Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 31 seconds.)

Lillian Gish

SHE learned about terror from mice. I asked Lillian Gish how she had trained herself to express helpless fright so perfectly on the screen and stage. Ever since The Birth of a Nation she has been famous for parts of that kind—in Broken Blossoms, in Way Down East, Orphans of the Storm, The Scarlet Letter, and lately as Lizzie Borden in Number Nine Pine Street.

I asked her how she had learned to do it.

"I studied animals when they were frightened," she told me. "Mice in particular. Have you ever noticed how caged mice turn round and round with little frantic steps when they are terrified? I copied that movement of theirs."

It is interesting to talk with Lillian Gish in the bright, sunny New York apartment where she and her sister Dorothy now live, cared for by a devoted old Southern mammy. For years Lillian Gish has seemed to me to be one of the two actresses who typify the average American's ideal of womanhood. The other, of course, was Mary Pickford—the cuddly sweetheart type. Lillian is the Puritan maid—the snow-white rose, forever immaculate, forever menaced by man's brutality.

I was not surprised to learn that she is descended from real Massachusetts Puritans on both sides of her family. Her mother's ancestors landed on these shores three hundred and one years ago. Her father's people arrived one year later. Lillian had been an actress since she was five years old. She began playing baby parts when her mother was with a stock company in Detroit. Most of you are familiar with her picture career. While she was playing Lizzie Borden recently on the New York stage, a young girl came to her dressing room and introduced herself as a descendant of the *real Lizzie* of murder fame.

"She told me she enjoyed the play very much," says Lillian.

DO gadabout couples keep on the go because they can't get along together? Or can't they get along together because they keep on the go?

This is a conundrum. If I have stated it confusingly, that's because it is a riddle to me. I don't know the answer. Take these two couples for instance:

Iris and Bob are Couple No. 1. They're never at home. "For heaven's sake, let's go out somewhere," Bob says to Iris. "If we stay in we're sure to fight."

Couple No. 2. Gene and Muriel. "For heaven's sake, let's separate," says Muriel. "We never see each other alone. We're out all the time. Neither of us cares anything about home life—and you can't make marriage worth while without that. Let's quit!"

Deep and deeper bites this gadfly of unrest into the hide of modern marriage. The conflict between married gadabouts is nation-wide, earth-wide, race-wide. Potato farmers from Idaho (now residing in California) find their sons and daughters afflicted by it. Old people in Sweden make the same complaint. So do Japanese elders. It is rampant everywhere.

Various changes have been called responsible—the movies, tabloid newspapers, cheap transportation. Whatever the answer may be, I don't know it.

Again I can only ask:

Do they keep on the go because they can't get along? Or can't they get along because they keep on the go?

HINT for hostesses: Keep a Party Book. You will find it useful to have a record of the parties you give and those you go to. Note down successful party dishes, table decorations, names of guests, novelties that made any party lively and interesting.

WE were talking, the other day, about French sayings. We remembered three or four that may amuse you.

"You can't catch flies with vinegar," say the French. "Beating your wife," they say, "is like shaking a sack of flour. You shake out all the good; nothing is left but the bad." And here's a French philosophy of conversation: "Hold your tongue until you have something nice to say—then you will always be tactful, and truthful too."

TWO good books for Chicago fair-goers are: All About Chicago, by John and Ruth L. Ashenhurst (Houghton Mifflin Co.), and Chicago's Great Century: 1833-1933, by Henry Justin Smith (Consolidated Publishers, Inc., Chicago).

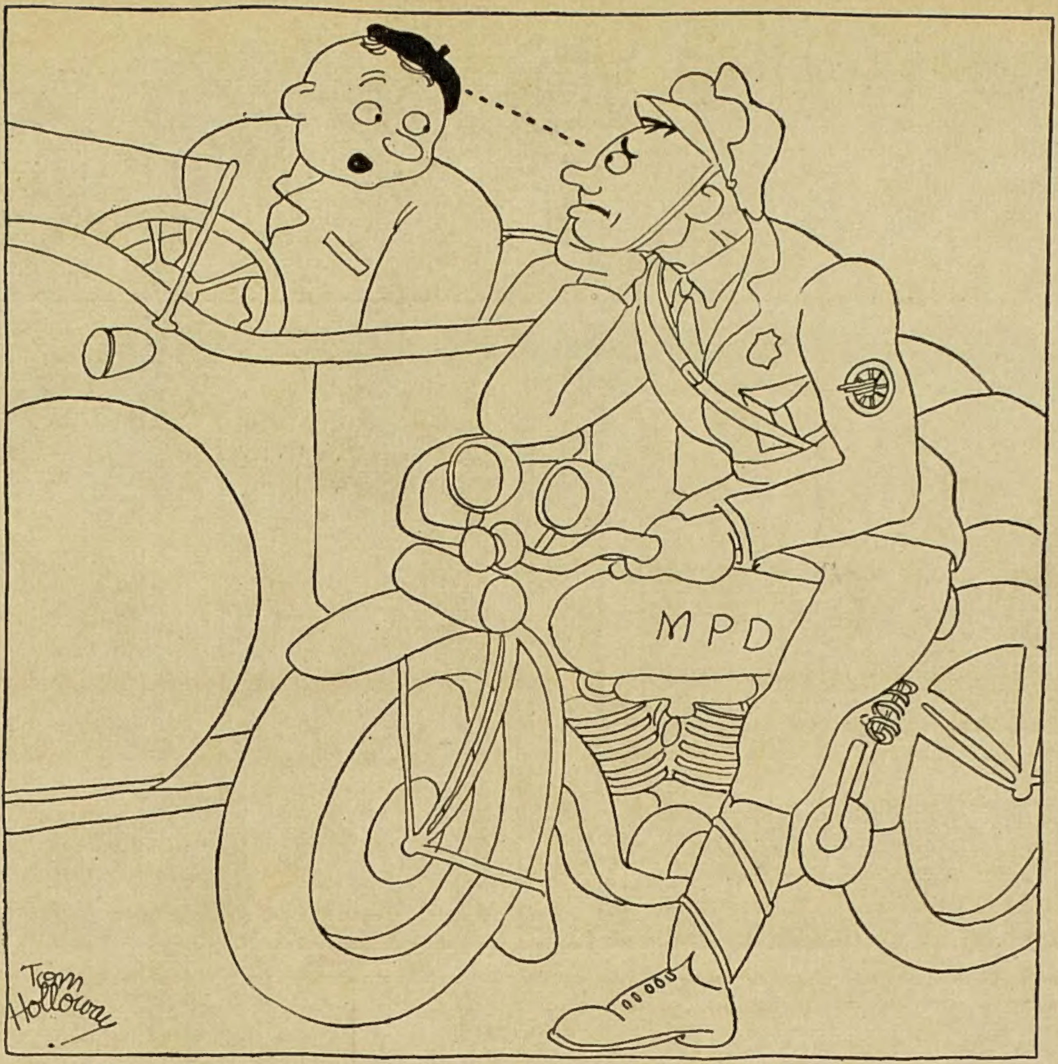
JOHN BARRYMORE has written the history of his famous family. In a recent installment he tells how Ethel, his sister, became engaged to marry Lawrence Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving. Eventually the betrothal was broken. Both married elsewhere. John's recollection of that circumstance has reminded me of an interesting fact.

I knew Lawrence Irving quite well. I knew Mabel Hackney, the girl he married after Ethel Barrymore rejected him. And I have just become aware of the fact that Mabel bore an extraordinary resemblance to Ethel Barrymore.

So there is another case—how many of them I have seen!—where a jilted lover turned for consolation to a girl who looked like his lost love.

Mabel and Lawrence Irving were drowned together in a shipwreck just before the war.

“Well, perhaps I *was* doing sixty, officer, but . . . .”



$250 *in* CASH PRIZES

FOR THE 64 MOST LAUGHABLE EXCUSES

Send in Your Alibi and Get into the Money

HERE'S a chance to wise-crack the motorcycle cop—in safety. It won't cost you anything. It may very likely pay you a cash dividend. Think of that! Not only a chance to score the last word—and that's an unusual privilege—but also an opportunity to be paid for it. Speak freely!

The only ticket you may receive is a check for one of the sixty-four prizes Liberty will award for the most laughably entertaining excuses submitted as directed in the rules at the right. The best entry will be awarded the $50 first prize. You can win it! Second money is $25, a sum worthy of welcome by anyone. And there are sixty-two other awards. Here is the beginning of the excuse:

“Well, perhaps I was doing sixty, officer, but . . . .”

Now you finish it, using not more than twenty-five words. The rules explain how, when, and where to submit your entry for prize consideration. Do it now!

Cash prize winners in the Cover Title Contest of May 20 are announced on another page in this issue.

PHONY EXCUSE
CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	**$50**
Second Prize	**25**
Third Prize	**15**
Fourth Prize	**10**
Ten Prizes, $5 Each .	**50**
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	**100**
Total Prize Money . .	**$250**

ANOTHER $250 CONTEST NEXT WEEK

PHONY EXCUSE CONTEST RULES

Anyone anywhere may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

Complete the Phony Excuse begun above, using not more than twenty-five words of your own. The printed words need not be included in this count.

Write a brief statement to accompany your entry telling what story, article, or feature in this issue of Liberty appeals to you most and why.

The completed Phony Excuse which in the opinion of the judges is the most laughably entertaining and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best.

In order of their excellence on this basis prizes will be awarded to the sixty-four highest rating entries as follows: First prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10; ten prizes, each $5; fifty prizes, each $2. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding any entry. The Contest Board of Liberty will act as judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

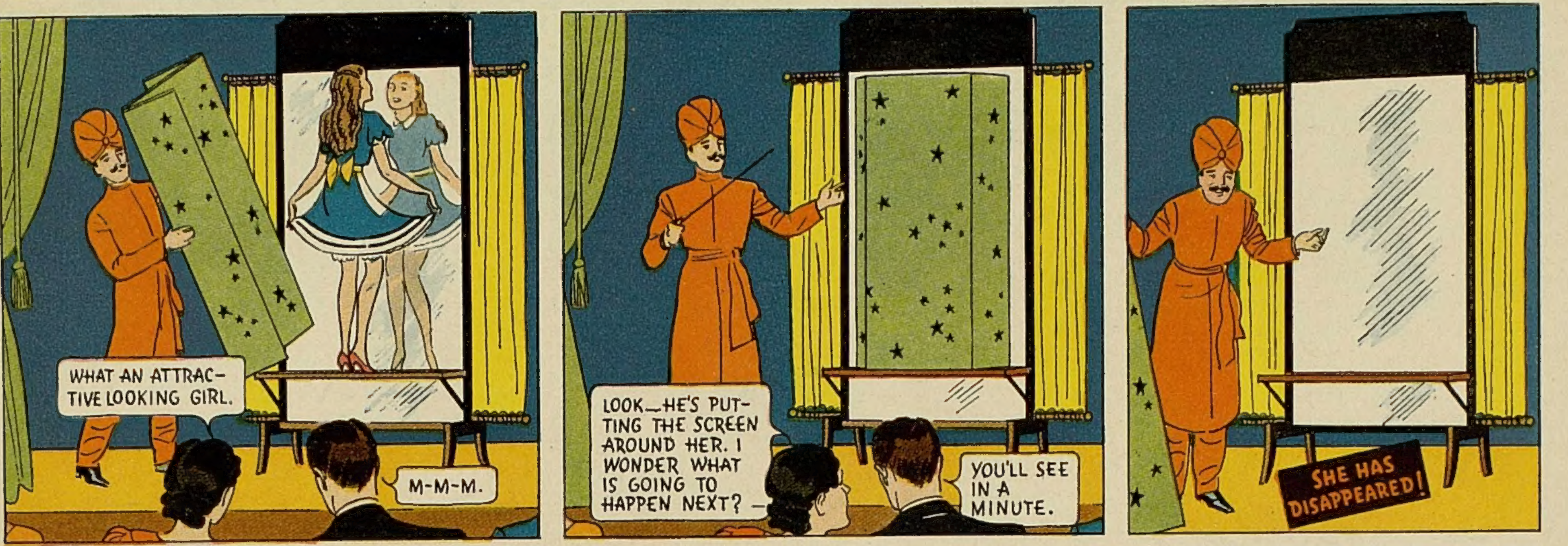
Mail all entries to Phony Excuse Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

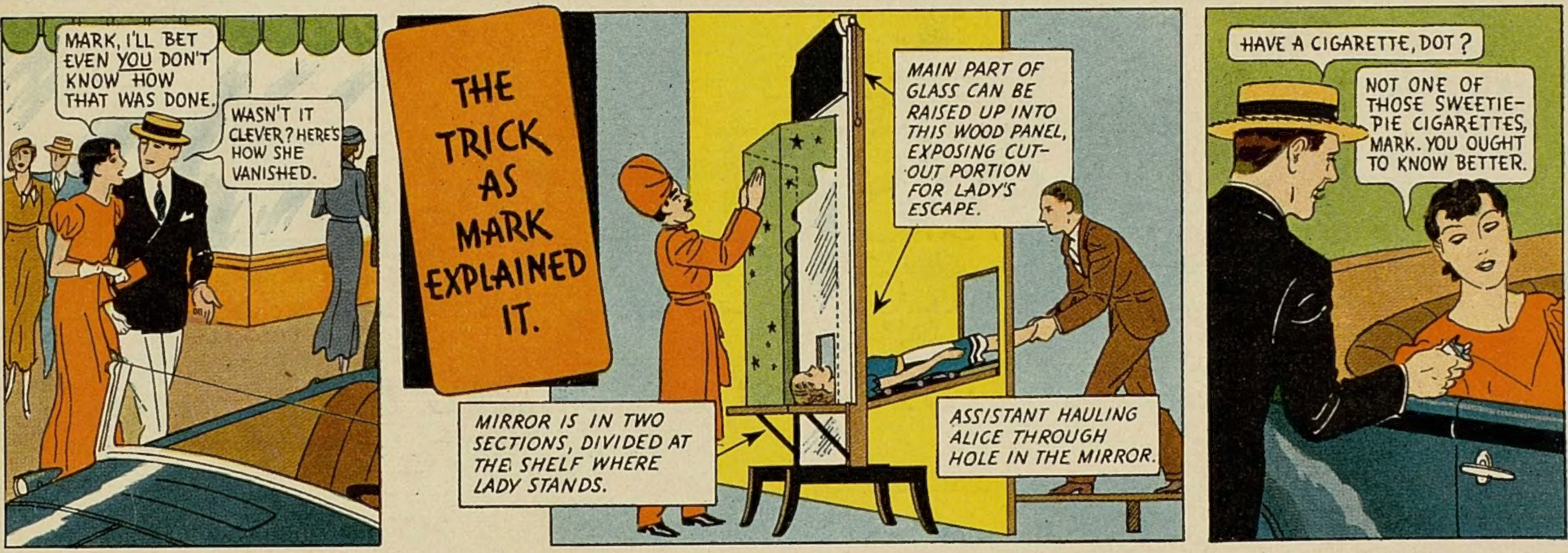
All entries for this week's contest must be received on or before Monday, July 17.

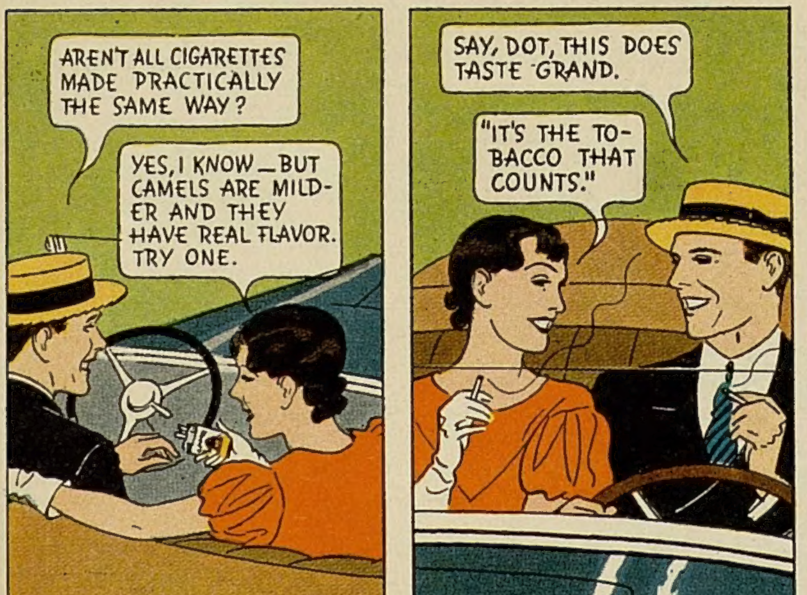
IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED

At the MAGIC THEATRE
THIS WEEK
Mark and Dot See
"ALICE AND THE LOOKING GLASS"

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

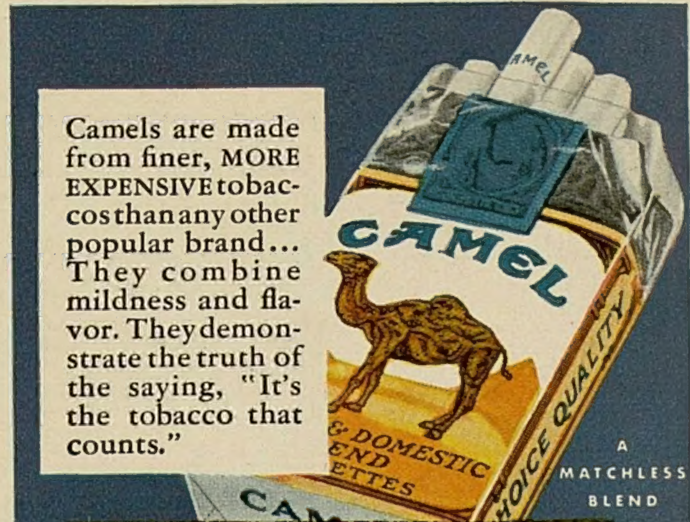

WHAT AN ATTRACTIVE LOOKING GIRL.
M-M-M.
LOOK—HE'S PUTTING THE SCREEN AROUND HER. I WONDER WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT?
YOU'LL SEE IN A MINUTE.
SHE HAS DISAPPEARED!


MARK, I'LL BET EVEN YOU DON'T KNOW HOW THAT WAS DONE.
WASN'T IT CLEVER? HERE'S HOW SHE VANISHED.
THE TRICK AS MARK EXPLAINED IT.
MAIN PART OF GLASS CAN BE RAISED UP INTO THIS WOOD PANEL, EXPOSING CUT-OUT PORTION FOR LADY'S ESCAPE.
MIRROR IS IN TWO SECTIONS, DIVIDED AT THE SHELF WHERE LADY STANDS.
ASSISTANT HAULING ALICE THROUGH HOLE IN THE MIRROR.
HAVE A CIGARETTE, DOT?
NOT ONE OF THOSE SWEETIE-PIE CIGARETTES, MARK. YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER.


AREN'T ALL CIGARETTES MADE PRACTICALLY THE SAME WAY?
YES, I KNOW—BUT CAMELS ARE MILDER AND THEY HAVE REAL FLAVOR. TRY ONE.
SAY, DOT, THIS DOES TASTE GRAND.
"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS."

MARK HAS LEARNED NOW TO WATCH FOR ILLUSIONS IN MAGIC AND ILLUSIONS IN CIGARETTES. HE LIKED CAMELS BETTER, ONCE HE TRIED THEM. YOU WILL ENJOY THEM, TOO!

It's more fun to know!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